MAY

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

ARTICLES

THEODORE DREISER
F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
ABBÉ ERNEST DIMNET
JOHN ERSKINE
JIMMIE CHARTERS
OSWALD JACOBY
NORMAN MATSON
WILLIAM C. WHITE
VINCENT STARRETT
FRED C. KELLY
JACK KOFOED

FICTION

IVAN BUNIN
WILLIAM McFEE
MANUEL KOMROFF
MORLEY CALLAGHAN
LANGSTON HUGHES
DAVID DE JONG
JOHN D. SWAIN
BENJAMIN APPEL
J. L. CAMPBELL
FREDERICK TISDALE

SPORTS

HUGH FULLERTON
MERCER BEASLEY
LOUIS GOLDING
EVAN SHIPMAN
CAL JOHNSON
CHARLES B. PARMER

HUMOR

JIM TULLY
RAYMOND KNIGHT
JOSEPH SCHRANK
CLIFFORD ORR

DEPARTMENTS

GILBERT SELDES
BURTON RASCOE
JOHN V. A. WEAVER
A. de SAKHNOFFSKY
MEYER LEVIN

CARTOONS

JOHN GROTH
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
GEORGE PETTY
TY MAHON
D. McKAY
SIDNEY HOFF
HOWARD BAER

PHOTOGRAPHY

DUDLEY LEE

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FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS

At home anywhere

Like those fortunate people who have mastered the art of being at home in all sorts of surroundings—the Pontiac Straight Eight is completely suited to any requirement made of it. If the order is for beauty and style and distinction, Pontiac is "at home"—for it is one of the two most beautiful cars in America. If the need is for swift, smooth, brilliant performance—Pontiac's Straight Eight engine responds as only a *big Eight* can. And if the call is for strength and endurance—Pontiac is ready to reveal the soundness of its engineering and construction. In fact, we honestly believe that the Pontiac Straight Eight is the finest "all-purpose" car in America.

PONTIAC MOTOR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

PONTIAC

Lowest priced Quality Car

IT TAKES Old-fashioned whiskey TO MAKE OLD-FASHIONED COCKTAILS!

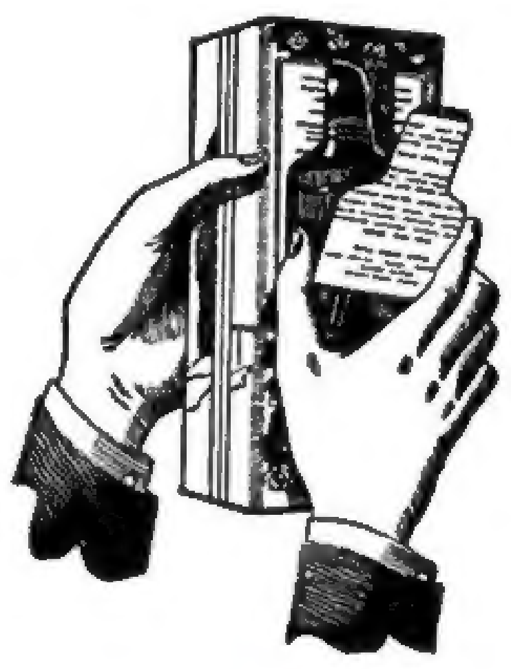
Paul Jones
WHISKEY
Four Roses
WHISKEY

IF there's any mixed drink that shows up the quality and taste of a whiskey, it's an Old-Fashioned Cocktail.

Make your next Old-Fashioned with Paul Jones or Four Roses—and smack your lips over the finest cocktail you ever tasted!

For here are whiskies with the same smooth body and the same old-fashioned mellow flavor that made them such favorites of connoisseurs in the old days

Paul Jones has been famous since 1865. It is the whiskey the "Paul Jones" square-dance was named for. Four Roses is almost as old, and equally well-known.



Both of these whiskies are products of Frankfort Distilleries, America's largest independent distilling organization, and one of the seven distilling companies which operated under government sanction during prohibition.

The whiskies shown here are bottled only in full measure packages. They come to you sealed in the patented Frankfort Pack—a tin-top-and-bottom carton that makes tampering or adulteration impossible.

* * *

Four other famous Frankfort whiskies

ANTIQUE OLD BAKER
MATTINGLY & MOORE
OLD OSCAR PEPPER

* * *

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale in any state wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful.

PAUL JONES ★ FOUR ROSES

MADE BY FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES, INCORPORATED
LOUISVILLE ★ ★ ★ BALTIMORE

ESQUIRE
May, 1934

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Vol. 1 No. 6
Whole No. 6

When Appearance Counts the Most

WEAR CLOTHES WITH

TALON·TAILORED TROUSERS

THE NAME IS ON THE SLIDER

HARRY C. D'ANNUNZIO

the chief designer at

FASHION PARK

makers of

CHARTER HOUSE CLOTHES

says:

"The greatest service that has been done to the creators and wearers of men's clothes, in a long time, has been the creation of the Talon trouser fastener. We have long felt the necessity of doing away with the old and unsightly button closure in men's trousers.

"We found in the Talon trouser fastener the means of styling trousers to the same high key of distinction with which we have successfully styled coats and waistcoats.

"Our adoption of the Talon closure was not immediate. We insisted upon assuring ourselves beyond any question of a doubt of its absolute practicality. It met our every test."

HOOKLESS FASTENER CO., MEADVILLE, PA. • NEW YORK • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • CHICAGO LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE

WHY TALON MEANS NEW DISTINCTION IN TROUSERS

REG.U.S.PAT.OFF.

1 Talon trouser fastener is a special slide fastener made expressly for trouser use . . . very small and extremely flexible.

2 Talon trouser fastener is absolutely invisible when the fly is closed—almost invisible when the fly is open.

3 Talon trouser fastener scientifically applied—it is impossible for it to catch in underclothing.

4 Talon trouser fastener creates a continuous closure so smooth and *thin* that only a fine line indicates the opening.

5 Talon trouser fastener eliminates the ugliness of the button fly. Side wrinkles and gaps between buttons are gone.

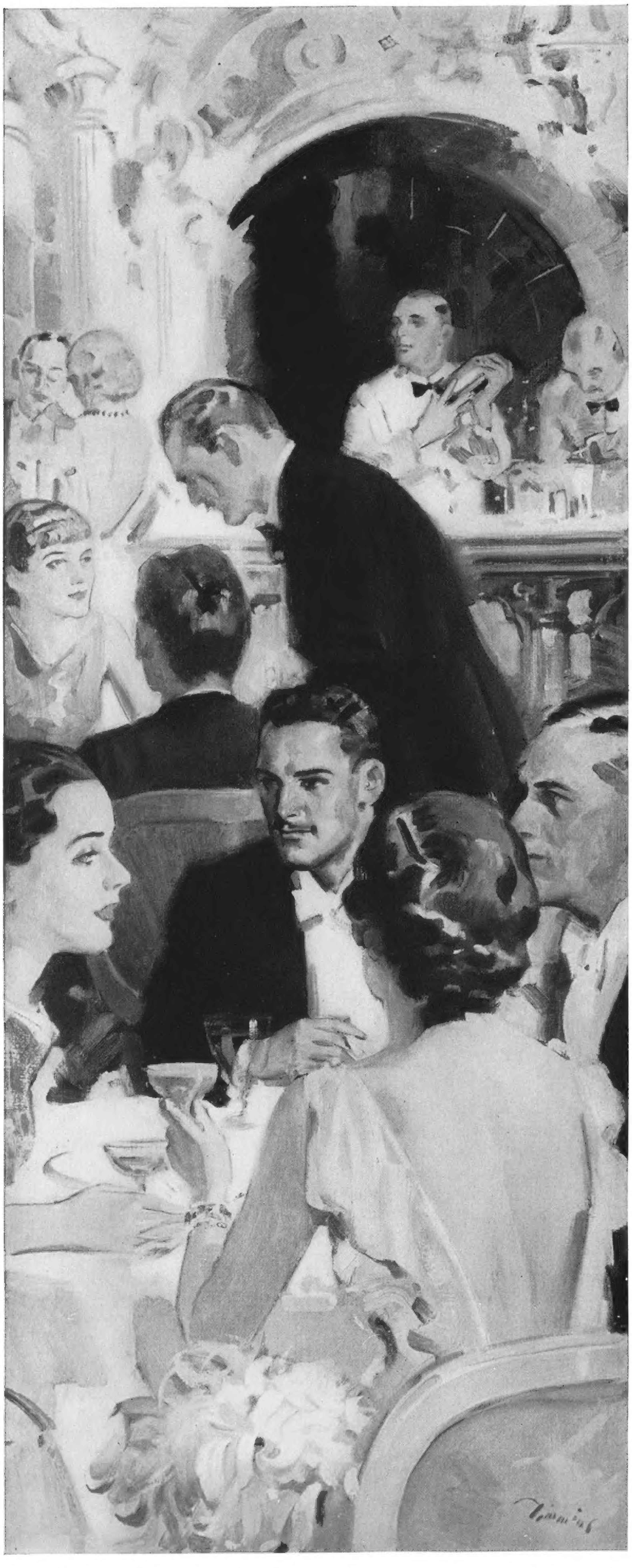
6 With Talon trouser fastener, the old buttonhole strip is omitted—eliminating the traditional bulkiness of fly tailoring.

7 Talon trouser fastener excludes the possibility of embarrassing disarray. It gives complete assurance of security.

8 Talon, in use, does not require undoing the top trouser button. It moves smoothly from top to bottom of the fly.

9 Talon trouser fastener is the slide fastener that is not harmed by either dry cleaning or pressing.

10 Talon, unlike the old buttons and buttonholes, gives perfect, unchanging service far beyond the life of a suit.



MANHATTAN COCKTAIL
1 part Italian Vermouth
3 parts Spring Garden Rye
Shake, strain and add Cherry

Manhattan Cocktail

At the fashionable places today, the Manhattan cocktail is again the correct aperitif, just as it was in the days of Martin's, Sherry's and the old Beaux Arts when it was made with authentic Spring Garden Rye. Aging for you through all the slow years in charred white oak barrels, this fine whiskey now comes to you in a mellow blend which has taken on added character and distinction.

PENN-MARYLAND COMPANY, INC.
52 William St., New York

SPRING GARDEN
WHISKEY
A BLEND

Rye

Back through the generations, the name of SPRING GARDEN *has been known and highly cherished among Rye whiskies. And now its fine flavor and quality come to you in a rich blend eminently worth its price*

"Mine Host's Handbook," 32 pages of information about the use, traditions, and service of fine spirits, with time-honored recipes. Send 10c to Room 1238, Penn-Maryland Company, Inc., 52 William Street, New York

Always ask to see the bottle and look for this emblem. It signifies that the whiskey on which it appears has its quality and purity safeguarded from the distillery to you by one watchful ownership

Many famous travellers have passed along the road to Edinburgh, but none more notable than JOHNNIE WALKER

You'll know, when you taste JOHNNIE WALKER, *that there's no substitute for time*

SOONER OR LATER, you'll try Johnnie Walker and it may possibly be your first acquaintance with this famous old Scotch. But you'll agree the minute you taste it that there's no substitute for the mellow hand of time. You'll taste a Scotch so smooth and mellow that it is praised all over the civilized world . . . a Scotch worthy in every respect of the fine hospitality and hearty good cheer of the Highlands.

Johnnie Walker, of course, is distilled and bottled in Scotland. The barley used is rich and ripe. Mountain soil and water, and curing with fragrant Scottish peat are responsible for the delightful, tangy flavour. And every drop of Johnnie Walker is laid down in wood years ahead of the time that you will enjoy it.

Red Label or Black Label. Choose the one you like and the price you prefer to invest. Both are Johnnie Walker. Both are soundly aged . . . pure and un-cut. You may want to reserve Black Label for special occasions. It is higher in price and *more* than twelve years old.

Johnnie Walker is happy to be back in America after fourteen years' absence. Many a fine friendship will be revived—and many a new one celebrated—over a glass of this splendid, old Scotch. John Walker & Sons, Ltd., Distillers, Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, Scotland.

JOHNNIE WALKER

By Appointment to H. M. The King

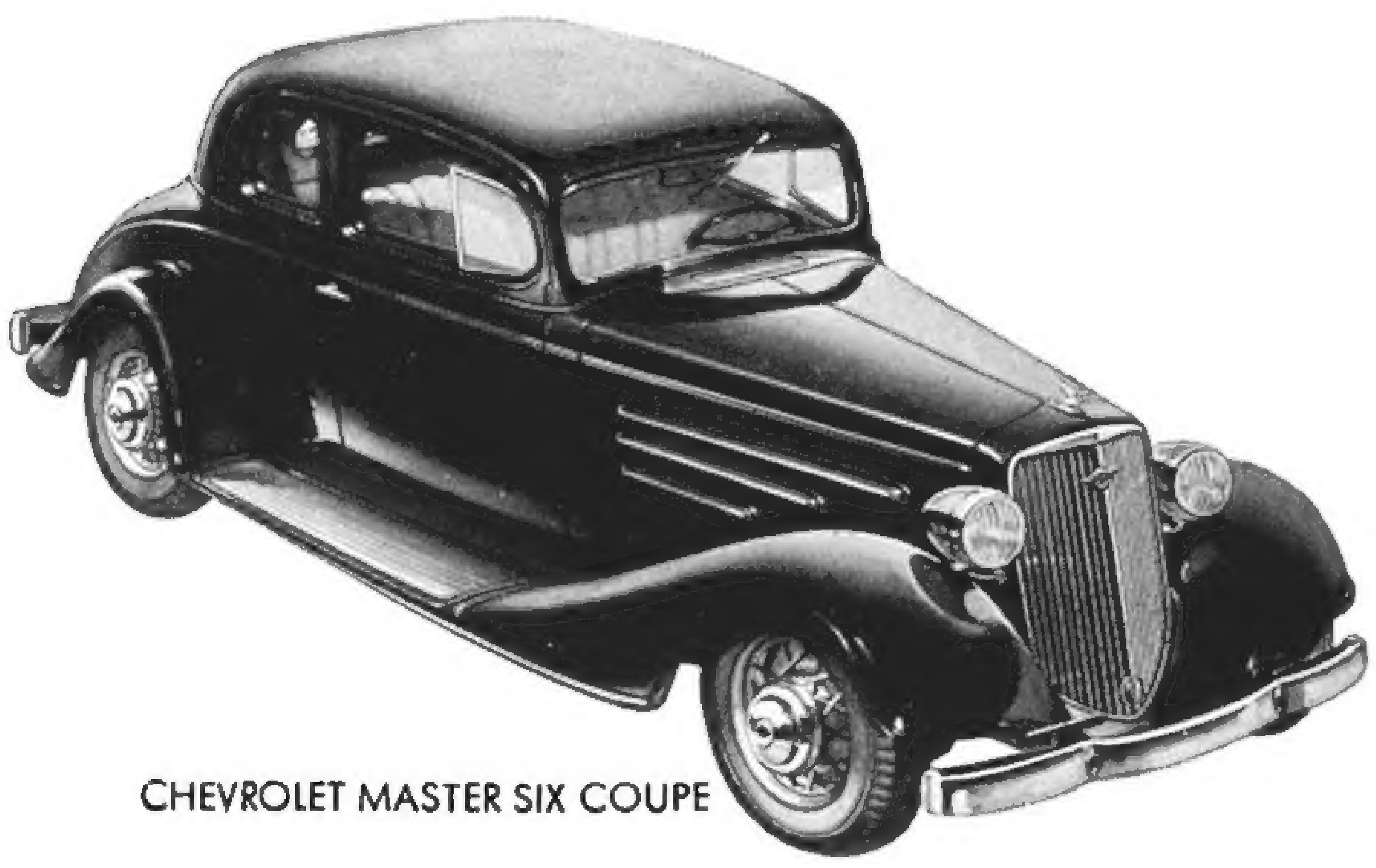
BORN 1820 . . . STILL GOING STRONG

To a certain FOREIGN DIPLOMAT *who has taken Washington by storm*

● Never, since Benjamin Franklin conquered the French court, has an emissary gained such goodwill. Your old-world courtesy and incisive epigrams have made you the focal point of Washington's social life. Your wise statesmanship has won you a place as counselor in many matters quite apart from your official duties. Sweet is success; but we have read that there are times when you like to forget the obligations it imposes, in a long drive behind the wheel of a fast car. Next time such a fancy takes you, let us place a Chevrolet at your disposal. Despite the many cars you have available, we think this one will be a welcome new experience. You'll find a swift and satisfying answer to calls for speed; smoothness and driving ease infinitely soothing to tired nerves. And with it all, a smartness that instantly endears this car to all particular people. Chevrolet owners are numbered large among the members of your circle. One question, and they will gladly endorse everything we've said.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Low delivered prices and easy G.M.A.C. terms

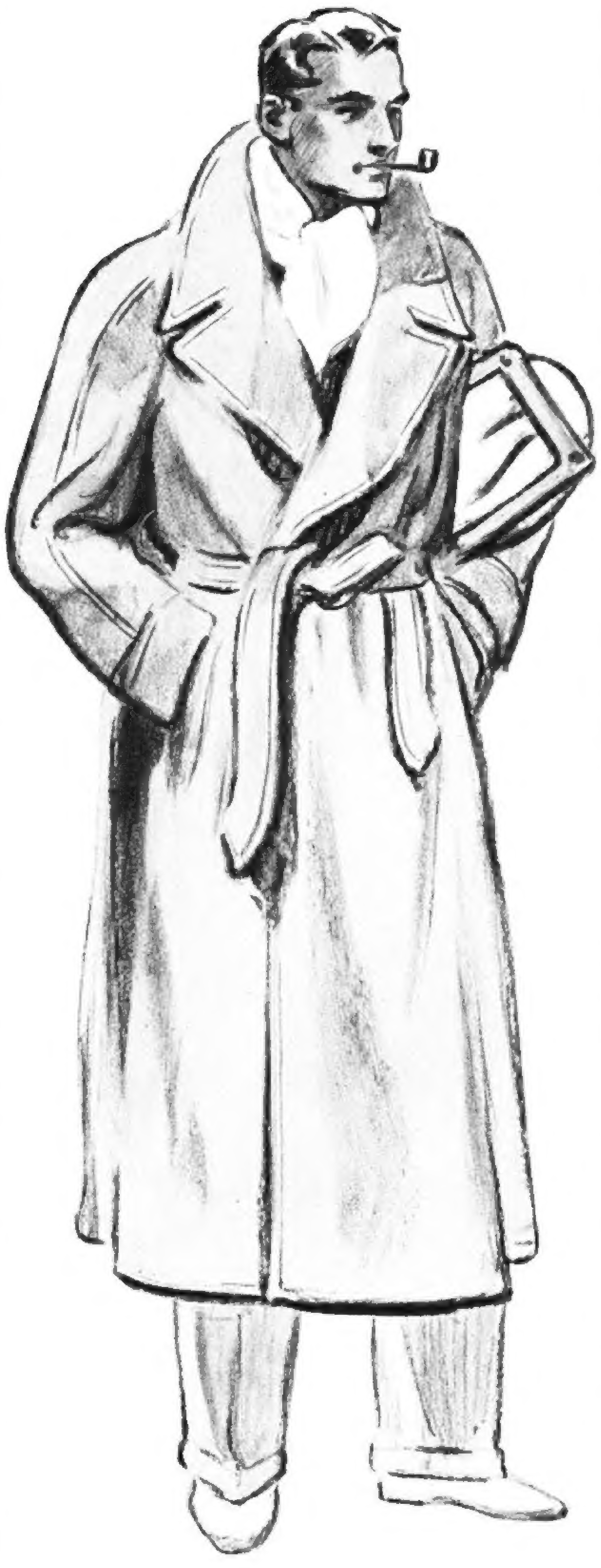
CHEVROLET
FOR 1934



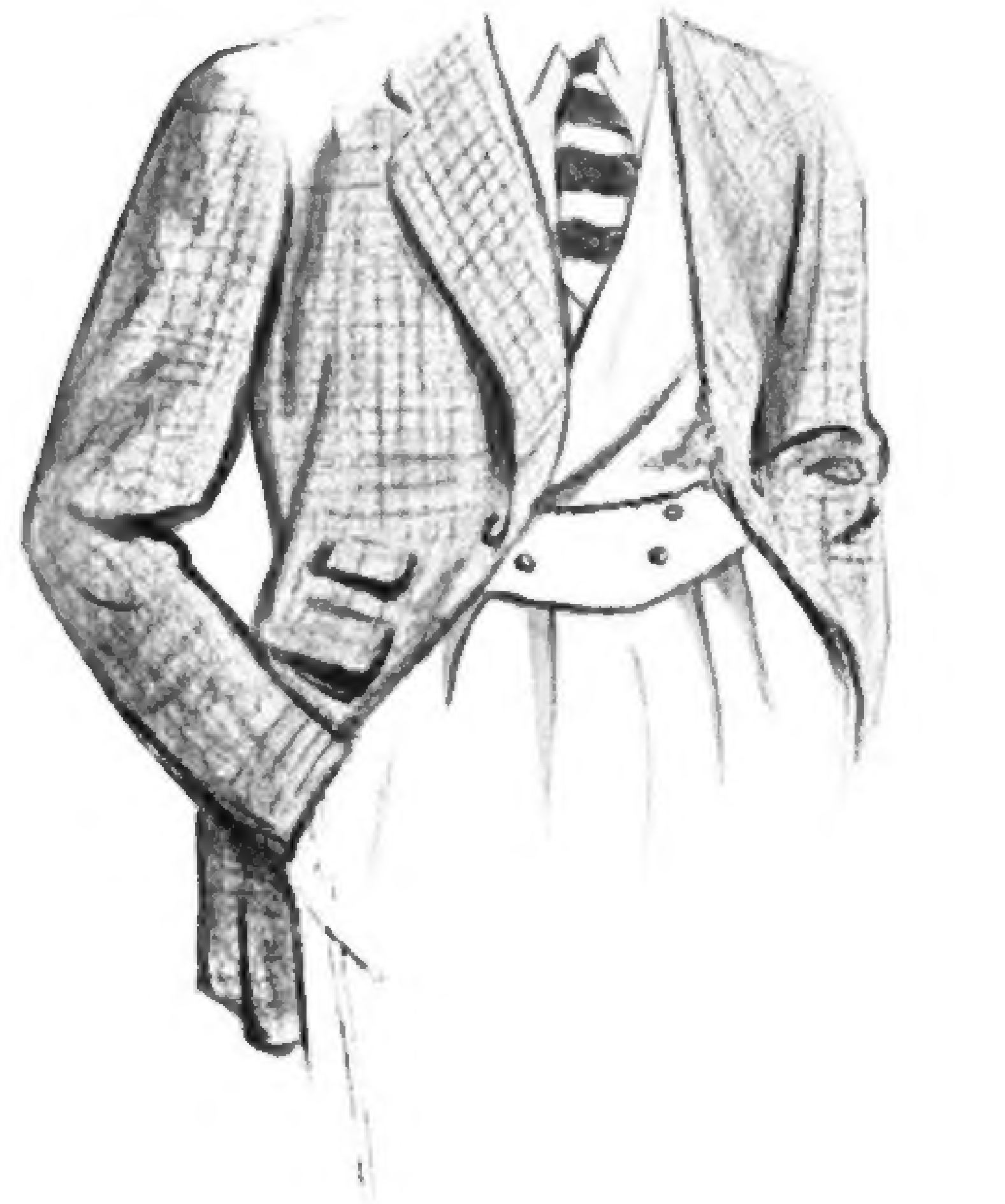
CHEVROLET MASTER SIX COUPE

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

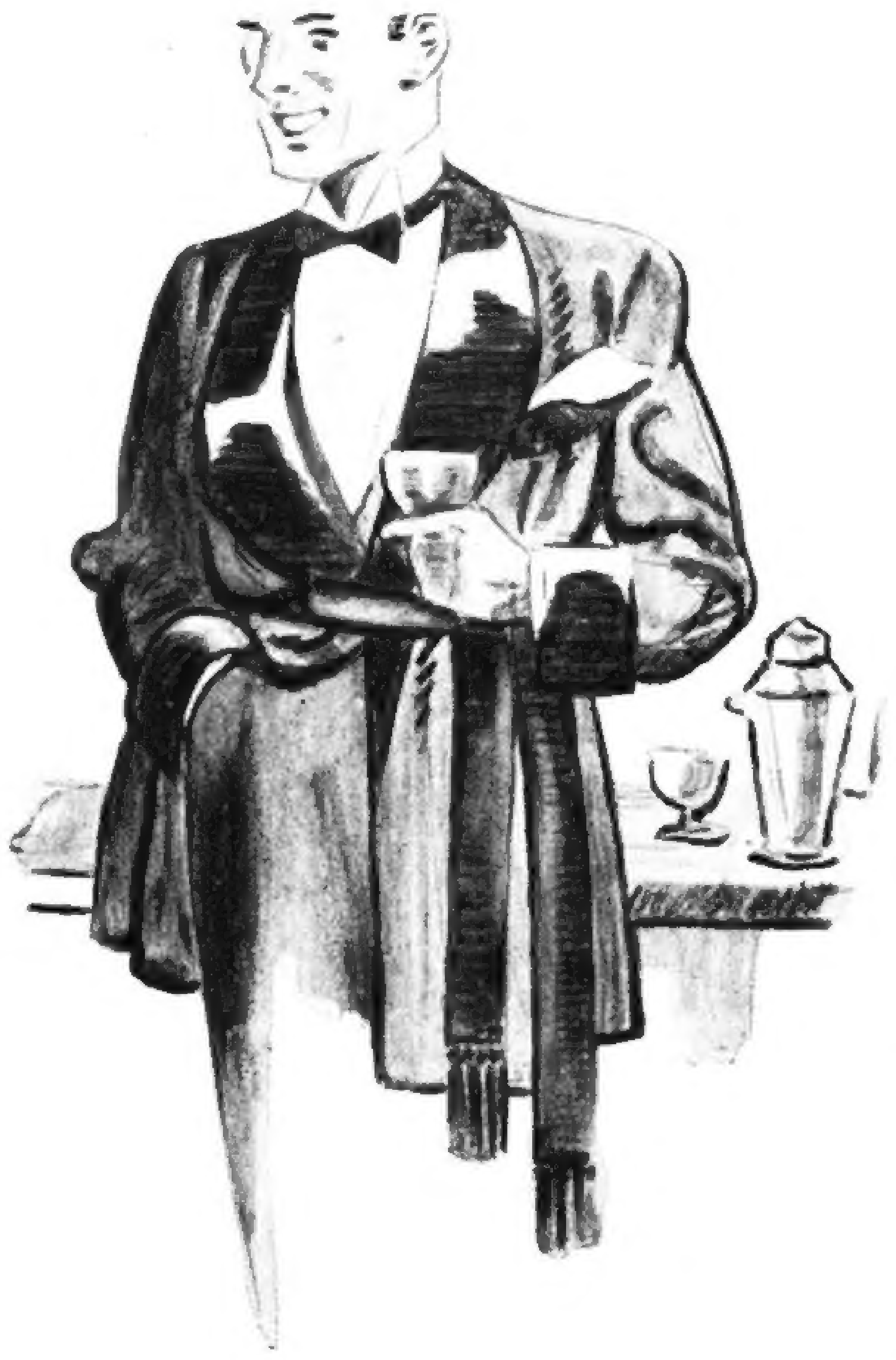
CHEVROLET



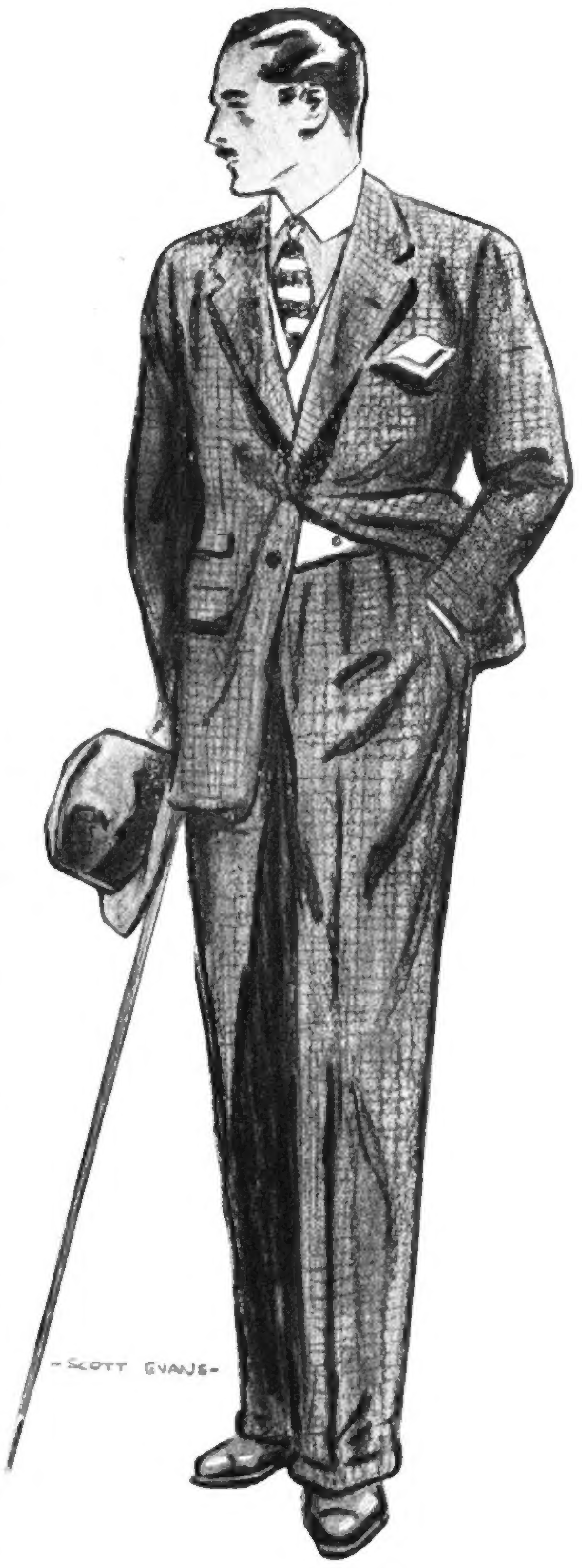
WRAP-AROUND is the official title of this sane new sport coat fashion. It's one coat you'll not lose buttons from. Camel's hair—stoutly Skinner-lined through the sleeves and deep across the shoulders.



IF YOU'VE AN EYE for details, make note of the ubiquitous ticket-pocket; the lap-seam trouser. Also note how many soft-fabric trouser knees, as well as coats, are being Skinner-lined.



MANLY NEGLIGEE becomes distinctly presentable with the cocktail jacket. A heady stimulant of itself in Skinner's satin-back crepe. Satin inside, firm crepe outside, yet only one thickness of cloth!



CITY LIFE AGREES with your old country friends, the rough fabrics. Lightweight *(that's important)* tweeds and saxonies are distinctly "in" for business wear. You'll find they look well longest if helped from within by Skinner linings.

This season's inside information merely confirms what the intelligent tailor has always told us; viz., that the character of your lining very largely influences the fit, drape, and feel of your clothing, and that the *ne plus ultra* among linings are those by Skinner. William Skinner & Sons, 45 East Seventeenth Street, New York.

Look for the name in the selvage

Linings BY *Skinner*

HELP MAKE CLOTHES TRULY FINE

MARTELL'S
COGNAC *Brandy*

"Three Star"

MARTELL
VERY OLD
PALE
J.&F. MARTELL
COGNAC

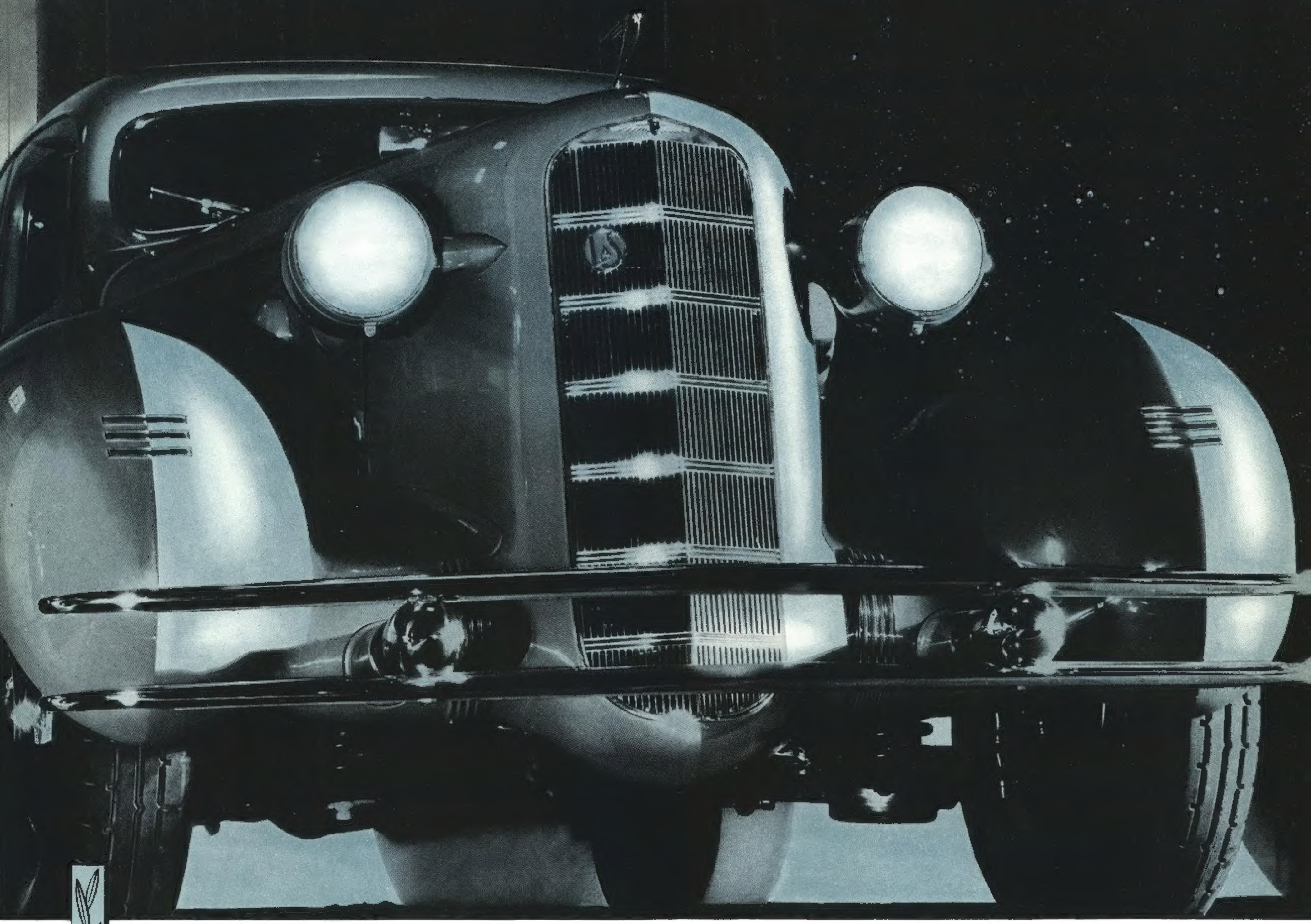
The world's standard of quality for over two hundred years

BOTTLED IN COGNAC, FRANCE

At all leading Clubs, Hotels, Restaurants and Retail Stores

An interesting illustrated booklet—"The Return to An Old Custom"—will be sent on request.

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORPORATION, 485 Fifth Ave., N. Y., Exclusive U. S. Representative.



LA SALLE . . *The Streamlined Car that set a New Style and a New Value Overnight*

Of all the new motor cars introduced this year, none has so thoroughly captured the imagination of men and women who love the fine and beautiful as the sensational streamlined La Salle. It is as new as tomorrow's headlines . . . yet perfectly attuned to the tastes of today. It is the supreme expression of streamline design . . . yet the most beautiful car of 1934. The bodies are exclusively by Fleetwood—the custom division of the Fisher Body Corporation! The chassis is exclusively by Cadillac! And the new list prices are $1495 and $1595, at Detroit—almost a thousand dollars less than last year. Is it any wonder that with each passing week this lovely streamlined La Salle adds to its reputation as the car that set a new style and a new value overnight?

La Salle—the newest car in the world—brings you every modern feature of comfort, convenience and safety, including Knee-Action wheels . . . Safety Glass in windshield and all windows . . . latest type Hydraulic Brakes . . . Cadillac designed and built Syncro-Mesh Transmission . . . and the Fisher No Draft Ventilation System. We suggest that you see and drive the new La Salle before buying any motor car.

LIST PRICES AT DETROIT
$1495
and
$1595

(Equipment other than standard at slight extra cost)

Edited
by
Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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Wm. H. Weintraub

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Picturing the new clothes and accessories in sketches . . . .
. . . . *by* Fellows, Hurd, Oxner and Erman, beginning on 83

John Groth, *Art Director*

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

As for what you don't like There are forty-odd major features in every issue. That means well over two hundred and fifty features to date. Digging about in the editorial mail we find a remarkable balance in the opinions expressed about almost every feature; for any letter saying that it was great, swell, wonderful, splendid, or fine, there's another saying that it was putrid, lousy, punk, terrible or sour. This applies to all but a very few of the stories and articles we have printed so far. Far from being cast down about it, we think it's a pretty healthy sign. It even has slogan possibilities: "Every story guaranteed to be a pain in somebody's neck."

As for printing blasphemy Mr. Ritter's letter in this month's Sound and Fury is printed as being representative of a number that say almost the same thing: "There is no possible justification for the abusive use of the name of Jesus for the sake of literary atmosphere." To that we agree. What we can't see, however, is that thoughtless use constitutes abuse. Profanity is unconscious reference to a deity, usually under circumstances in which the mind is not on religious subjects; blasphemy is the conscious invocation of a deity in a spirit of defiance and for purposes of abuse. We see no reason why we should ever want to print the latter, nor why we should hesitate to print the former. Esquire will never, knowingly, insult any man's religion or race. It may cheerfully and consciously, insult his prejudices.

As for subscription racketeers We have already warned you (last month) about fake subscriptions to Esquire. This magazine may be a bargain, but beware if it is offered at bargain rates. Esquire hasn't any. So-called special offers are the bait of subscription racketeers. If it is offered to you at less than the regular rate, then the offer doesn't come from Esquire. And a counterfeit is never a bargain. This is just one of the unpleasant, but apparently inevitable, tribulations of a successful magazine. Esquire is widely talked about, and we're glad. Word of mouth advertising is making new readers for Esquire every month. But it is also attracting the camp-followers of the fraudulent subscription racket. Don't give a subscription to anyone whose credentials can't be checked before you pay any money.

As for Esquire's progress Does it surprise you to hear us speak of Esquire, hardly dry behind the ears, as a successful magazine? Well, we use the adjective in a relative sense, without bothering to speculate as to what the meaning of the term "success" may ultimately be as applied to Esquire. But you and at least 179,999 other fellows are reading it this month. And that reminds us—wonder if this still includes the one who said he liked the ads in the first issue—both of them!

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

HUH-UH, IT WAS FRANK N. STEIN

Since y'all got nigguhs tawkin lak Uhnist Himminway we'uns daown heah is come to de cawncloosion dat iff'n us wants de bes' traditions (just try and write that word like a nigger pronounces it) uv de Souf upheld us po' white trash is gwinter haf t' staht schools of Southe'n dialect fo' th' sub-masondixonline white man's buhden.

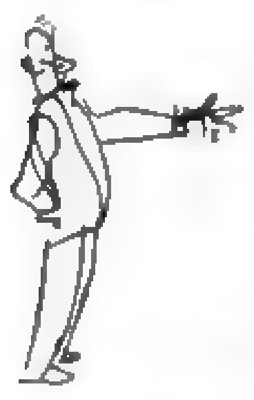
"A Good Job Gone" *was* written by Gertrude Stein, wasn't it? Come on now, confess. Or perhaps the thing in the April issue was just a synopsis of the stupendous, stunning, colossal, brilliant, amazing, et cetera, et cetera, you promised. If so, please let us have the full story in some issue in the near future. I would like to see something done to that plot; it is a good one.

And now, A. G. et al, let me thank you for "Yonder's Henry," for E. Simms Campbell's cartoons, and for practically everything you've had.

Yours very truly,
Tyler, Texas PATRICK TYRE

IN PRAISE OF DESIRE AND GREED

I feel called upon to answer in the affirmative the question put by Fred C. Kelly in your April issue, "Will we always have securities?". When (if, as and when) Government finances the industries of our nation it will move the axis but will not lessen the acceleration of desire.



The situation is as much Freudian as it is economic. Desire and greed took us out of the Cave; and it is as strong now as then. It erected the Empire State Building and is putting Lenin on the tallest pedestal in the world in Moscow.

Economic drivel is as popular now as the stock market was in 1929. Mr. Kelly speaks drivel and it is the present drivel speakers who kept reaching for stocks all the way up their giddy climb. It is to be feared that even the high margin requirements in the proposed Fletcher-Rayburn bill will not keep 100,000,000 Foolish Virgins from burning their fingers again. Otherwise, how will you build up circulation at 50c a copy?

Mr. Kelly's argument is negative. I think you owe your readers a peek at the positive side of the argument.

Very truly yours,
Douglaston, L.I., N.Y. ROBERT E. OUTMAN

NEWTON DOESN'T READ US ANY MORE

Was much surprised reading in your April number the panning your subscriber of Newton Centre, Mass. gives you and certainly sorry (for the subscriber) that he cancelled his subscription. . . . Well, everything is a matter of comparison and it appears that people who believe themselves broadminded are often the narrowest. But that is human nature. Out here in California where we trace our ancestry to a covered wagon rather than to a Plymouth rock, undoubtedly we think differently . . . perhaps because we believe ourselves freer than our conservative Yankee brethren in New England.

Newton Centre (and that is a very good small-town name for him) is quite put out because you have no man's business page, no page on the latest things in art nor a page on improvements in house construction and equipment. . . . I'm sure Mr. Newton Centre doesn't need ESQUIRE for these things when he subscribes to all the magazines which he says he does. He doesn't expect ESQUIRE to appeal to buyers of the latest styles in pickle-openers or something in a new nut cracker, or even to people interested in building their summer shack out of empty cereal packages left over from winter breakfasts.

I'm sure if Newton read ESQUIRE instead of "hiding it away" as he admits he did with the last two copies before he cancelled his subscription, he may think a little differently and find plenty for the man of "diversified interests."

San Francisco, California WALT GOLDBERGH

LIE STILL, BOCCACCIO!

I read Langston Hughes "A Good Job Gone" and it was certainly a negro masterpiece, if Langston can't do better next time he had better take in his sails, I don't claim to be a critic in such obscene filthy stories, but I don't think in the years to come he will live in the pages of literature with Boccaccio—who gave us "The Decameron."

This negro must have been born somewhere around the black district in upper New York, or in the slums of Chicago in walking distance of the "Loop." He does not write like a genuine darky, he must have seen the south in the eyes of a regular off-shade "Yankee."

I have written a little criticism on the story of Langston Hughes, it was composed before I read "A Good Job Gone" but I think it will show to either a Yankee or a Southerner the reason that ESQUIRE was wrong in publishing such an article, not one line of his story showed a clean thought, just gutter stuff, and we are overstocked with this chaff, we want the fine pure grain, not the husk.

With best wishes for the success of ESQUIRE and it will succeed, if the Editor cuts out about 99% of his illustrations and tie down some of these so called intellectuals whose brain if pressed into a piece of cotton cloth would not be large enough to make a mosquito a bonnet, I mean some of the writers who figure in the columns of the magazine: ESQUIRE.

Sincerely,
Charleston, S. C. JOHN GRIMBALL WILKINS

IF YOU KNOW IT'S AN AD THEN IT ISN'T A SNEAK

I have held myself aloof from the very intriguing controversey anent Langston Hughes' story; first because I never before have written my views to any of the many publications to which I subscribe and second, I suspected that it would ultimately reveal itself as clever ballyhoo.

My suspicions have been verified now that the story has been published and all I can say is that it was much ado about nothing and I'm frankly let down. To my way of thinking it's just another story although I do like Hughes as a stylist.

Please do not go into the two-part story racket. I doubt if it has any value as a circulation builder and I'd much prefer, if you get manuscripts of merit that require more space, run it complete in one issue using the space heretofore given to articles like Maeterlinck's and others that lean to the esoteric.

The LaSalle double-page spread in the current issue is not cricket. I have just failed to renew my subscription to Time and Fortune because they too, let an advertiser sneak in with copy and illustrations that I had come to accept as a feature of the magazine.

I'm glad you appreciate the fact that your paper becomes a good advertising medium, only after it has definitely won reader acceptance. As long as you adhere to that principle there is no danger that the advertiser will dominate your policy. You know what I mean if you ever listen to a radio.

At any rate, you have the unique distinction of getting a rise out of a lad who has long suffered in silence.

Yours very truly,
Chicago, Ill. JOS. E. IDZAL

NOR OVER HERE, THEY TELL US

It may interest you to know the opinion of someone on this side of the Atlantic.

I found your first number on a bookstall in the Grand Central Station in New York on my first visit to the States. I am sure I am not exaggerating when I say that this magazine appears to be unique, we have nothing like it over here. A pleasure to the eye, amusing, excellent articles, and to one engaged in the men's wear trade most interesting and welcome.

The noise over Langston Hughes of course is rather lost on us here, but I admire your clever method of stimulating the public interest.

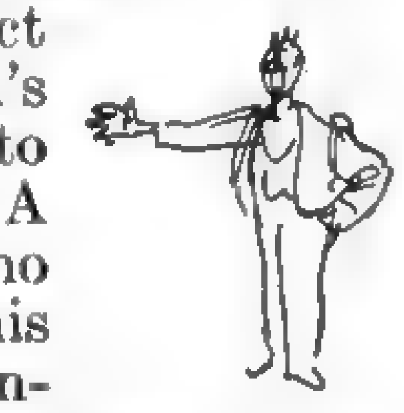
I am sympathetic with Jacob Reeds Sons, one of my most respected clients in the States, but they are more likely to gain than lose by such absurdity.

I may say that your numbers each month are passed around to 15-20 people.

Yours truly,
London, England W. L. MARGETSON

LOUIS PAUL, LOVER OF PEOPLE

While I don't object to Mr. Pickett, of the Bluefield, Va. Picketts, castigating my use of 'yo-all' (my notebook contains nine distinct examples of this effluent locution's shadings), I do object strenuously to the classification of "damyankee." A dam yankee is a smug Northerner who is all juicy race equality because his Negro is not a competitor, as distinguished from the Arkansas playboys who gibbet their dark meat as an instinctive gesture of economic self preservation. I'm a story teller who positively loves all people as his stock in trade.



Sincerely,
Jamaica, N. Y. LOUIS PAUL

TO REPORT IS NOT TO CONDONE

I'd like to contribute a word of support for those good souls who have signified their contempt for the abusive use of the name of Jesus in your so-called modern literature; for I, too, have yet to find an excusable application of His name . . . either in the spoken or written word . . . except where it is used reverently.

Now I am tolerant of things off-color. Smut, when really funny, amuses me. I am in no wise overly sensitive about the use of ordinary profanity. But I CANNOT STOMACH PROMISCUITY WHERE THE NAME OF JESUS IS INVOLVED and I'm glad to say I have guts enough to tell any man so, wherever I think my objection will be respected sufficiently to at least curb its usage.

Furthermore, in my opinion, no literature that has ever come to my notice, has been so remarkably well done that it justifies such common employment of so divine a name. Most men, I admit, will read or hear the name of Jesus, used profanely, without emotion, but I doubt whether you would find one in five thousand who can appreciate its contribution to the artistic value of any worthwhile story.

I am sure a ring of applause would greet you if you would openly promise your readers never to let it happen again.

Most sincerely yours,
Allentown, Pa. ROBERT E. RITTER

A FEAST ON RIAN'S POISON

I venture to express the hope that the Sound and Fury forum will by no chance be discontinued. It is a refreshing cross-section to me and I suspect it is encouraging to you to see that there is an appreciative reading public, long hungry for something outside the sameness and mediocrity of all other contemporaneous periodicals. I congratulate you on the courage it must have taken to back this belief.

Quite incidentally, I thoroughly disagree with some of the views expressed. Take Rian James in your April issue. While agreeing in that ESQUIRE is better than any magazine I've ever seen, and that some of the stuff of the established scribes was probably dug up out of the old trunk, I disagree as to Hemingway and Ludwig. Hemingway's articles from overseas are great and I am delighted to see that they are not soon to be over. Ludwig, in your previous issue, was also great. In the April issue, I'm saving him until the mood comes.

I am not a subscriber to ESQUIRE.

But that is your gain. I buy two copies, one for a (lady) friend, the other for myself. I am too selfish to hurry through my own, and pass it along.

Sincerely,
North Augusta, S. C. E. W. MATTHEWS

POWER TO OUR PAPER CUTTERS?

Don't you think that perhaps you are shooting just a little over the activities and pocketbook of your average reader on your style pages? Of course they are exceedingly good to look at, but I have a feeling that the majority of subscribers would welcome a few notes on that most important of subjects, namely, what to wear with what. And how to vary the wearing of what one now owns in as many different ways as possible. In other words, what tie with what shirt and suit and socks.

And incidentally, almost half the pages of my March copy had to be cut with a paper knife, which always sets me on edge.

Notwithstanding all the above you are doing a fine job in a new field, which is always difficult, and filling a long-felt need. More power to you!

Very truly yours,
Springfield, Mass. THEODORE F. LOEB

P-173 MUST BE IN JAIL

The coming of ESQUIRE to the magazine world is to me, a blessed event. It comes to fill a spiritual necessity in all men's lives; sports, apparel, fiction, instruction and, in fact, a little of everything, like in a drug store. It has the swanky feel and yet it does not lose the common touch. It strikes the right note when it's labeled The Magazine for Men. Some of the stories prove that to us. The Jim Belcher boxing or prize fight stories are putrid. Ernest Hemingway, John dos Passos and Irvin S. Cobb are your best writers and more of them would naturally mean a better magazine. Give us more P-173 stories, they are keen.

All hail ESQUIRE and long may it circulate for the *good of men of good will* and the others, too. With wishes for greater success, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
Kingsvillen, Texas J. G. VELA

Continued on page 14A

"CANADIAN CLUB" is one of the really fine whiskies of the world. Distilled, aged in wood for years, every step of its manufacture is safeguarded to provide the high degree of quality and purity which have distinguished the products of Hiram Walker & Sons for more than 75 years. Its age is attested by the Canadian government's official stamp which seals each bottle. In Hiram Walker's London Dry Gin—as well as in all other Hiram Walker products, including several very fine brands of moderately priced blended whiskies, you will find the same inherent qualities which are so evident in "Canadian Club."

"The Essential Guest," a new booklet of attractive recipes, can be had from your dealer or you may write for it direct.

Canadian Club Whisky
Hiram Walker & Sons
Walker's
DRY GIN
"CANADIAN CLUB"

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WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO • PEORIA, ILLINOIS

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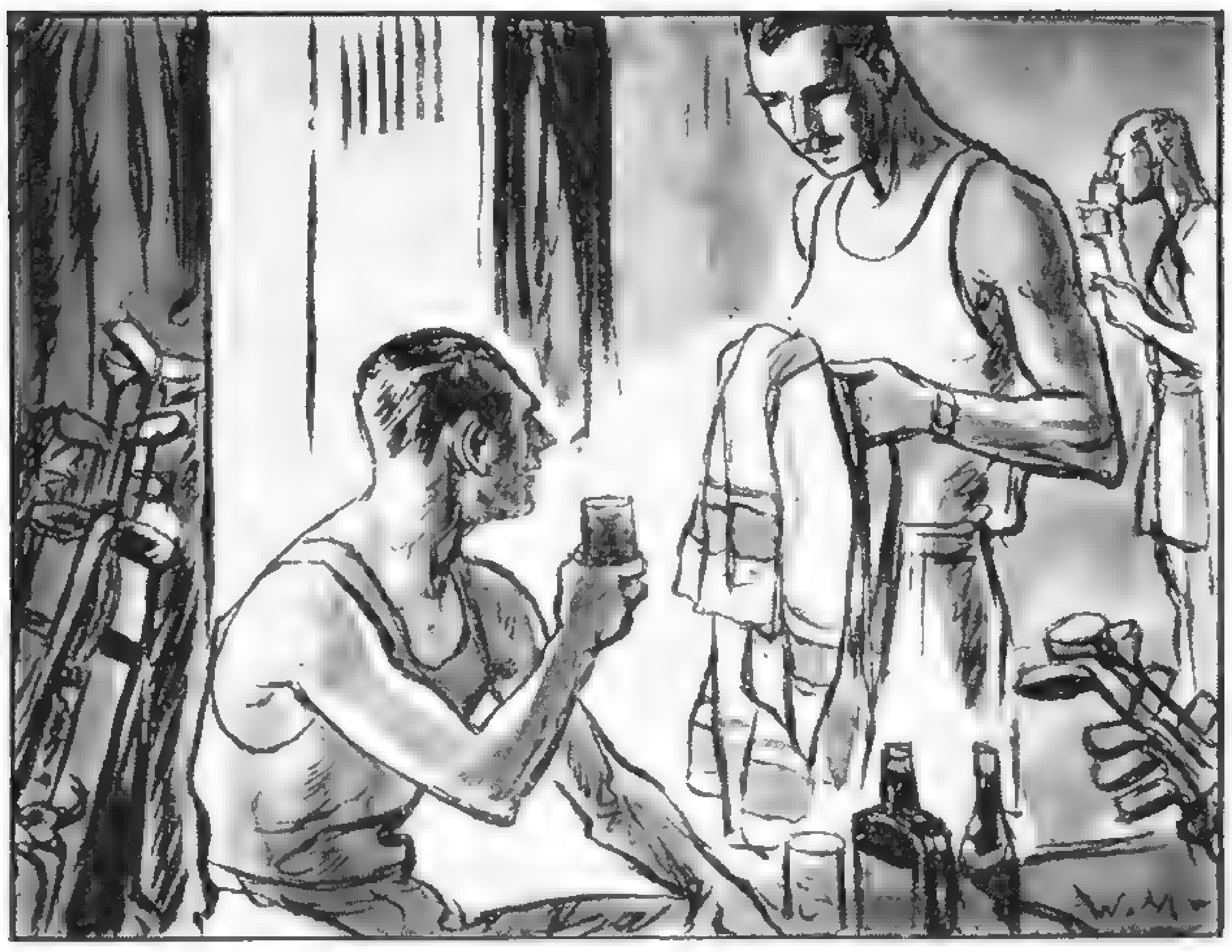
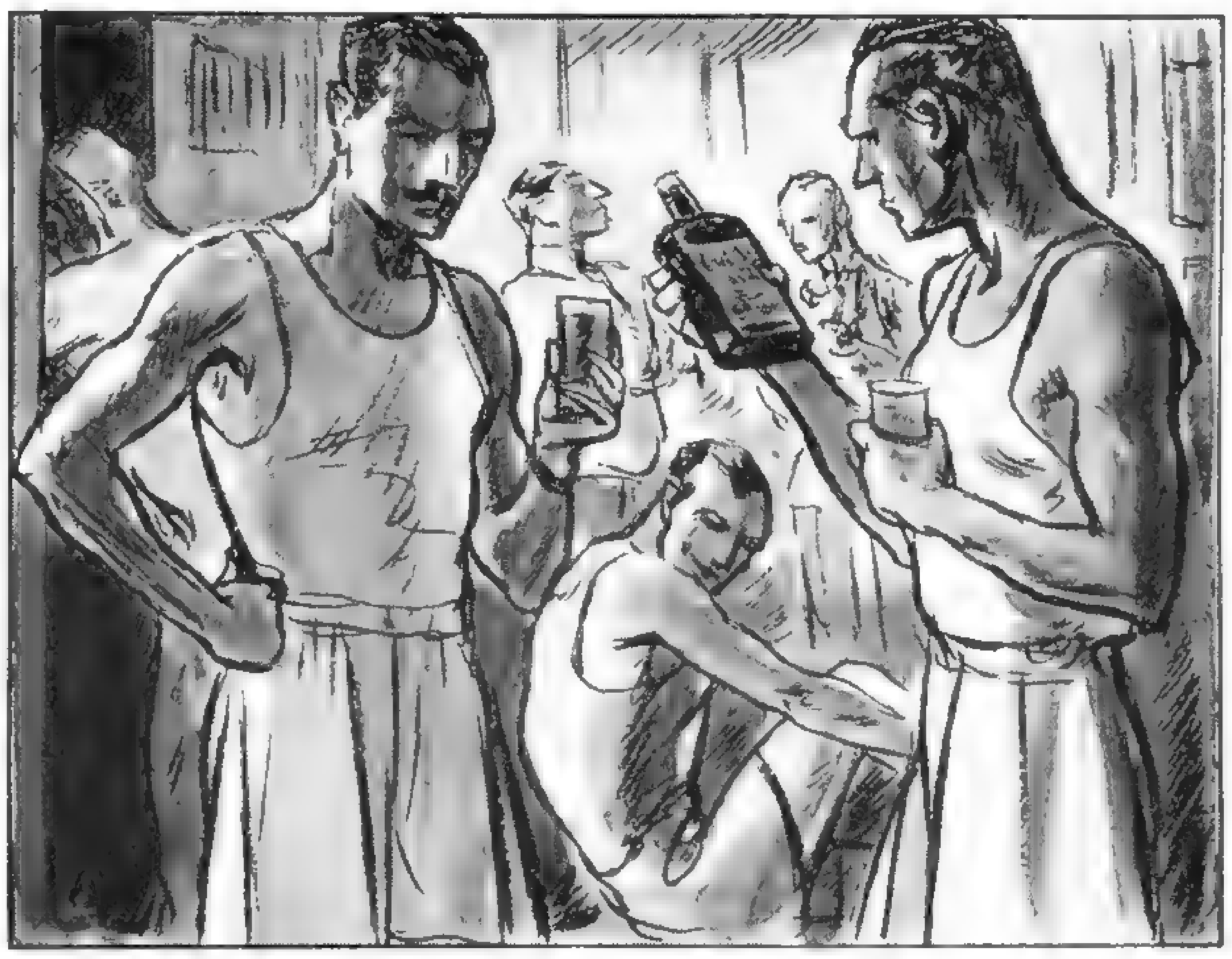
NATIONAL DISTILLERS

No artificial aging—

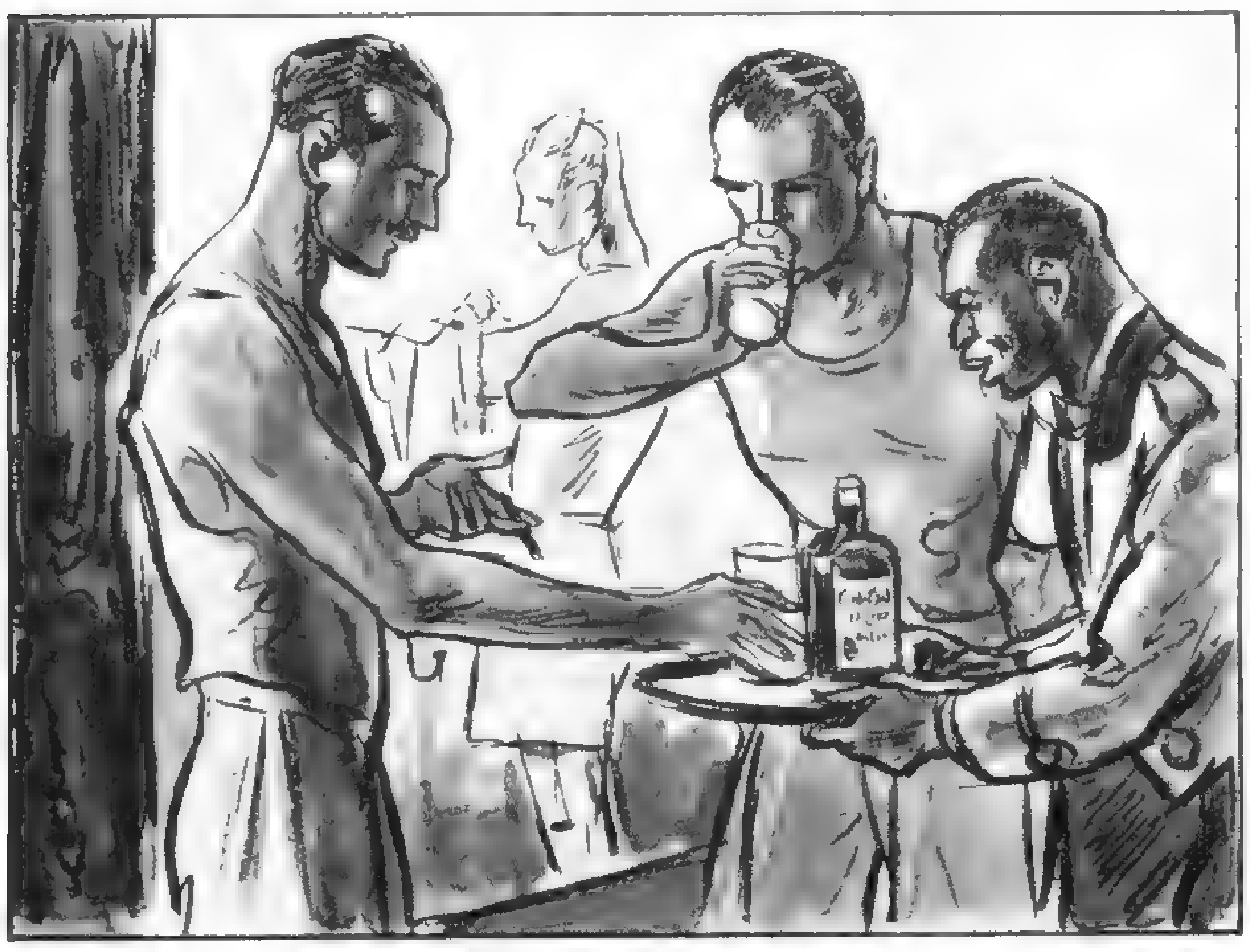
but straight Kentucky whiskey



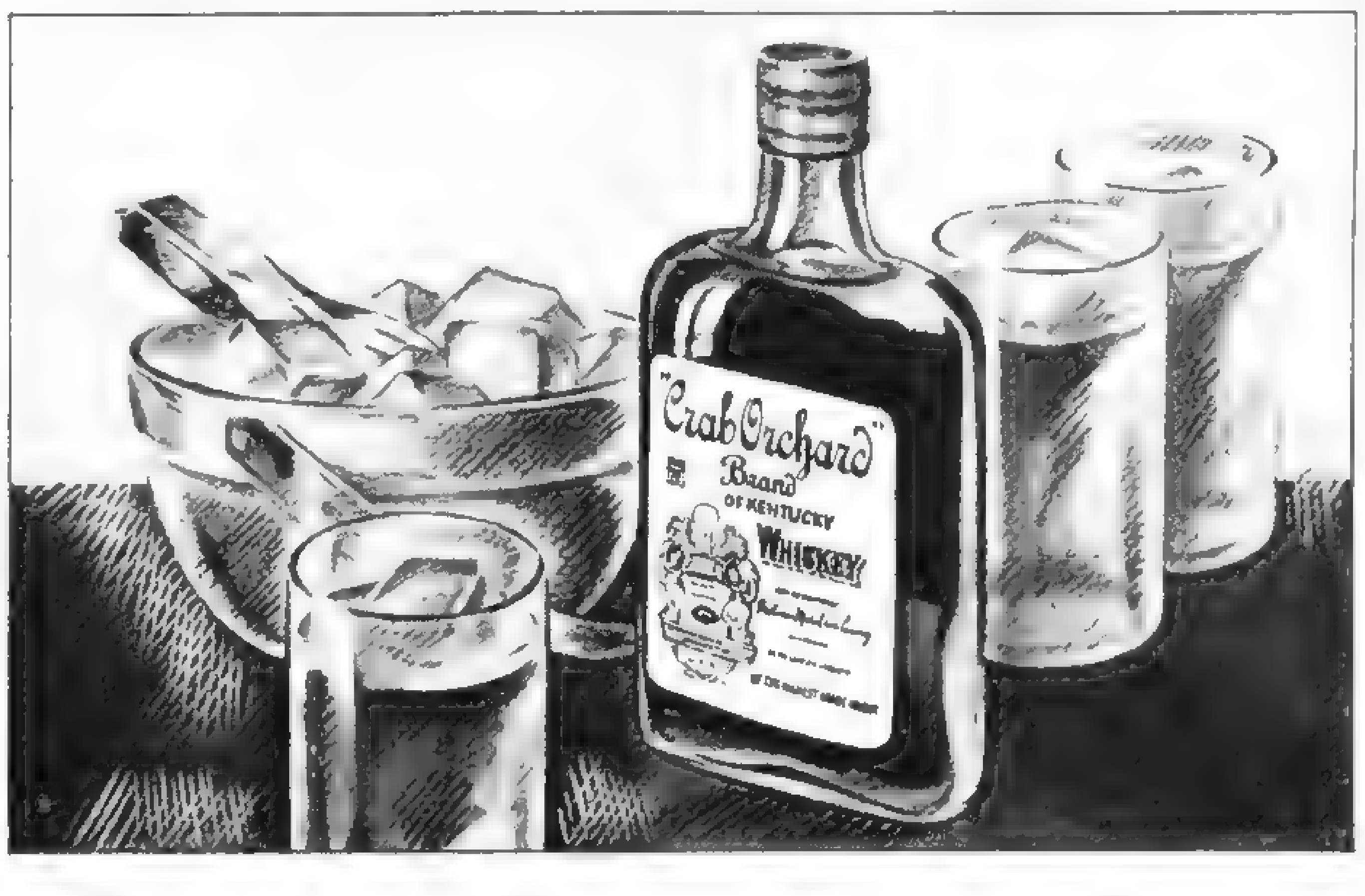
Now that's what I call good whiskey. You can't beat real straight Kentucky Bourbon liquor if you can afford to pay the price.



That's Crab Orchard, and it isn't nearly as expensive as you think. These people have a policy of holding the price down.



Believe me, I'm going to lay in a case right now. That's the news I've been waiting for.



Crab Orchard sells at a very low price for such fine quality straight Kentucky whiskey. It's matured in the wood and bottled right from the barrel. No synthetic aging and no artificial coloring matter added.

Crab Orchard

STRAIGHT KENTUCKY WHISKEY

Other straight whiskies we can recommend:

OLD McBRAYER
OLD CROW
OLD GRAND DAD
SUNNY BROOK
OLD TAYLOR
HILL AND HILL
MOUNT VERNON MARYLAND RYE
OLD OVERHOLT PENNSYLVANIA RYE
HERMITAGE

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES

The American Medicinal Spirits Company, Inc.
Louisville, Ky. Chicago New York San Francisco

CRAB ORCHARD

STRAIGHT AS A STRING

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 12

BAWDY, NOT BAWDY, QUESTIONABLE

I have been very much amused each month by some of the letters in "Sound and Fury." I read such columns in numerous magazines and papers and get a huge wallop out of the manner in which some people get "het up" over what they see in print. Sometimes I feel the urge to reply to some of these kickers in no uncertain terms but usually after thinking it over a day or two I decide to "let 'em rave."

I agree with Donald Patterson, of Wilmington, Delaware, that we have no right to be judging others. There is no accounting for tastes. You can't please everyone and Esquire seems to be printing a variety of material so that everyone should be pleased some of the time.

After reading the letter of P. A. McGill, of Newton Center, Massachusetts, I find I can restrain myself no longer. I am, what might be termed, a devout Churchman. I take my religion seriously and am a vestryman in my Church. I try to conduct myself as a gentleman. How Mr. McGill can honestly say that Esquire is given over almost exclusively to "bawdyism," is more than I can understand.

I am inclined to believe that Mr. McGill is a bit prudish and that he jumped at conclusions without a careful perusal of the magazine. Perhaps he took one look at E. Simms Campbell's harem scene and was too embarrassed to look further. "Heavens," Mr. McGill, you should have been more careful in analyzing Esquire!

I have gone through the April issue and have rated each full page picture, with the exception of the fashion pictures. I have tried to be so fair in my decisions on each picture that I have bent over backwards. I have rated the art work as "Bawdy," "Not Bawdy," and "Questionable," and believe me the definition of the word "bawdy" had to be greatly misused too. The results of the tabulation are as follows: Bawdy—9; Not Bawdy—22; Questionable—6. For my part, I received a lot of enjoyment out of all of the pictures and I'm not ashamed to permit anyone at home to look at the magazine. I don't believe my rector would consider any part of the magazine offensive. I haven't had time to read all of the articles and stories so I haven't tabulated them yet, but I'm sure that the ratio would be no worse.

Judging by the suggestions Mr. McGill has to offer, I'm afraid he didn't want Esquire in the first place. He should subscribe to Better Homes and Gardens, Fortune, and Nation's Business.

To top things off, Mr. McGill, with all of his complaining, hasn't paid for the two copies he has received. Wouldn't you know it? From now on he'll probably borrow Esquire from his neighbors or friends.

One parting word for Mr. McGill. I always will believe that *Mrs.* McGill was looking over your shoulder when you wrote that letter. And if your kiddies could get their minds soiled by anything they saw in Esquire, or could understand the humor of the titles, they are unusually bright—prodigies, I would say. Any children who are smart enough to grasp the subtle humor of Esquire will dig up worse dirt elsewhere.

And now, even I have a suggestion for Esquire. I still don't think you have vindicated yourself for using the names Jesus and Christ profanely in stories. Profanity is one thing—sacrilege another. You must admit that there are some very choice profane words which you do not print in your stories; some words that are used commonly in conversation among certain classes of people. I could name some of these words but you wouldn't print them. For this reason, I think you should omit sacrilegious profanity from your stories. I realize that there are perhaps many of your readers who are not Christians and who have no objections to taking our Lord's name in vain, but there are plenty of choice "cuss" words you can still use. Nevertheless, whether you continue the use of the words I object to, or not, I'll continue to buy Esquire because I know I'll always be able to find 50 cents worth of material of which I will approve.

Yours for continued success,

Rock Island, Ill. Wallace E. Stange

AMERICA, MEET THE MAHON GIRL

We had the Gibson girl. If Ty Mahon's work continues to appear America will soon become conscious of the Mahon girl. Let us have more of him.

That cloth strip on the center pages is a good idea. Why not put a similar one in the fold of the cover? For sheer quality and wealth of material there never has been an equal of your magazine. I believe that the life of an Esquire will be as long as that of a National Geographic and that is damned long.

May you prosper,

Philadelphia, Pa. Felix Korczynski

Continued on page 15

"A MAD SUCCESS"

THE FRENCH CALL THIS SIMPLE RECIPE CHART

Send for it—FREE

25 cocktails the whole world loves...collected from the smartest bars of Europe and America

BACARDI SPECIALTIES
COCKTAILS
OBSERVATIONS
COMPANIA RON BACARDI, S. A., SANTIAGO de CUBA

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"Un succès fou!" Translated into many languages, in demand wherever civilized people cultivate the art of graceful drinking. Because Bacardi is different. Because Bacardi is smart. Because the chart tells how to mix 25 of the smoothest, most delightful cocktails you've ever tasted—all based on Bacardi. Of course you want a copy of this internationally famous chart for your very own! The American translation is now ready for you. And it's FREE! Just let us know you want it. Write to Schenley, Room 407, 20 W. 40th St., New York City.

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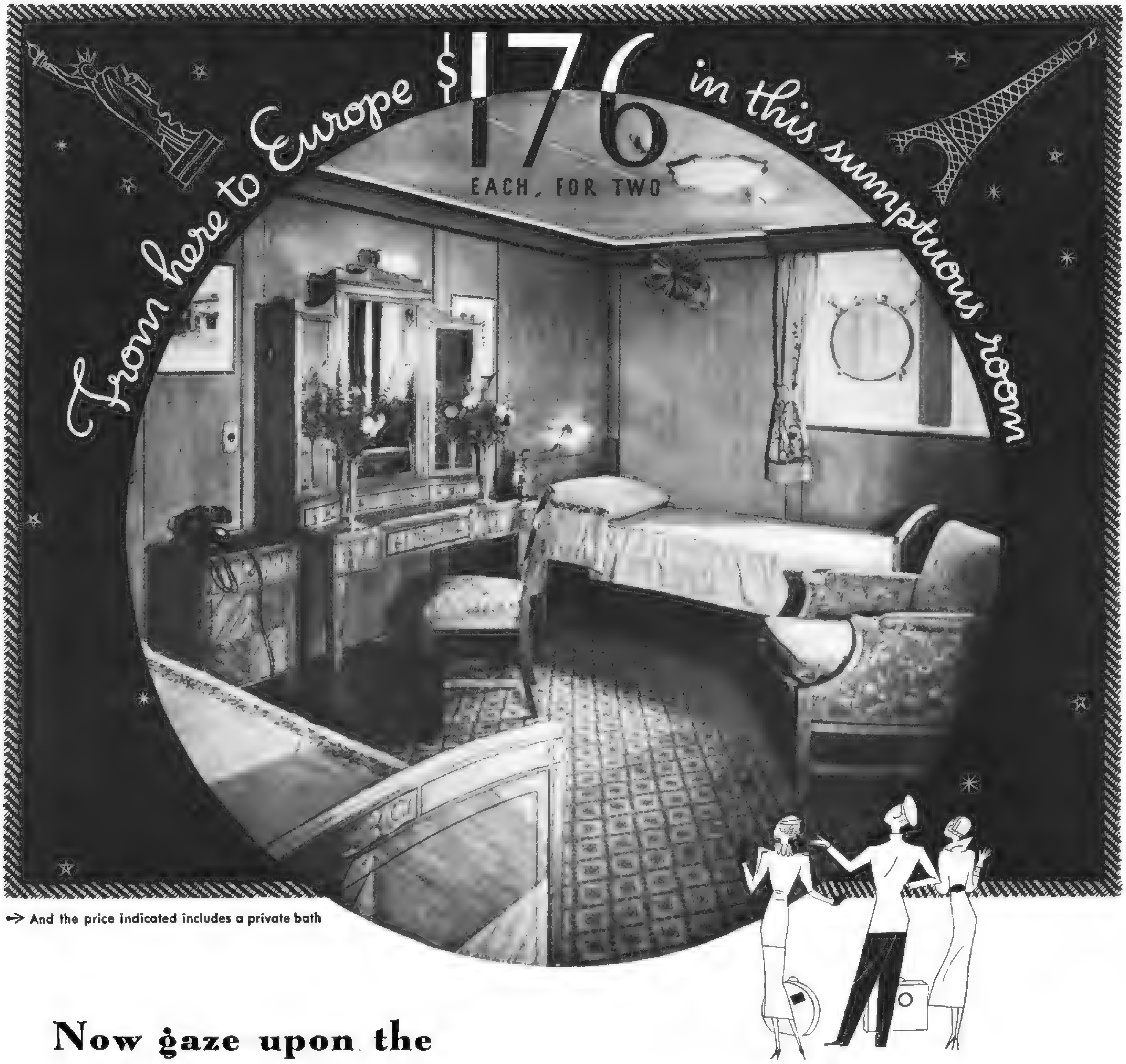

From here to Europe $176 in this sumptuous room
EACH, FOR TWO

→ And the price indicated includes a private bath

Now gaze upon the AMERICAN conception of travel luxury!

SOMETHING *big* is happening on the high seas—something big for *America!* The new steamships *Washington* and *Manhattan,* two of the most sensational successes on the sea, were BORN IN AMERICA—were planned by Americans, built by Americans—owned by Americans, and manned by Americans. And one glance at the spacious luxury of their magnificent staterooms will tell you... these regal ships were built *for* Americans. They are the two largest liners that America has ever built... the fastest cabin ships in the world.

New S. S. WASHINGTON
May 9, June 6, July 4*, Aug. 1
New S. S. MANHATTAN
May 23, June 20*, July 18, Aug. 15
Tourist accommodations on the *Washington* and *Manhattan* from $113 one way, $204 round trip.
S. S. PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT
May 2, May 30, June 27*, July 25
S. S. PRESIDENT HARDING
May 16, June 13*, July 11, Aug. 8
*Rates slightly higher on these sailings.

A Few Features of these New Ships—Unusually large staterooms, magnificent swimming pools, spacious sports decks, gymnasiums, air-conditioned dining salons, telephones in every cabin stateroom, large wardrobe space, children's playrooms, hot and cold running water in every cabin.

The *Manhattan* and *Washington* with their running mates, *Pres. Harding* and *Pres. Roosevelt,* offer weekly service to Cobh, Plymouth, Havre, Hamburg. See your local agent. His services are free. Roosevelt Steamship Co., Inc., General Agents, No. 1 Broadway, N.Y.

UNITED STATES LINES

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 14A

8: CHAMPIONS ARE ALWAYS BOOED

Your "Sound & Fury" department is one of the most interesting features of Esquire. In the April issue there were so many letters printed that pleased me and a few that irritated me, that I wish to take this opportunity of listing below my comments concerning some of the letters. I have numbered them as they were printed in Esquire.

1. I heartily agree with Burton Rascoe when he advises you to "snag on to that guy" (Louis Paul). Rascoe's department is very excellent and I wish to commend you on securing him for your book reviewer.

2. The letter of Mr. Richardson needs no comment other than mention of his congratulations to you for giving an unknown writer a break. I suggest that you try and print a story or article by an "unknown" in each issue.

3. The only comment I can make concerning Mr. Campbell's letter is that I agree with him that not all your drawings deserve a full page and also "Don't make this magazine into a 'Ladies' Home Journal' . . .".

6. By all means keep the price at 50c. If it were less I'd feel that I was cheating someone.

8. Rian James certainly hit the nail square on the head when he refers to the names on your front cover. The established and well known names of such writers as Dos Passos, Hemingway, McFee, Ludwig and etc., may help sell Esquire but I agree with James, that as soon as you ". . . wax a little less self conscious about (these) names . . . you'll have a publication second to none." Give the unknown writer a break and let's have more discoveries such as Louis Paul. Can you get anything from Vardis Fisher? I feel sure that if he is introduced to Esquire readers that they will clamor for more of his stories. Try it.

11-15. Razzberries to Geo. A. Pickett. I hope he is no relation to General Pickett. Ditto to P. A. McGill.

I have read every issue of Esquire and my admiration grows each month. You are going strong and improving monthly but nevertheless I fear you can't keep it up. I'm hoping that you do but . . . well, time will tell.

Sincerely yours,
Pittsburgh, Pa. Howard W. Sieger

YOU'RE ON THE ALKALINE SIDE

It is with great regret that the first letter that I write in respect to your grand magazine is in the nature of a complaint.

I have nothing but praise to offer for what you put between the covers. It is what you put *on* them that I object to; especially the front cover. And it is not the illustration nor the set-up. It is the red ink that you use on the right-hand edge, where you give us the authors in the issue.

That red ink has a deplorable habit of coming off all over my fingers. I suspect that the same thing must happen to every reader. When you read Esquire for any length of time (and I like to sit down to a long session with it) you put it down to find your hands nearly as red as that portion of your front cover. And I can assure you that the ink adheres much more to the fingers than to your cover.

So, won't you please keep on giving us the same kind of stories and articles inside, but a better grade of red ink, or something, on the outside?

Very truly yours,
New York, N.Y. Robert M. Rosenbluth

COME ON, BRIGHT BOYS, SPARKLE!

Never have I been more favorably inclined toward a magazine than I have toward Esquire. I have defended it wholeheartedly whenever there was occasion to do so. But you are letting me down! Recently I have had to admit grudgingly that your brilliant group of contributors has shown practically no brilliance. Your fiction is realistic, yes, but so are classified ads. There is no spirit, no life in such stuff.

And your long-heralded story by Langston Hughes—what a dud! You were rank traitors to your readers in leading them to expect something remarkable, something extraordinary. Your well-planned scheme of publicizing over-shot its mark. Of course any intelligent reader would bite, for you have been professing such disarming frankness in your editorial dicta. But these same readers must be sending aloft, and to Chicago, one tremendous snort of disgust. Not outraged morality, mind you, for *A Good Job Gone* is perfectly harmless, even insipid. But a disgust born of the feeling that our ideal magazine has gypped us. One more such fiasco and we'll all have just one more broken illusion.

Yours with waning hope,
Cleveland, Ohio Irwin S. Johnson

Continued on page 17

STROLL INTO THE LOUNGE
STEP ALONG THE DECK
PEEP INTO THE PANTRY

and learn the secret of the Olympic's lure!

You will find a roster of eminent names always appearing on a White Star sailing list. And as you stroll aboard, you will see in your first glance through brilliant public rooms . . . your first welcome by a White Star steward . . . your first delicious meal in a White Star salon . . . why it is that the *Olympic*, *Majestic* and their companions are so often first choice with those who have crossed the ocean 50 times or more—seasoned seagoers who know what luxury in ocean travel should be. Regular services to Ireland, England and France. Arrange for passage through your local agent. His services are free.

S. S. MAJESTIC, May 4, May 25
(World's largest liner)
M. V. BRITANNIC, May 5, June 2
S. S. OLYMPIC, May 17, June 8
M. V. GEORGIC (new) May 19, June 16

WHITE STAR LINE
UTMOST OCEAN SERVICE through your local agent

INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY • NO. 1 BROADWAY, NEW YORK • AGENTS EVERYWHERE

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

W. O. Kling

W. O. Kling was born in Duluth, Minnesota, but he asserted himself at an early age, and moved the family off to California, where he went to school. Eventually he returned to Chicago and studied at the Art Institute. Then followed a series of jumps and starts in various cities and studios—Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and (omitting St. Louis) back to Chicago. He restricts us to such dull facts as the foregoing—or you'd really hear us rave. The guy's a wow of an illustra—o. k. That's all.

•

F. Scott and **Zelda Fitzgerald** collaborated on the article appearing on page 19, with each claiming that the other did the better halt. This doesn't mean that we are giving up the idea of using contributions from men only. It simply means that, under the circumstances, since Mrs. Fitzgerald has so liberally helped her husband out with his home work, it would be hardly fair not to say so. Thus, for the first time, is revealed the presence of a family entrance to the pages of this magazine for men.

•

Theodore Dreiser would probably classify *Mathewson*, which begins on page 20, as a story, but since its content obviously derives from his days as a newspaper man in St. Louis, we classify it as semi-fiction.

•

Cal Johnson is the fish and game editor of the Chicago Daily News. He has served as fishing guide to two presidents.

•

Jim Tully, who makes his first appearance in our pages with *The Worm That Turned*, on page 24, will cut loose next month on the general subject of Hollywood, treating it, however, in anything but generalities.

•

Abbé Ernest Dimnet is the author of that international best seller, *The Art of Thinking*.

•

Dudley Lee is a young Chicago photographer who is specializing in candid camera work.

•

Ivan Bunin, best known to American readers for *The Gentleman from San Francisco*, has been discovered all over again following his receipt of the Nobel prize for literature.

•

Manuel Komroff, in *The Minute Between* on page 35, finally delivered the story that was promised for months. We don't know what you think, but we think it was worth waiting for.

•

Evan Shipman conducts a racing column for one of the New York newspapers.

Jimmie Charters has written his memoirs under the title *This Must Be The Place. The Art of Bartending*, on page 32, is the first of several pieces which will appear in our pages and will later on be incorporated in the book. We feel pretty good about being able to present these papers, regarding them as something of a chaser, not to say mouthwash, to follow the *Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas.* Toklas, setting out to be profound about Americans in Paris, succeeded in being trivial while Jimmie, avowing no more sober intent than to be trivial, succeeds in getting pretty doggone profound. The book, incidentally, will carry an introduction by Ernest Hemingway, mention of whom reminds us that this issue marks the second time, since the inception of Esquire, that he has played hookey. Blame it on the time it takes to get mail from Africa to Chicago.

•

Francis Fuhr whose "first story" we present on page 72 as our Discovery of the Month, begs leave to explain that it isn't his first story after all, Esquire having been scooped by The Prairie Schooner in its recognition of Fuhr's work. We are able to crawl out of it with our usual grace by remembering that the Prairie Schooner is one of the non-commercial "little" magazines (i. e. does not pay for contributions). Or, to let him say it his own way, "If not a virgin, I am at least an amateur."

Francis Fuhr

Several of the Sound and Furyers have asked us why we don't present at least one story by an unknown in each issue. We think it's a good idea—in fact, we still think it's a good idea, having done it ever since our second issue. There is a "first published appearance" in each issue. We don't label the story that way, but you're supposed to find out, on this page, which story is a "first." To date, our first presentations comprise:

John Ramsey, Michael Fessier, Louis Paul, Byron Bishop, and Francis Fuhr. Of course, if you don't read this page . . .

•

John Groth, who has been back from Mexico just long enough to get restless again, is off to Russia. He will make several stops on the way, the first of which will result in a London portfolio.

•

William C. White will soon leave Hollywood, where he is a consultant on pictures with a Russian background, going on west to Manchuria and Russia.

•

Hugh Fullerton is the veteran sports writer who, since Jim Corbett's death, is regarded as the safest wrong guesser on the outcome of important prize fights.

•

Arthur H. Carhart is a landscape architect who lives in Denver, Colorado, has written many magazine articles on gardening, and is the author of *Colorado*, a combination history and guidebook to that state.

Langston Hughes has had so much unsolicited mention from Esquire that we aren't going to say another word about him, but don't miss the story on page 56.

•

David C. DeJong has had short stories in Scribner's and has just recently had his first novel, *Belly Fulla Straw*, published by Alfred A. Knopf. He came from Holland to Grand Rapids, Michigan, at the age of 13, and his novel is about Grand Rapids, which he has recently left to live in Providence, Rhode Island.

•

Benjamin Appel has written several plays, has had stories in The North American Review, Story, and most of the little magazines, and has recently completed a novel, *Brain Guy*.

•

In the April issue we ascribed authorship of the article *Poppings of the Corks* to Jean de Journette, assisted by Lester Berrey. Mr. De Journette tells us that we crossed wires in so doing, with a resultant short circuit that was something of a painful shock to all concerned. We should have had it just the other way around, as the article was written by **Mr. Berrey** assisted by **Mr. De Journette.**

•

Mercer Beasley has been both hymned and damned for his training methods, but, keeping out of controversy and sticking to the record, the fact remains that he is the developer of Clifford Sutter, Ellsworth Vines and Frank Parker, and that Beasley pupils have won twenty-eight major tennis titles since 1926.

•

Frederick Tisdale is a New York newspaper man who frequently contributes both fiction and articles to the magazines.

•

Oswald Jacoby isn't one of the bridge experts concerning whom the late Louis Joseph Vance made nasty cracks in his memorable article on the bridge racket.

•

John Erskine is famous as writer, teacher, and amateur musician of professional skill.

•

J. L. Campbell, like our own Bob Buckner, is a Virginian whose writings are better known in England than at home. His *Miracle of Peille*, mildly successful here, was acclaimed by English critics.

•

Gilbert Seldes will take over John V. A. Weaver's department during the latter's stay in Hollywood, at the same time maintaining his own regular department.

Frank Boyd

Frank Boyd, concerning whom the stolid John Groth gets excited on page 62, will have prize fight and bathing portfolios in future issues.

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 15

SAK'S BEEN SWATTED BY EXPERTS

More fun—more people killed. I'll bet Jacob Reed's Sons cry themselves to sleep every night in March—you published it and now poor Leonard Allen will not play ball with the naughty mans any more.

Oh-ho—it was a swell story—it almost lived up the million dollar ballyhoo you gave it for two months or more—I mean it was good, darn good, but who could live up to such expectancy. Everyone who has wanted the story has imagined it to be the story he would write himself and the anti-nigger spirit of 61 gang have seen the shadows of a hellish anti-white turn in literature in the sixty-day "sound and fury" of the pros and antis. And what do we get? just a harmless yarn about a white degenerate, a Harlem gal, and a harmless brown boy. May we have many more tea pot tempests with Allens to play fatted calf for the slaughter.

So far no one has to my notice taken a swat at Sakhnoffsky. Gentlemen, allow me: His designs are amusing but not streamlined except when he copies Boeing, LaSalle, or the new 110 Mile Train. The sketches are merely "stylized" without applying the principle of any airfoil design and without a possibility of practicality—I refer to the Town Car and Victoria designs especially—they would not have enough head room or leg room for a 12 year old child and all the pretty (?) little rolls and fol de rols in the metal work are just trash, each one will set up wind resistance. Let's have more of his sketches, but some of us would like designs for a real car and not toys for Santa Claus. More aerodynamics—less artiness.

Sincerely yours,
San Francisco, Calif. E. H. Richards, Jr.

WE'D HATE TO HAVE YOU THINK SO

"'I know that the whole world will be with you, and moreover,' said the Jew with great excitement, 'if you go to war now, *I* am ready to do my bit.' And he jingled the change in his pocket." That's a direct quotation from "The Way to War" by Bernard Faÿ (with the umlaut) in your March issue, offered as evidence that even the most pacifistic people in the world, the Jews, are ready for war.

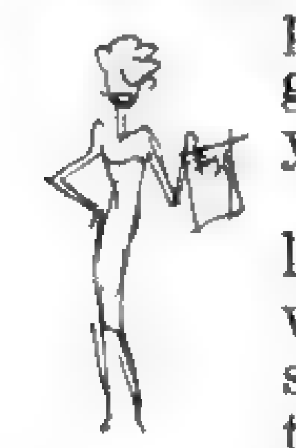
I am a Jew. I won't quarrel about having my race labeled as pacifists, having no statistics on the question, nor will I question his statement that recent persecution has made us ready for war. But before I take up arms against Hitler I would appreciate a chance for one poke at the patrician snoot of Bernard Faÿ (don't forget the umlaut, printer) for insinuating that we fight with our pockets.

Certainly we have contributed heavily, all through history, to war chests just as we have contributed heavily to community chests. We've happened to have the money. But if Mr. Faÿ (with the umlaut) can remember as far back as 1918, I dare him to contradict me when I say there were at least as many Levinskeys as Mahoneys in the daily lists of dead or wounded. And I don't know the facts, but I'll apologize publicly to Mr. Faÿ (umlaut and all) if there weren't ten times as many Cohens listed for Congressional awards for valor as whatever nationality the umlauted Faÿ represents. Even the much despised Jewish communists in Union Square weren't afraid to go out daily to get their head split open by the cops. Damned fools, certainly! But not cowards!

I'm somewhat disappointed at the lack of vigilance shown by the editors who let so catty a statement creep into a men's magazine. I'd hate to think they shared the umlaut's opinion.

Yours,
Albany, N. Y. Alfred Basch

ENCORES FOR PEGLER AND SMITH?



I am glad that you put the question of publication of "A Good Job Gone" before your readers, because the resulting correspondence afforded me much amusement and was the direct cause of my present "beautiful friendship" with a girl I met on the Fifth Avenue bus—but you wouldn't know about that.

And this man Joseph Schrank. If you lose him, the flag will go to half-mast. It would be impossible to improve on his stories. Ask him to do a job on Paris taxis. By the way, let's have some more of Westbrook Pegler and Thorne Smith. And where's "Enemies of Man No. 2"?

Respectfully,
New York, N.Y. R. A. Briggs

P.S.—I almost forgot—I prefer stories not in two parts, but they won't kill me if other people like them.—R.A.B.

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"Show Mr. and Mrs. F. to Number—"

Journal of a thousand and one nights in hotel rooms, in the gilded dawn of the Jazz Age

by F. SCOTT and ZELDA FITZGERALD

We are married. The Sibylline parrots are protesting the sway of the first bobbed heads in the Biltmore panelled luxe. The hotel is trying to look older.

The faded rose corridors of the Commodore end in subways and subterranean metropolises—a man sold us a broken Marmon and a wild burst of friends spent half an hour revolving in the revolving door.

There were lilacs open to the dawn near the boarding house in Westport where we sat up all night to finish a story. We quarreled in the gray morning dew about morals; and made up over a red bathing suit.

The Manhattan took us in one late night though we looked very young and gay. Ungratefully we packed the empty suitcase with spoons and the phone book and a big square pin-cushion.

The Traymore room was gray and the chaise-longue big enough for a courtesan. The sound of the sea kept us awake.

Electric fans blew the smell of peaches and hot biscuit and the cindery aroma of travelling salesmen through the New Willard halls in Washington.

But the Richmond hotel had a marble stair and long unopened rooms and marble statues of the gods lost somewhere in its echoing cells.

At the O'Henry in Greensville they thought a man and his wife ought not to be dressed alike in white knickerbockers in nineteen-twenty and we thought the water in the tubs ought not to run red mud.

Next day the summer whine of phonographs billowed out the skirts of the southern girls in Athens. There were so many smells in the drug stores and so much organdy and so many people just going somewhere. . . We left at dawn.

1921 They were respectful in the Cecil in London; disciplined by the long majestuous twilights on the river and we were young but we were impressed anyway by the Hindus and the Royal Processions.

At the St. James and Albany in Paris we smelled up the room with an uncured Armenian goat-skin and put the unmelting "ice-cream" outside the window, and there were dirty postcards, but we were pregnant.

The Royal Danielli in Venice had a gambling machine and the wax of centuries over the window-sill and there were fine officers on the American destroyer. We had fun in a gondola feeling like a soft Italian song.

Bamboo curtains and an asthma patient complaining of the green plush and an ebony piano were all equally embalmed in the formal parlors of Hotel d'Italie in Florence.

But there were fleas on the gilded filigree of the Grand Hotel in Rome; men from the British embassy scratched behind the palms; the clerks said it was the flea season.

Claridge's in London served strawberries in a gold dish but the room was an inside room and gray all day and the waiter didn't care whether we left or not, and he was our only contact.

In the fall we got to the Commodore in St. Paul, and while leaves blew up the streets we waited for our child to be born.

1922-1923 The Plaza was an etched hotel, dainty and subdued, with such a handsome head waiter that he never minded lending five dollars or borrowing a Rolls-Royce. We didn't travel much in those years.

1924 The Deux Mondes in Paris ended about a blue abyssmal court outside our window. We bathed the daughter in the *bidet* by mistake and she drank the gin fizz thinking it was lemonade and ruined the luncheon table next day.

Goat was to eat in Grimm's Park Hotel in Hyères, and the bougainvillea was brittle as its own color in the hot white dust. Many soldiers loitered outside the gardens and brothels listening to the nickelodeons. The nights, smelling of honey-suckle and army leather, staggered up the mountain side and settled upon Mrs. Edith Wharton's garden.

At the Ruhl in Nice we decided on a room not facing the sea, on all the dark men being princes, on not being able to afford it even out of season. During dinner on the terrace, stars fell in our plates, and we tried to identify ourselves with the place by recognizing faces from the boat. But nobody passed and we were alone with the deep blue grandeur and the *filet de sole Ruhl* and the second bottle of champagne.

The Hotel de Paris at Monte Carlo was like a palace in a detective story. Officials got us things: tickets and permissions, maps and newly portentious identities. We waited a good while in the formalized sun while they fitted us out with all we needed to be fitting guests of the Casino. Finally taking control of the situation, we authoritatively sent the bell-boy for a tooth-brush.

Wistaria dripped in the court of the Hotel d'Europe at Avignon and the dawn rumbled up in market carts. A lone lady in tweeds drank Martinis in the dingy bar. We met French friends at the Taverne Riche and listened to the bells of late afternoon reverberate along the city walls. The Palace of the Popes rose chimerically through the gold end of day over the broad still Rhone, while we did nothing, assiduously, under the plane trees on the opposite bank.

Like Henri IV, a French patriot fed his babies red wine in the Continental at St. Raphael and there were no carpets because of summer, so echoes of the children's protestations fell pleasantly amidst the clatter of dishes and china. By this time we could identify a few words of French and felt ourselves part of the country.

The Hotel du Cap at Antibes was almost deserted. The heat of day lingered in the blue and white blocks of the balcony and from the great canvas mats our friends had spread along the terrace we warmed our sunburned backs and invented new cocktails.

The Miramare in Genoa festooned the dark curve of the shore with garlands of lights, and the shape of the hills was picked out of the darkness by the blaze from the windows of high hotels. We thought of the men parading the gay arcades as undiscovered Carusos but they all assured us that Genoa was a business city and very like America and Milan.

We got to Pisa in the dark and couldn't find the leaning tower until we passed it by accident leaving the Royal Victoria on our way out. It stood stark in a field by itself. The Arno was muddy and not half as insistent as it is in the cross-word puzzles.

Marion Crawford's mother died in the Quirinalli Hotel at Rome. All the chambermaids remember it and tell the visitors about how they spread the room with newspapers afterward. The sitting-rooms are hermetically sealed and palms conceal the way to open the windows. Middle-aged English doze in the stale air and nibble stale-salted peanuts with the hotel's famous coffee, which comes out of a calliope-like device for filling it full of grounds, like the glass balls that make snow storms when shaken.

In the Hotel des Princes at Rome we lived on bella-payaese cheese and Corvo wine and made friends with a delicate spinster who intended to stop there until she finished a three-volume history of the Borgias. The sheets were damp and the nights were perforated by the snores of the people next door, but we didn't mind because we could always come home down the stairs to the Via Sistina, and there were jonquils and beggars along that way. We were too superior at that time to use the guide books and wanted to discover the ruins for ourselves, which we did when we had exhausted the night-life and the market places and the campagna. We liked the Castello del Angelo because of its round mysterious unity and the river and the debris about its base. It was exciting being lost between centuries in the Roman dusk and taking your sense of direction from the Colosseum.

Continued on page 154B

Mathewson

The first of two impressions comprising a memory-portrait of a St. Louis newspaper man

by THEODORE DREISER

As against the vital, the successful, the avaricious, the brutal—those who see life as something to take by storm or to win against by subtlety, or, what is worse, inequitable chance, I offer Mathewson.

I first saw him in the editorial offices of the Globe-Democrat in St. Louis, seated at the one and only copy reader's desk in the city news room, a long-visored green shade over his eyes. It was a late, airless summer afternoon and he was in his shirtsleeves. A slim and somewhat small, perhaps clerkly, figure. Dark, mellow and entirely unacquisitive eyes. Fine, long and somewhat pointed oval head, with a seemingly loose growth of limp black hair. Unobtrusive nose, sensitive mouth; pale, rather bloodless hands, and small, almost womanish, feet.

Interestingly enough, on that day the regular city editor was on vacation. A card over his desk stated "All assignments given and copy received by Mr. Mathewson." When I approached him he was bent over a bit of copy. He looked up, neither genially nor the reverse, a note of inquiry in his eye. I stated who I was and he immediately replied: "Yes, Mr. Mitchell said you were to do the St. Louis terminal accident." At the same time he was writing, in a small, clear, almost printed hand, a street number in Carondelet, a then southern French suburb of the city. Also: "Residence of dead engineer. See Yardmaster (33-hundred something) South Broadway for details."

He handed me the memorandum and turned away. But from that single glance, as well as from the softness of his voice, the whiteness of his face and hands, his reticence, I sensed so much—gentility, apprehension, sensitivity, speculation and, more, brooding and very likely poetic thought. How different from the broad, solid, sullen, conventional, contentious Mitchell! And Kitnong, his assistant, young, nervous, frightened, a mouse-like soul! He also was out at the time.

I went, of course, and did the work. From the yardmaster, whatever his name was, I learned of a loosened rail which had plunged a switching engine pulling ten freight cars into five others standing on a siding. The engine was overturned. In some manner the engineer was pinioned and burned to death. It being a matter of night switching, he had been freed by dawn—freed to lie in a quickly provided coffin—the gift of the company—and taken to his home, where at two in the afternoon I was permitted to see him.

I tell all this because of a single incident which I wrote into my brief story and which elicited a comment from Wilson Mathewson. The incident followed my entry into the engineer's small brick house in Carondelet, for the purpose of viewing the body and questioning Mrs. Engineer.

In the front room, or parlor, in his wooden overcoat, was solemnly centered the dead man. At the back, as I could glimpse through a crack of light from a door not tightly closed, was a living room. There was a sewing machine and some nondescript furniture. Assuming that the dead man's wife was upstairs and would presently come down, I decided—reportorial custom and duty—that I should look into that room, and accordingly widened the crack. To my embarrassment, I saw in one corner, before what proved to be a clothes press, the doors of which were open, a short, stocky and decidedly worn and weary-looking woman, who was holding in her arms, pressed close to her body, a man's coat and trousers, plainly the large coat and trousers of the man in the coffin. She was sobbing, her head bent low over the clothes.

Instantly my own mood changed. It seemed no longer important or meaningful that I question her. I felt that I had seen all, heard all, knew all that was significant in this case. In short, I desired to escape unseen—the only human apology I could make for my intrusion—and so did.

Once outside, however, and on my way to the office, I decided to capitalize this incident, as what incipient writer would not? For there was really nothing new in this type of story. News being plentiful, as news it would get but a minor paragraph. But if I could inject this wife clasping her husband's old working clothes and crying, at least it would make an impressive paragraph. Back in the office I wrote it, and Mathewson being out laid it on his desk. Having been interested by him and ambitious for myself as a reporter, I was eager to note what he would do with it. Perhaps it was too melodramatic and he would have preferred that I ask questions.

I went out for a bite to eat and later when I returned went over to him to see what else there was for me to do. The item I had written was in his fingers. He looked up oddly and with what seemed to me a mellow, appreciative light in his eyes. "I'm glad you did not question her. I was afraid you might." He turned and then added, from the depths of his work: "The evening assignments are not ready. Come back at six thirty."

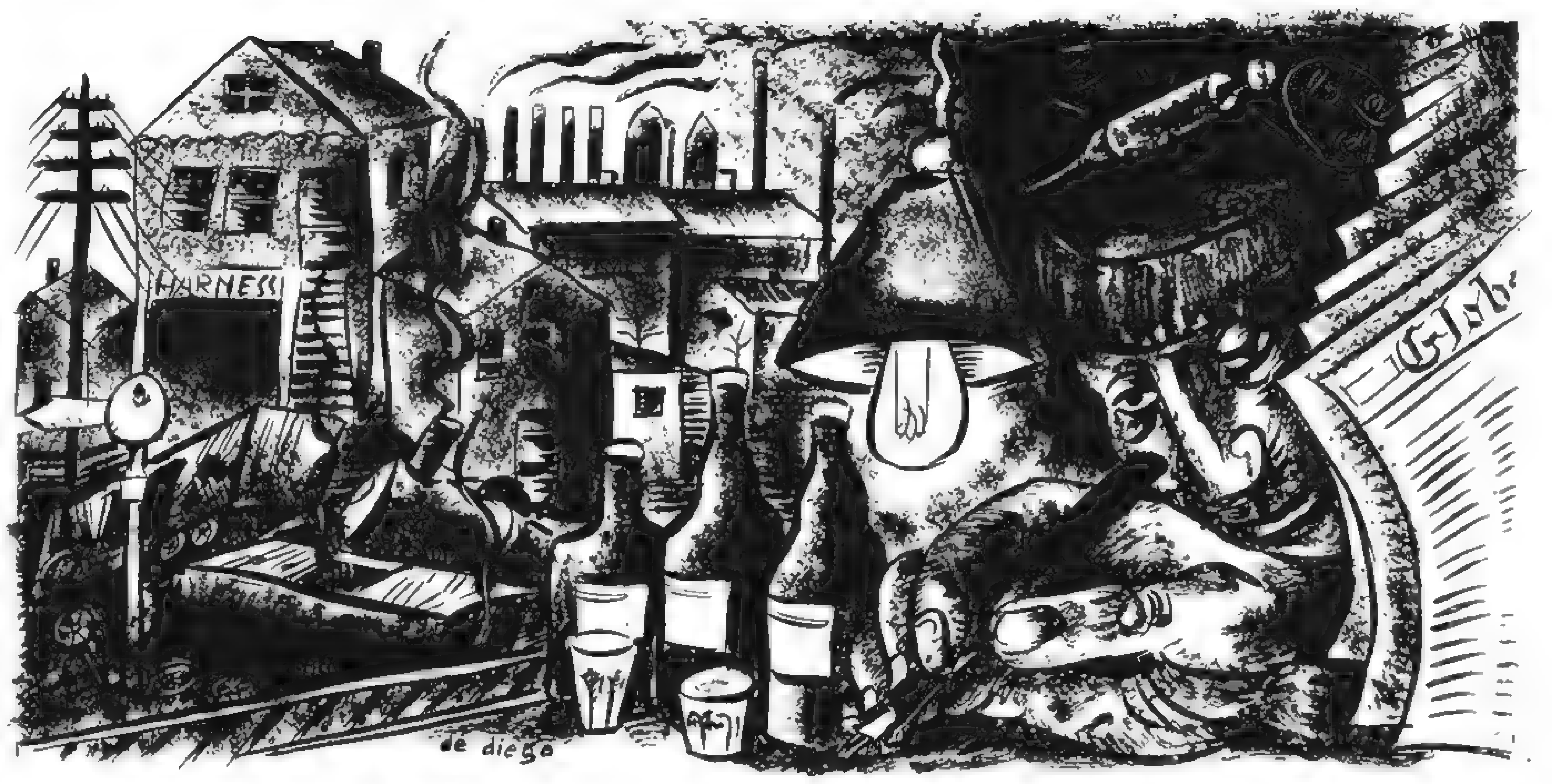
I sauntered out thinking what a mellow and arresting person this was, so different from Mitchell and quite all of the other city editors I had encountered in St. Louis or elsewhere. Then somewhere—around the LaClede Hotel, I believe—I ran into Rodenberger, a fellow spirit of one of the other papers and much more worldly-wise than myself. He had been in St. Louis for years and had worked upon all of the papers. He would know about this Mathewson person. And in due course I asked him, the absence of my city editor and the substitution of this stranger being an item of no little interest in my beginner's world.

"Oh, Wilson Mathewson! Is he working over there? He must be behaving himself again. Queer bird, that! You might not think it, but he is one of the best newspapermen in the city. Maybe the best. Writes a beautiful story when he wants to. Only he don't often want to. He's been around here now for four or five years. But he doesn't work often." He symbolized the difficulty involved by curling his fingers into a cup and lifting the same to his lips.

Loquacious always, a man who drank and loafed not a little himself, Rodenberger launched upon a perhaps hearsay and possibly wholly untrue story of Mathewson's past. He had come from St. Joseph, Missouri, where his father, a wealthy printer, still dominated a large business. But Mattie (as Rodenberger called him) did not like St. Joseph nor the printing business, nor even newspaper work, for that matter. Too temperamental, too artistic. Yet here he was in St. Louis, and thought well of by local editors and publishers. For Mathewson could write better than any of them. And edit, too, providing he could stay sober.

The account fascinated me. An interesting personality, a fine writer, and yet a drunkard! No doubt he could write learnedly and tastefully of books, plays and personalities other than those involved in baseball and politics, the great American stimuli of the time. For Rodenberger had added that he did all this and more. But that he was highly unsocial and, worse, unconventional. That he lived in one of the most forlorn and decayed districts of the city, known as the "Black and Tan," and (whisper!) it was rumored that he had lived or did then live with a girl of color. More, it was believed by some that, on occasions at least, he took some drug or other. Morphine, maybe. A picture which instead of reducing him in my ever-erratic imagination only served to heighten him not a little. Ha! De Quincey! Poe! DeFoe! In odd crannies of my mind, and for what reasons I could not have set forth at the time, were enshrined such erratic and perhaps depleted and defeated types. I have since learned why.

One of the things impressed upon me by additional contacts with Mathewson, as well as by reporters who either knew him slightly or knew of him, was that because of his frail body, his dark, liquid and inscrutable eyes, and his obviously total mental indifference



to all the current commonplace activities of St. Louis of that day, to say nothing of his aesthetic approach to the higher-mind matters of the time, he was a figure of real import as well as mystery to them. Wilson Mathewson! Wilson Mathewson! Wilson Mathewson!

His actual abode was a dark room over a harness-maker's shop in Second Street, north of Olive—a region adjoining the "Black and Tan"—a deserted neighborhood except for distant sounds emanating from the Black and Tan or the more distant business heart. A reporter who once carried a message to him from the city editor of the Post-Despatch told me so. Nearly always he was sick, or doped, or drunk, but whether sick or not, usually mentally indisposed toward anything connected with the newspaper life of the city, since neither letters, telegrams nor personal calls when sent or made by editors or friends elicited any response. He had no known intimates, although plainly there were many who would have liked to be intimate with him, myself among them.

My interest in this man was so great that finding him, but a few days later, gone from the Globe, I went to look at the district and the house in which he was said to live, without, however, venturing to intrude myself upon him. And later, hearing from someone that on occasion he visited an out-of-the-way French wine restaurant in that same region, I went there, but did not see him. I should say, though, that it had been reported to me that he maintained some sort of contact with the old French host and his wife, that sometimes he wrote at a table there. Fascinating! I followed on his trail, but to no purpose. The best I could do was to establish the fact that at the house previously mentioned, the woman who rented a room to him was a certain Mrs. Schwarzkopf, a German widow about thirty-eight years old. She, with her two small girl children, maintained the flat or apartment on the second floor, one room of which was occupied by Mathewson. As he himself later deigned to comment to me she supported herself by renting this room to him and by doing night cleaning in a downtown office building, where she worked from six to eleven at night, the children being put to bed by a neighbor or by Mathewson himself if he was there at the time. I indulge in these preliminaries solely to show how truly magnetized I was by the man. He was, to me, so different. And St. Louis at that time, and to me at least, was so infernally dull.

The drowsy, muddy, sleepy Mississippi River. The dry and often intense and unbroken summer heat. The dull and commonplace business activities—shoes, dry goods, hardware, beer. And the inane and meaningless social groups: French, German, Irish, old South American, with their ridiculous money, family or religious standards, their large houses, brainless teas, dances, receptions or "at homes"; their marriages, deaths, births, anniversaries, as opposed to the dreadful slums, veritably sties and warrens along the waterfront and elsewhere and in which dwelt thousands upon thousands as socially forgotten as though they were dead! And then the holy churches! So blindly reverenced, their very bricks and stones along with their sleek and shrewd priests, ministers, rabbis, and what not, all bleeding the poor of their nickels and dimes. The city's rotten politics and politicians! And the immense and commonplace labor and whore districts! And the sacrosanct banks and trust companies! And whited sepulchres of newspapers! And the colleges, schools, universities!

Do I seem to rave? Life, in the main, is a cause for raving.

An article by Mathewson in one of the Sunday issues of the Globe or Republic (I forget which) not so long after that brought him violently to mind. It concerned Emil Zola, quite the dominant literary phenomenon of Europe and America of that day, although in America, of course, a phenomenon of decidedly disgraceful and even shameful imputation. For did he not deal with those painfully progressive human realities, the climaxes of which—here in America, at least—appeared to center, or should, in the police court, the jail, the bawdy district and the morgue? And of course, and for that very reason, of the utmost interest to a large number of the suppressed and restrained of our mawkishly conventional and for the most part pseudo-moral and religious land. Indeed, in sleek, almost wholly inaesthetic and material-minded St. Louis, there was life quite as efflorescent with lechery and gluttony as ever in Paris, only here glazed over with an outward and better-than-thou pretence which compelled thousands to denounce this man Zola with a moral fervor only equaled by their secret vices. Unclean! Unclean! Unclean! He and all his works!

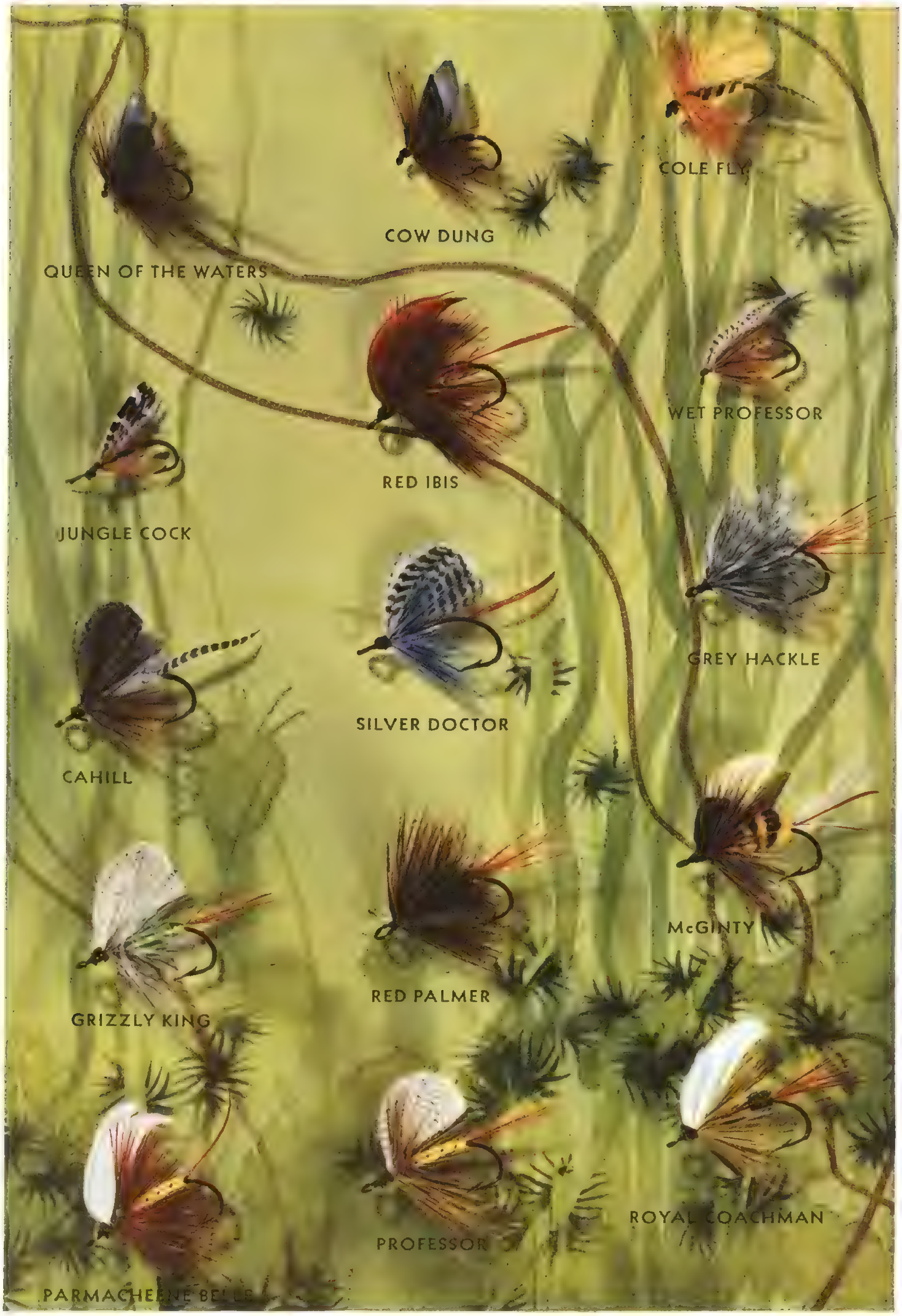
Yet this article by Mathewson, praise God, was entirely indifferent to that. It dealt with him wisely and impartially, and I, for my part, quite innocent of any responses other than those of wonder and a desire to increase my store of knowledge of life, now read of this man Zola with intense interest. His Paris, his people—the kind of people who appeared to be not so much different from what was all about me here in St. Louis! Indeed, in what respects, if any, I asked myself in following Mathewson's artfully etched thoughts and phrases, did Zola's French characters and scenes differ from those of America and St. Louis? French though he and his books were, he was writing of the same greeds, emotions, lusts, ambitions, successes and failures as characterized and directed the people of America. The only difference, as Mathewson pointed out in his article, was that by Zola's deliberate art as well as his insight, they were stripped bare of the pretence that "like a fog" (I particularly noted that phrase) enveloped Anglo-Saxon life and caused its citizens to see themselves as in a glass, darkly.

Arrestingly enough, this resumé strengthened my impression of Mathewson as an individual of singular force and insight. For not only did he suggest clearly and startlingly the iron courage of Zola in presenting life as he saw it, but he made me aware of the tremendous stir that, for good or ill, Zola had made with his Rougon-Maquart family series, his Therese Raquin, L'Assommoir, and, of course, his Nana. Actually, as I read I gasped in wonder. For in the office as I recalled him he had seemed so frail, so pale and retiring, whereas in this article, smooth and stylized to no small degree, he conveyed a genuinely stirring mental force and acumen. Why had I not heard of Zola before? Why with such thoughts and understanding as this Mathewson had, should he seem so soft and delicate? And he probably wrote this on a small table in that dark, dingy, down-at-heels French restaurant. I was at once more puzzled and fascinated than before.

Just the same, during the months—six or seven all told—which followed the publication of the article, I saw Mathewson but twice, once in January coming out of the editorial office of the Republic (to which paper I had by then transferred my services), when he merely bowed to me courteously, and the second time perhaps three or four months later, very likely in the hottest part of May, one of those dry, lethargic St. Louis afternoons. I was making my reportorial rounds of the police stations at the time (few telephones in those days), and happened to be in the ribald, shiftless, drunken, levee district north of Olive and east of Third Street where he dwelt, when I encountered him shambling out of one of the cheaper and meaner of the really evil saloons or dives of that area. And looking, oh so different from the clean and even tidy individual I had seen in the Republic office! His hat and clothing soiled and limp, his face white, or blue-white, and his dark eyes vacant. Also his kindly mouth was a little the worse for a relaxed lower jaw, and there were liquor stains on his clothes. How can this be, I thought? And why? Surely not the same man who so quietly and tactfully applauded my handling of the engineer's wife, not the one who had written so wisely and effectively of Zola!

I stopped and stared, for I could not be mistaken. And he, noting me, since I was directly before him, blocking his progress, stared also. Then plainly, by his expression, remembering me, beginning, in answer to my inquiry, with: "Yes, Mathewson! Mathewson! What of it? Another young newspaper

Continued on page 125


QUEEN OF THE WATERS
COW DUNG
COLE FLY
WET PROFESSOR
RED IBIS
JUNGLE COCK
SILVER DOCTOR
GREY HACKLE
CAHILL
McGINTY
RED PALMER
GRIZZLY KING
ROYAL COACHMAN
PROFESSOR
PARMACHEENE BELLE

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR ESQUIRE

DIRECT COLOR PROCESS BY ROSENOW

TROUT FLIES RECOMMENDED *by* CAL JOHNSON

Aristocrats of the Brook

A fine account of early season trout-fishing, with plenty of the lore and science of fly-casting

by CAL JOHNSON

It was the opening day of the trout season. An early spring had set the waters in splendid condition for the artificial fly. The clearness of the stream eliminated any thoughts of resorting to the "garden-hackle" for a creel of trout. The wet-fly or artificial nymph would most certainly attract the rainbows and brook trout which swam in the chilly waters of the stream. Perhaps a dry-fly might tempt a few of these wily fellows later in the day—but first we were to attach a Cahill fly of the wet type to our gut leader for the inaugural casts of the new season.

During the fore part of the trout season it is well to fish below the surface as the fish are then feeding on the various aquatic insects, larvae and nymphs. Occasionally, when the weather is warm, the trout will swim close to the surface and take the dry-fly, but the most scientific method to follow is fishing with the underwater fly.

Spring trout are noted for their fighting ability. The cold, icy waters add vitality to their desire to strike the fly and then do a Sally Rand on the tips of their caudal fins. No trout puts forth a greater desire to fight hard and long than does the early spring resident of the brook. The rainbow and steelhead trout will cut plenty of spectacular aerial capers after once feeling the sting of the hook—leaping, diving, swirling and shaking their stream-lined bodies in an attempt to break away. But the Eastern brook trout (Salvelinus fontinalis), while an excellent fighter and unparalleled when it comes to the frying-pan, rarely gives much of an exhibition above the surface, but rather fights it out in the darkened waters of the pool.

I selected a number 10 fly for my initial casts in quest of either rainbow or brook trout. It is well to use a larger size wet-fly than dry-fly. The larger fly, sizes anywhere from 6 to 10, is more conspicuous to the fish than the smaller fly—but when using the dry-fly it is proper to use sizes anywhere from 10 to 16 inasmuch as the smaller the fly the lighter the weight, hence less difficulty in keeping the fly afloat. The dry-fly, it must be understood, must be fished always directly upon the surface of the waters, while the wet-fly and nymph are fished below the surface.

My fly-rod, which was nine feet in length, weighing 4¾ ounces, and of split-bamboo construction, seemed like a fairy wand as I brought it into casting motion. The tapered enameled line whipped in a rhythmic manner as I stripped it from the reel. Finally, with the proper distance reached, I dropped the fly lightly upon the water at the very edge of the foamy falls, then permitted the lure to float naturally along with the moving waters of the stream. I held the line in my left hand and could feel the force of the waters as the "belly" in my line strained against the rushing stream.

The fly was soon lost to view as it followed the course of the waters and the line straightened out as it followed in the wake of the mist-colored gut-leader. In another moment it would be time to lift the fly from the waters and again send it out over the sparkling stream, but before there was time for this operation a vicious tug at my line brought me to immediate attention. Before I could wink an eye, the trout bored upward and through the swirling waters near the falls. My rod bent to a beautiful arc as the trout suddenly disappeared and dashed directly into the fast waters below the falls.

The next appearance of the trout on the surface was to cup its beautiful glistening body in a spectacular leap at least a foot above the surface of the stream. Rainbow trout, God bless 'em, how they can fight when given a chance! It was now time to retrieve a few feet of line—the battling trout had engineered the fray so far and as a result several yards of line had been stripped from the reel as the fish dashed and darted in the waters of the pool below the falls.

A cool trickle of water was running down my right leg and I discovered that in the excitement I had wandered out into deeper water, which ran down over my boot top. This, however, was but an incident of little importance to me, even though the day was crisp and cold, for I had come for a creel of trout and a prospective case of lumbago or "sniffles" was well worth the effort and pleasure of the occasion.

I had led the trout to within ten feet of where I stood when he suddenly sensed that all was not well. In a wild and vicious swirl, the fish turned and made another race for the pool. I managed to check him just as he reached a point underneath the low hanging branches of a wind-fall which extended out over the stream. It was a lucky break for me. A few feet underneath the surface of the clear waters I could see the gnarled, slimy branches of a portion of the tree. What a fine place for Mr. Rainbow to tangle my leader and eventually free himself from the fly!

The next time I led the fish toward my landing net he came along with less effort—he had fought hard and was rapidly becoming tired. In a few more moments I saw the white of his belly as he rolled on his side—a certain sign which indicates "quits" for any game fish. Retrieving more line, I brought the tired fish to my side, then slipped the net over his sleek body and lifted him from the waters.

The trout still squirmed and wiggled in the net as I waded to shore, apparently trying to display his desire to give more battle. What a fighting heart—what a grand fish, that rainbow trout! Less than two pounds in weight, he had given me a mighty scrap and a thrill not soon to be forgotten. Soon he rested on the bed of ferns and shore grass in the bottom of my creel—but not out of my sight, for it gave me much satisfaction to peer down at him through the opening in the top of my creel every few minutes. His silvery body, with the pinkish lateral stripe on each side and the greyish back, looked beautiful as he lay against the fresh greens in the basket.

There is a special fascination surrounding the catching of the season's first trout. Careful preparation and plenty of anticipation have marked the weeks preceding the opening day of the new season. The "feel" of the bending, quivering fly-rod, the tug on the line, the sight of a leaping trout, the ozone of the woods in spring, the streamside luncheon, the creel of trout and the fellowship of the outdoors, all have an important niche in the experiences of the opening day.

To me, fly-fishing for trout is the pinnacle of the angling sport. There are good reasons for this contention. The use of the artificial fly, whether wet or dry-fly, extends to the fisherman an opportunity to take his hobby seriously, for there are plenty of aspects of fly-fishing which call for study and practice. First it is necessary to learn the fundamentals of handling rod and reel. This, however, is not nearly so difficult as some might think. Anyone with a sincere desire to learn how to cast a fly can do so with a very small amount of practice, providing he takes his first lessons from an experienced fly-fisherman. The proper rod, line, leader and flies can be secured under the supervision of an expert, then, with a few lessons on how to handle the outfit, the beginner can approach a trout stream and study for himself some of the intricacies of the sport.

Trout fishing differs radically from other kinds of game fishing. The trout are very shy and sometimes difficult to catch. They inhabit only cold, spring-fed streams and brooks which are clear and free from pollution. To become a successful fly-fisherman it is necessary to acquaint yourself with the feeding habits of the fish, where to look for them in the stream and to possess enough knowledge of how to handle the rod and

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The Worm that Turned

Earthy humor, both slapstick and satirical, concerning the great revolt in the barnyard

by JIM TULLY

Bacon Butt Fatty was in a genial mood. The day had been pleasant, as he had spent some time cutting the coupons on his many bonds.

He now rested his nearly three hundred and fifty pound body in a specially made chair; his conscience not bothered by the fact that all his bonds had been purchased from money obtained as a scout for yeggs.

He played with the small scissors with which he had cut the coupons, and sighed,

"Ah blest retirement, friend to life's
 decline,
Retreat from care that ever must be
 mine . . ."

Sundown Slim sat near him.

"It's about time for Shifty Mike to be visitin' us," he said.

"Yes," responded Bacon Butt Fatty. "It is a trifle early yet; he does not like to leave the farm before June. Indeed, Shifty Mike might have been the world's greatest yegg, but he knows but little about the land."

"He was a great yegg," returned Sundown Slim. "He used to rob a bank as easy as them that owned it."

"Well, hardly, Sundown."

"Maybe not quite, but I never worked with a better yegg."

A silence followed between the two retired brigands.

At last it was broken.

"I'll never forget," said Bacon Butt Fatty, looking casually at Sundown Slim, "the fun Shifty Mike gets out of his farm. He can't tell a turnip from a rose, but he hates the rubes around him, and he will not let on that he is so dumb.

"One time when I was visiting him, a rich farmer gave him a prize black Leghorn rooster, in return for something Mike had done for him. The rooster won a ribbon at the County Fair, and Mike built a special house for him, and put a wire fence around it."

Bacon Butt Fatty sighed with pleasure.

"He would turn in to him four sleek pullets every day." Again he sighed. "Not even a Sultan had so good a time. In a few hours the pullets would be fighting over him, so strong are feminine passions. When Mike would turn the young pullets out in the evening in order to give other young pullets a chance, they would fight like eagles and forever after they would linger outside the rooster's fence in loving memory.

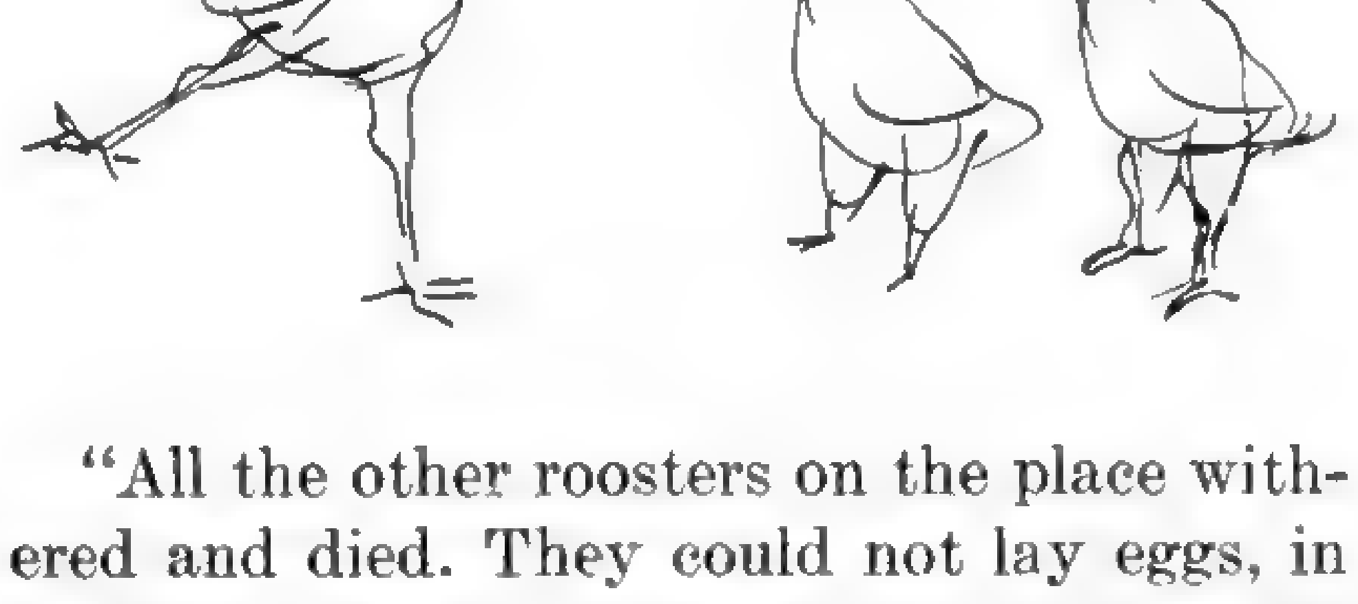
"The rooster, like all successful males, was really a selfish fellow at heart. The pullets would scratch for worms and run like the devil in a rain of Holy water, and place them before him. It spoiled him, of course, and soon he forgot even where his food came from.

"It was the most beautiful sight I have ever seen, the devotion of those pullets to that rooster. When it rained, they would hurry to the black rascal and spread their wings over him, and remain there, still as a judge while a man pleaded for mercy. The rain from heaven might fall in torrents and not a drop in God's anger would touch that rooster. When the sun again came out, and chased the bewildered clouds away, the rooster would step from under the protection of the hens, dry as a senator at a Baptist picnic."

Sundown Slim looked at Bacon Butt Fatty in amazement.

"God, Bacon Butt, you sure kin make 'em up."

"Make what up, you seething scoundrel? A man," exclaimed Bacon Butt Fatty, "tells you what he's seen with his own eyes, and you doubt him. This rooster was the talk of the country. Farmers with unwilling wives would bring them to watch him perform. And when one farmer turned to his wife and said, 'See there, Minnie,' she shouted out loud so everybody could hear, 'Yeah, Bertram, but you're not like that rooster. He don't annoy.' Mike thought a lot of that rooster. On winter nights he would take the black rascal in the house with him, and long before dawn hundreds of young pullets would wake Mike up, flocking and cackling outside his kitchen door for the rooster.



"All the other roosters on the place withered and died. They could not lay eggs, in the very nature of things, and as they could not get a chance to do anything else, they were as lost as lawyers in the woods of justice.

"Well, sir, it got so the pullets were laying ten and twelve eggs every week-day and many a time they would double that on Sunday. Mike gave employment to thirty-four of the neighborhood children, just gathering eggs. Four of the farmers used their wagons exclusively to haul the eggs to market.

"When you consider that Mike had about eighteen thousand pullets, and this prize rooster, you can get some idea of how the eggs rolled in, or out, I should say.

"Finally, a representative of a big meat packing concern decided to go in the egg business, and came out to see Mike from Omaha, and offered Mike ten thousand dollars for his rooster, and a share in the profits from the eggs. Mike refused it without the least consideration. Then the man came back at him with another offer.

"If Mike would allow him to use a setting of the eggs—say an even dozen, the hen setting upon them would be sure to hatch out at least five roosters from that dozen. Well, just on a gamble, the man offered him five thousand dollars for twelve eggs. And Mike refused that money."

Bacon Butt Fatty, wondering no doubt at the silence of Sundown Slim, again glanced at him casually. His listener sat with mouth and eyes wide open. "Go on," he snapped, "go on, fer God's sake finish the story."

"All right, Sundown, do not be impatient; the vast and enduring ramifications of either Rome or Kansas City were not constructed in a day." He touched Sundown Slim's bent hand. "But I do appreciate your interest and I shall resume my story."

He adjusted his immense body to a more comfortable position.

"Something happened that could not have come to pass in any other nation in the world. The worm not only turned, but it stood on its head. With eighteen thousand pullets, and some hens slightly older, bringing worms to Shifty Mike's pet, it became a problem to the worms which was confusing in the extreme."

Bacon Butt Fatty tried to cross his telephone pole legs. Failing in this, he went on with the story.

"Now, as you know, Sundown, a worm under ordinary circumstances is always rather meek. Idiots string them on hooks and feed them to fish not much brighter than themselves, and so far as the records go, no worm has ever yet complained. A worm must be meek in order to stand such an indignity. How would you like it, Sundown, if you were taken up nude and strung on a hook before the gaze of all the world? Why you would not approve of it at all. Now, would you, Sundown?"

Before his listener could answer, the heavy man resumed.

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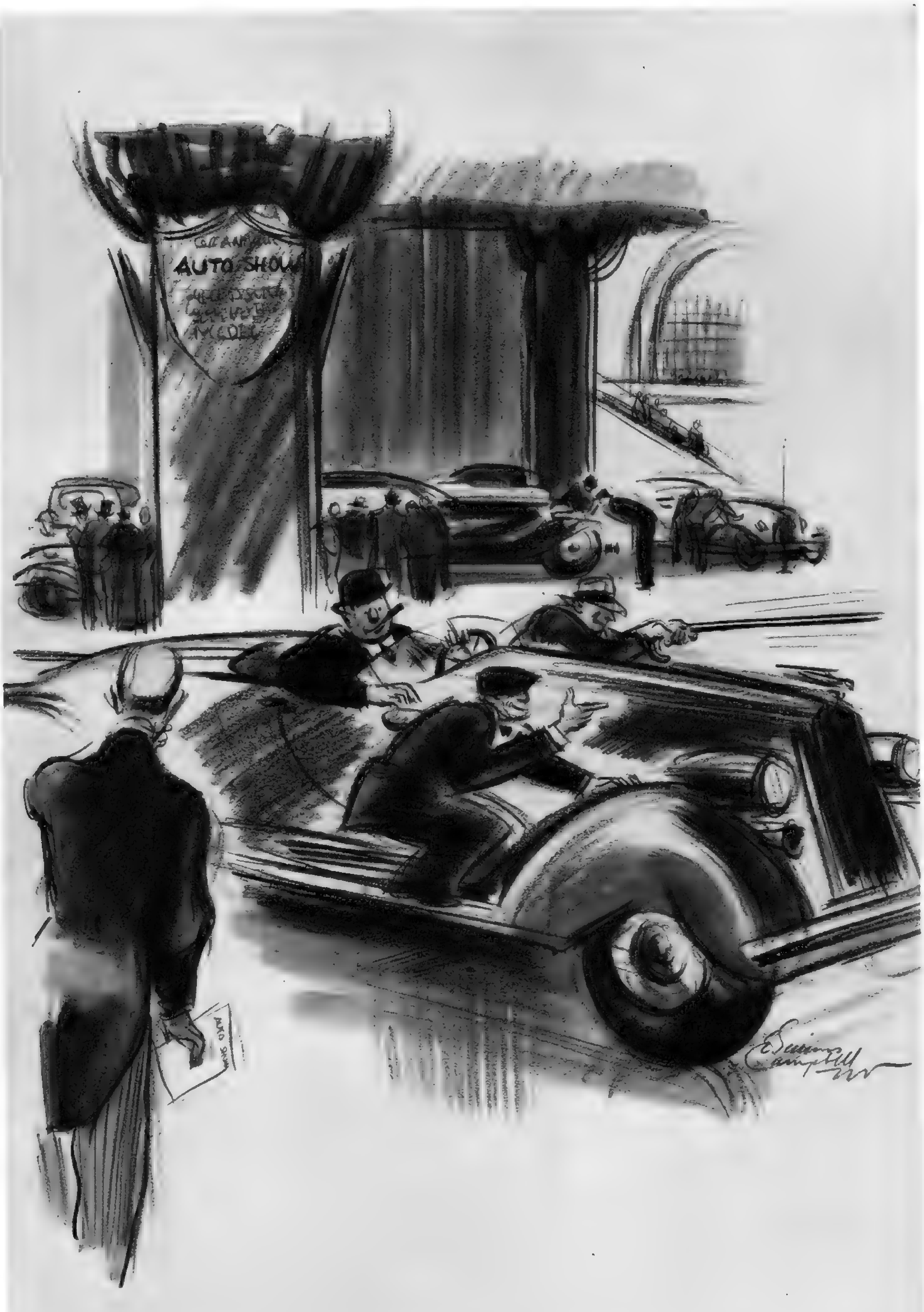
AUTO SHOW
AUTO SHOW
E. Simms Campbell

"Well, boys, what d'ya think of her?"

Is War in Europe Inevitable?

Brilliant logic to the effect that the French will not, and the Germans can not, begin it

by ABBÉ ERNEST DIMNET

The question is on all lips. Every one of the ships' reporters who met me at the dock, three weeks ago, asked it, and I have heard it from scores of people since then.

What should be the answer? Not a few experts in foreign affairs are affirmative. In an article in the *Washington Star*, published on October 29th, Mr. Frank Simonds unambiguously wrote: "The Old World is on its way to a new war essentially like the still recent struggle, a war provoked by the ambitions of one great people and by the fears of others, a war for the balance of power." This statement could be paralleled by many others.

I beg permission to disagree. It is dangerous to prophesy, but it is not dangerous to look calmly and dispassionately at facts, and it does not seem to me that the facts with which we are at present confronted warrant such a pessimistic conclusion.

People are inclined to visualize France and Germany in a perpetual *tête-à-tête*, causing constant irritation and ultimately bound to result in violence. Their uncertainty is not: "Will one of the two attack the other?" but "Which of the two will attack first?"

To begin with, I am convinced that France has no intention, nay, has not the moral possibility, to attack Germany.

All American observers in Paris are agreed that the French, in spite of the alarming rumours heard all over the world, show no sign of panic. On the contrary, they are perfectly calm. This calmness is produced by two causes: first, by the knowledge that France is *not* in a *tête-à-tête* with Germany, and second, by the deep consciousness of a desire for peace which has long been in the French nation.

Nothing, I believe, has been so productive of a distortion of facts as that fallacy of the Franco-German *tête-à-tête*. For more than fifty years Europe has been divided in two blocks and that division is more evident now than ever before. On the one hand we see the peoples which can roughly be described as vitally interested in the maintenance of the territorial *status quo*, viz., France, Belgium, Rumania, Yugoslavia and the two nations resurrected by points 10 and 13 of President Wilson's Fourteen Points, that is to say, Poland and Czechoslovakia. On the other side are aligned Germany, Hungary, Bulgaria and, in spite of its present struggle with Nazism, Austria. This means that if there were a war between France and Germany, or between Germany and Poland, it is not two nations that we should see in conflict, but ten, and the experience of the recent war shows that where so many countries are a prey to the conflagration it spreads to more and more. Now the idea of danger is inevitably made less formidable by the notion that the danger threatens not one but many. So much for the first cause of the calmness which surprises most foreign observers of France.

The second cause is what I have called the moral impossibility for France to attack Germany.

I have frequently protested against the habit—which most people do not try to counteract—of thinking of nations as if they were persons with a disposition as easy to describe as their name is easy to remember. There are no such persons as Germany or France; there are Germans and French people whose attitude varies with circumstances. Just now, most Germans seem to be (nobody would dare to affirm that they are) Hitlerites; two years ago the majority, under Herr Bruening, were Liberals. Continuous attention must be paid to the interior politics of nations, but as it is an exacting and—superficially—a tedious job, people shrink from it and base their judgments on preconceived notions.

Now, the interior politics of France make a declaration of war from that country, at the present moment, an impossibility. France is a democracy, even more than England where the Prime Minister is superior to Parliament inasmuch as he can dissolve it. In France the President, like the King of England, can do no wrong, because he can do nothing; in a well-known foreshortening, "he is not a head, he is a hat." The Premier can be and is constantly overthrown by the chambers. What the President is in the United States the Chamber of Deputies is in France: it is elected for four years and, during those four years, it does what it pleases. Now, the present Chamber was elected in 1932 and will not be dismissed till 1936. Contrary to the American Congress it sits almost continuously.

People should understand that no idea of a preventive war could have any chance with the French Chamber. It consists of about 200 Nationalists, 220 "Radicals" (comparable to the English Liberals), 180 Socialists and nine or ten Communists. So, a majority of over 400 is either Liberal or Socialist, that is to say, resolutely against war in any form. Now, French elections are not usually clear, but the election of 1932 was perfectly clear. The campaign was centered on a name. The name of a dead man, but one who seemed alive throughout the electioneering period, Briand. The French Electorate was asked whether it wanted a continuation of Briand's pacifist attitude towards Germany, and four hundred ayes outnumbered 200 more or less definite nays (for many members of the Right are not for war). The inference is irresistible: no violent measures can be passed by the French Chamber elected in 1932.

It is remarkable that such measures could hardly have been passed, either, by the pre-

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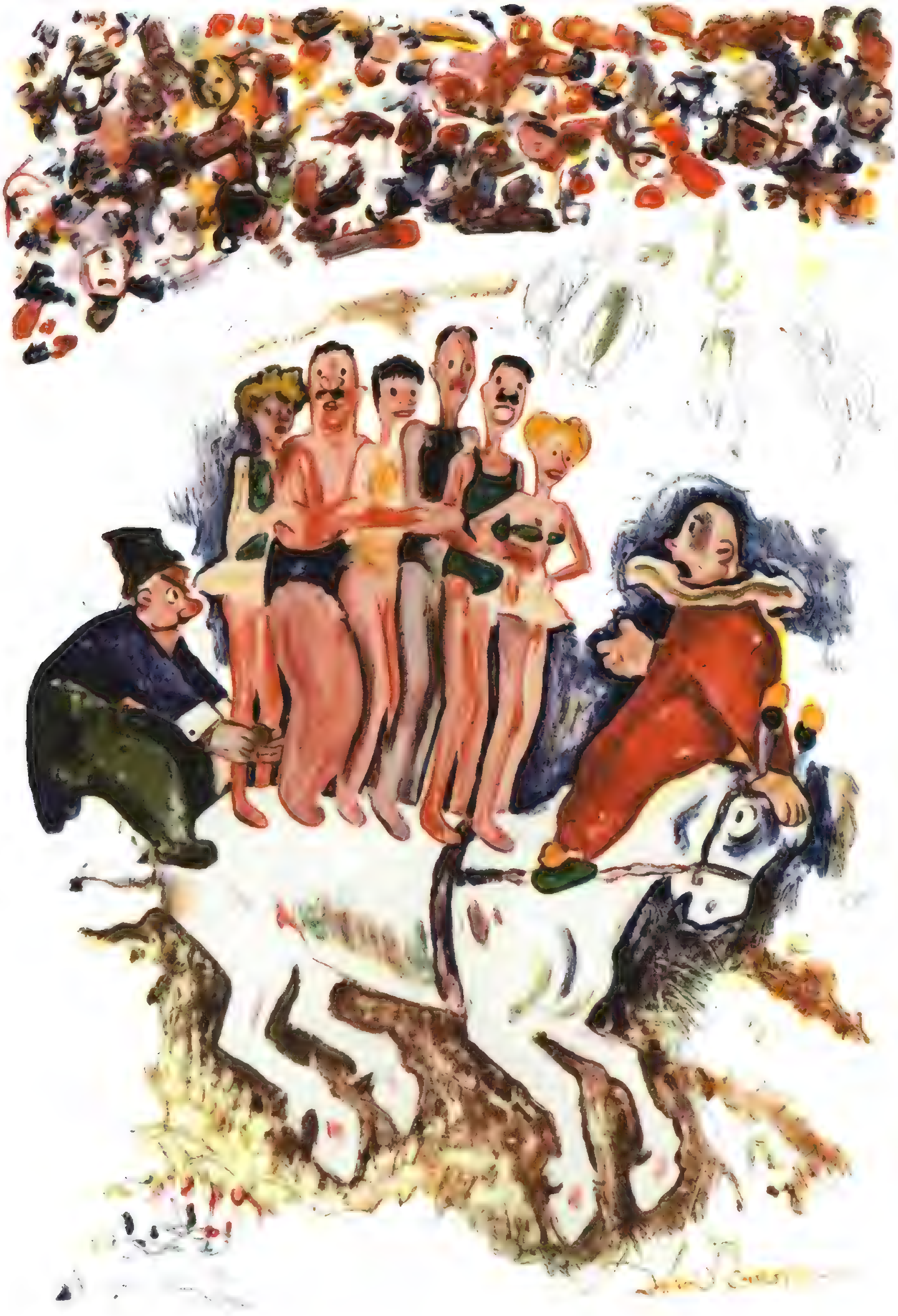
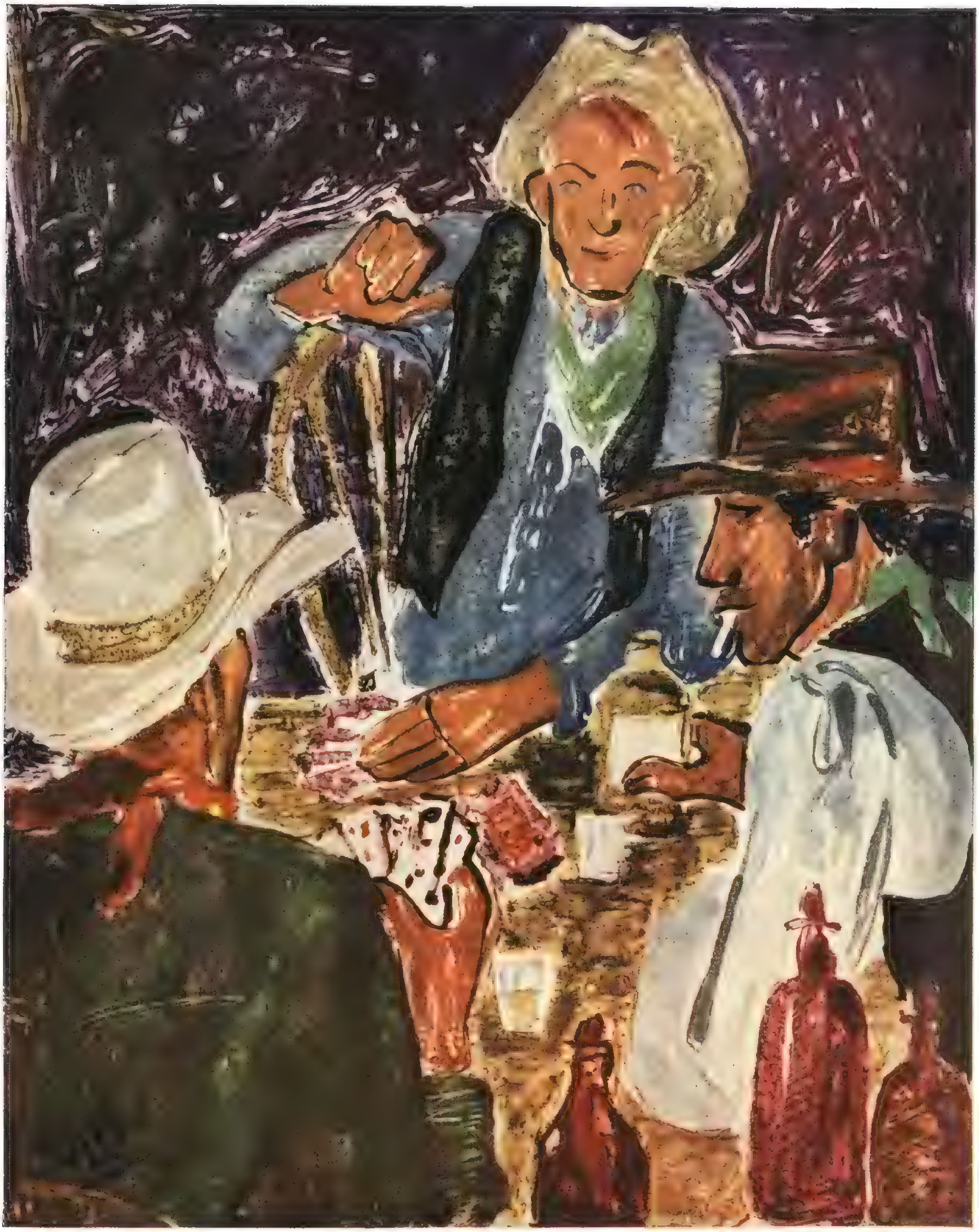


"The boss says we'll have to get along with only one horse, they're trying to economize"

Jack o' Diamonds

A song for the open campfire, for
the fraternity house, or for your
bathroom, from the collection of

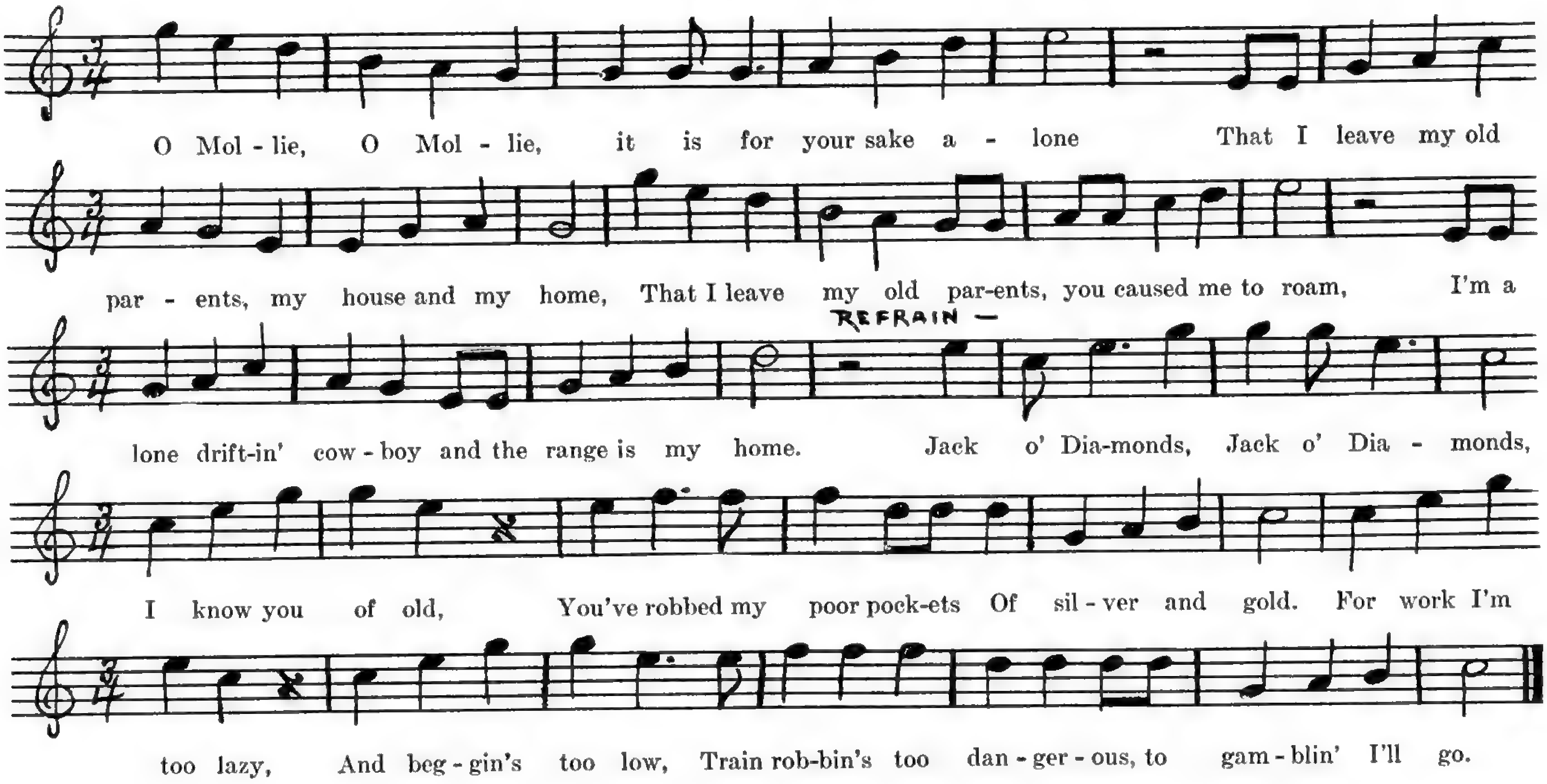
V. L. BURKHARD



DESIGNED FOR ESQUIRE

MONOTYPE BY V. L. BURKHARD

JACK O' DIAMONDS


O Mol - lie, O Mol - lie, it is for your sake a - lone That I leave my old
par - ents, my house and my home, That I leave my old par-ents, you caused me to roam, I'm a
REFRAIN —
lone drift-in' cow - boy and the range is my home. Jack o' Dia-monds, Jack o' Dia - monds,
I know you of old, You've robbed my poor pock-ets Of sil - ver and gold. For work I'm
too lazy, And beg - gin's too low, Train rob-bin's too dan - ger - ous, to gam - blin' I'll go.

My foot's in my stirrup, my bridle's in my hand,
I'm going to leave Mollie, the fairest in the land.
Her parents don't like me, they say I'm too poor,
They say I'm unworthy to enter her door.
They say I drink whiskey; my money's my own,
And them that don't like me can leave me alone.
I'll eat when I'm hungry, I'll drink when I'm dry,
And when I get thirsty I'll lay down and cry.

Refrain: It's beefsteak when I'm hungry,
And whiskey when I'm dry.
Greenbacks when I'm hard up,
And heaven when I die.
Rye whiskey, rye whiskey,
Rye whiskey I cry,
If I don't get rye whiskey
I surely will die.

Oh, build me a castle on yonder mountain high,
Where my true love can see me as she goes ridin' by,
Where my true love can see me and help me to mourn—
'Cause I'm a lone driftin' cowboy, sad and forlorn.
I'll get up in my saddle, my quirt I'll take in hand,
I'll think of you, Mollie, when in some distant land,
I'll think of you, Mollie, you caused me to roam—
I'm a lone driftin' cowboy and the range is my home.

Refrain: Sometimes I drink whiskey,
Sometimes I drink wine,
Ten thousand o' bottles
I've killed in my time.
For work I'm too lazy,
And beggin's too low,
Train robbin's too dangerous—
To gamblin' I'll go.

I've rambled and trambled this wide world around,
But it's for the trail herds, dear Mollie, I'm bound.
It's with the trail herds, O Mollie, I'll roam—
For I'm a lone driftin' cowboy and the range is my home.
The last time I saw her 'twas late in the fall,
She was swingin' a corner at a masquerade ball.
I've no wife to quarrel with, no babies to bawl—
The best way of livin' is no wife at all.

Refrain: If the ocean was whiskey,
And I was a duck,
I'd dive to the bottom
And never come up.
But the ocean ain't whiskey,
And I ain't a duck,
So I'll play Jack o' Diamonds
And trust to my luck.

A Night at Sea

Story of that time of life when the passions of youth survive only in the memory

by IVAN BUNIN

THE steamer from Odessa bound for the Caucasus stopped at night at Eupatoria. A downright Hades ensued on and around the steamer. The capstans rattled, a fierce clamour rose from those who received the cargo as well as from those who delivered it from the immense barge below; with shouting and wrangling the passengers' ladder was lowered and, with incomprehensibly fierce haste, as if they were rushing to an assault, the Oriental rabble bearing their chattels surged upward; the little electric lamp, hanging above the platform of the ladder, cast a sharp glare on the dense disorderly troop of dirty fezzes and turbans projecting from cowls, on bulging eyes, on shoulders pushing forward, on hands feverishly clutching the hand-rail; there were groans below, near the lower steps, which were repeatedly submerged by the waves; there also they wrangled and shouted, fell back and grappled; oars beat upon the water, rowing-boats filled with humanity collided with one another—now they rose upon a wave, now fell precipitately, or disappeared from the ship's side into the darkness. And all the while the dolphin-like shape of the steamer, flexibly, as though on an elastic, heaved now to one side now to the other . . .

At last things began to quiet down.

A very erect gentleman, with erect shoulders, among the last to come aboard, handed the steward standing near the first-class deck-cabin his ticket and bag and, on discovering that there was no vacant berth, walked toward the stern. It was dark here, several canvas deck-chairs were scattered about the deck, and only in one of them a half-recumbent figure was darkly outlined, wrapped in plaid. The new passenger chose a place a few feet away from him. The deck-chair was low and when he dropped into it the canvas stretched and formed a very comfortable and pleasant shelter. The ship rose and fell, slowly yielding to the rhythm of the waves. The soft breeze of a summer night blew, faintly redolent of the sea. The simple, peaceful summer night, with a clear sky full of modest petty stars, gave out a soft pellucid darkness. The remote lights were pale and because of the lateness of the hour seemed somnolent. Soon everything on the ship resumed its order, calm commanding voices were heard, the anchor chain rattled . . . Then the stern trembled, the propellers and the waters sounded. The lights of the distant shore, low and widely scattered, began to recede. The ship stopped rocking.

Both passengers gave the appearance of being asleep, so motionlessly did they recline in their chairs. But no, they were not asleep, but were regarding each other with a peculiar intentness in that half-darkness. At last, the first passenger, he whose legs were covered with the plaid rug, asked simply and calmly:

"You also bound for the Crimea?"

The second passenger, with the erect shoulders, without the least hurry answered in the same voice:

"Yes, for the Crimea—and further. I'll make a stop-over in Alupka, then go on to Hagra."

"I recognized you at once," said the first passenger.

"And I you," replied the second.

"A strange and unexpected meeting!"

"Could scarcely be more so."

"Strictly speaking, it isn't merely that I recognized you. I had indeed a sort of premonition, unaccountable if you like, that you must appear. So it was not a matter of recognition at all."

"Curious. I experienced the same thing."

"Really? That's very strange. It seems that there are such moments in life—shall we call them extraordinary? Life, perhaps, is not as simple as it sometimes appears."

"Perhaps. But then another thing is possible: that you and I have simply imagined the feelings of this moment instead of having a premonition."

"Perhaps. That's very possible. Yes, it must be so."

"There you see. We reason this way and that, but life is perhaps more simple. More like the rabble which crowded the ladder. What made the fools hurry the way they did, and trample upon one another?"

The two companions lapsed into a brief silence. Then they resumed. "How long is it since we've met? Twenty-three years, isn't it?" the first passenger, reposing under the plaid rug asked.

"Yes, just about," replied the other. "It will be exactly twenty-three years this autumn. You and I can easily figure that out. And it's almost a quarter of a century!"

"A long time. A whole life. That's to say, your life and mine are practically over."

"Quite, quite. What of that? Does that terrify you?"

"H'm! Of course not. Almost not at all. To be sure, it's sheer nonsense to call it terrifying, that is when we try to frighten ourselves by saying, 'Dear fellow, your life's over! In ten years or so you'll have to lie in a grave!' Just think of it, in a grave! That's not a joke."

"Quite. But I'll go farther than that. You know, of course, that I am something of a celebrity in the medical world?"

"Who doesn't know it? Of course, I know. And that your humble servant is also a celebrity, are you aware of that?"

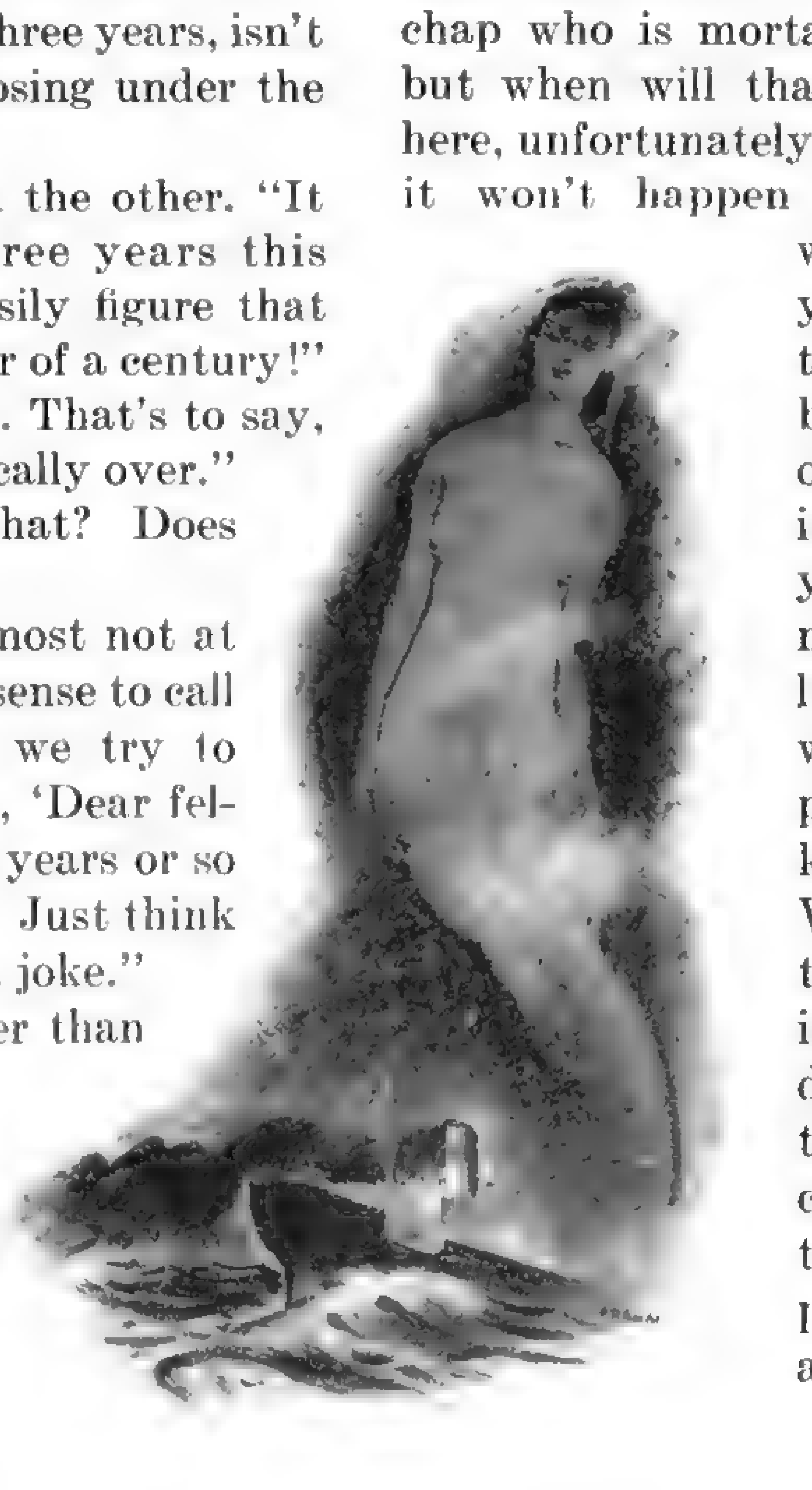
"Naturally. It's possible for me to confess that I'm an admirer of yours."

"So, so, we're both celebrities—but you were about to say something?"

"Merely this, that thanks to my celebrity, that is to certain knowledge, heaven knows it's no great wisdom, but certainly definite enough for all purposes. I know with fair certainty that far from having ten years of life left I haven't that many months. Well, at the very most—a year. I have personally established—and I am supported in my knowledge by my medical colleagues—that I am suffering from a mortal disease. I assure you, I go on behaving as if nothing had happened. All I do is to indulge in sarcastic smiles: 'Dear fellow, you've wanted to surpass everyone in the knowledge of all sorts of causes of death, in order to crow and live magnificently, but instead what's happened to you—you've made the magnificent discovery of your own approaching death! I might have been deceived, made a fool of—'What are you saying, dear old chap, there's still a lot of life left in the old bones!'—but they can't fool me, they can't feed me a pack of lies! It's stupid and awkward. So awkward in fact that they've taken to oversalting the dish out of frankness, mixed up with feeling and flattery: 'Well, esteemed colleague, we won't try to fool you . . . *Finita la comedia!*'"

"Are you in earnest?" the first passenger asked.

"Quite in earnest," the second answered. "But what's the main thing? I know of a chap who is mortal, ergo I too must die, but when will that happen to him? But here, unfortunately, is quite another matter: it won't happen merely sometime, but within a year. And is a year a lot of time? During the coming summer you'll be traveling somewhere on the blue ocean, while in Moscow, in the graveyard of the Holy Virgin, my honoured bones will lie underground. Well, what of it? Actually, I experience no feeling of any kind at the thought. Worse still, no one appears to see any kind of courage in this, not even the students when I describe to them my disease and its course as something interesting from the clinical point of view, which I am able to do because of my



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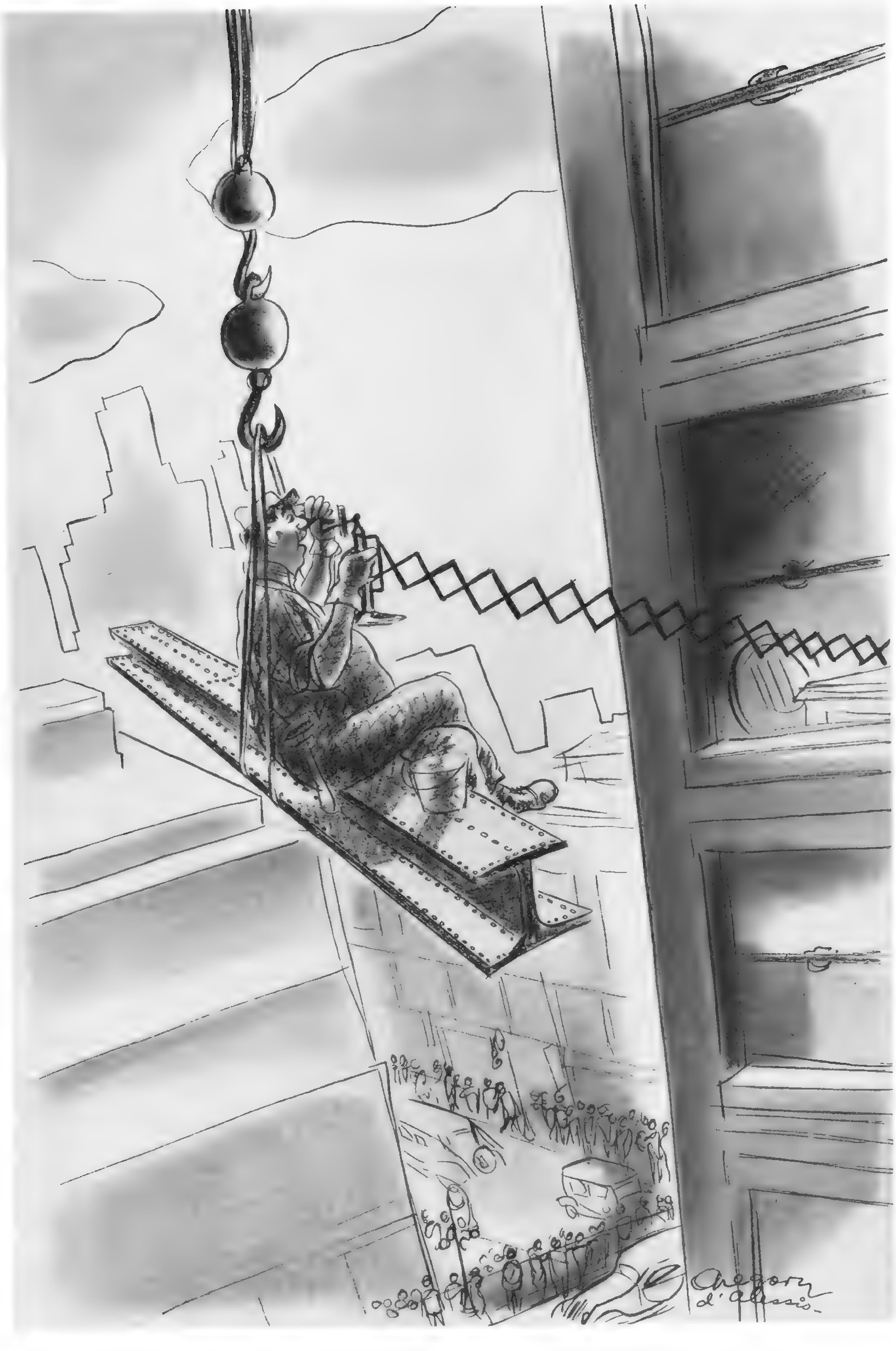

Gregory d'Alessio

"Long distance? Los Angeles, please"

The Art of Bartending

The first of a series of papers comprising part of the memoirs of the popular Paris bartender

by JIMMIE CHARTERS

You may smile, but there is a real art in bartending, and all good barmen must know it. Diplomacy is a first requisite, without which a man can never be a success in anything but a very formal bar. Of my predecessors at the Dingo, Mike had it. Louis Smith didn't, though he was a success in formal English or French bars where the client only orders and the barman only serves.

And then there are all the little tricks that the barman knows to keep his customers satisfied, little things to make the customer feel that the barman is a "good guy" as the Americans say. It was only after I left the Dingo that I realized that a barman is really more important, in many cases, than the bar itself.

First, there must be no squabbling over bills. The client must pay what he thinks he should pay, rather than have a fuss. I have seen a man sit at the bar, drink five brandies and swear he only had four, even with the fifth check lying right in front of him. If he protests I put the check aside and either give it to him another day, or pay it myself. I learned from the Americans that it always pays me to keep the customer satisfied. In practically all cases the customer thinks he is right. He does not want to cheat me. And many times he will come back later to admit he was wrong. I have never had a row over a bill and I never will.

Of course real ladies and gentlemen won't argue over a bill. They pay and never come again. There are fewer and fewer of this type however. Sometimes such a person will question the bill by saying "Are you sure that's right, James?" Then I know that something is wrong.

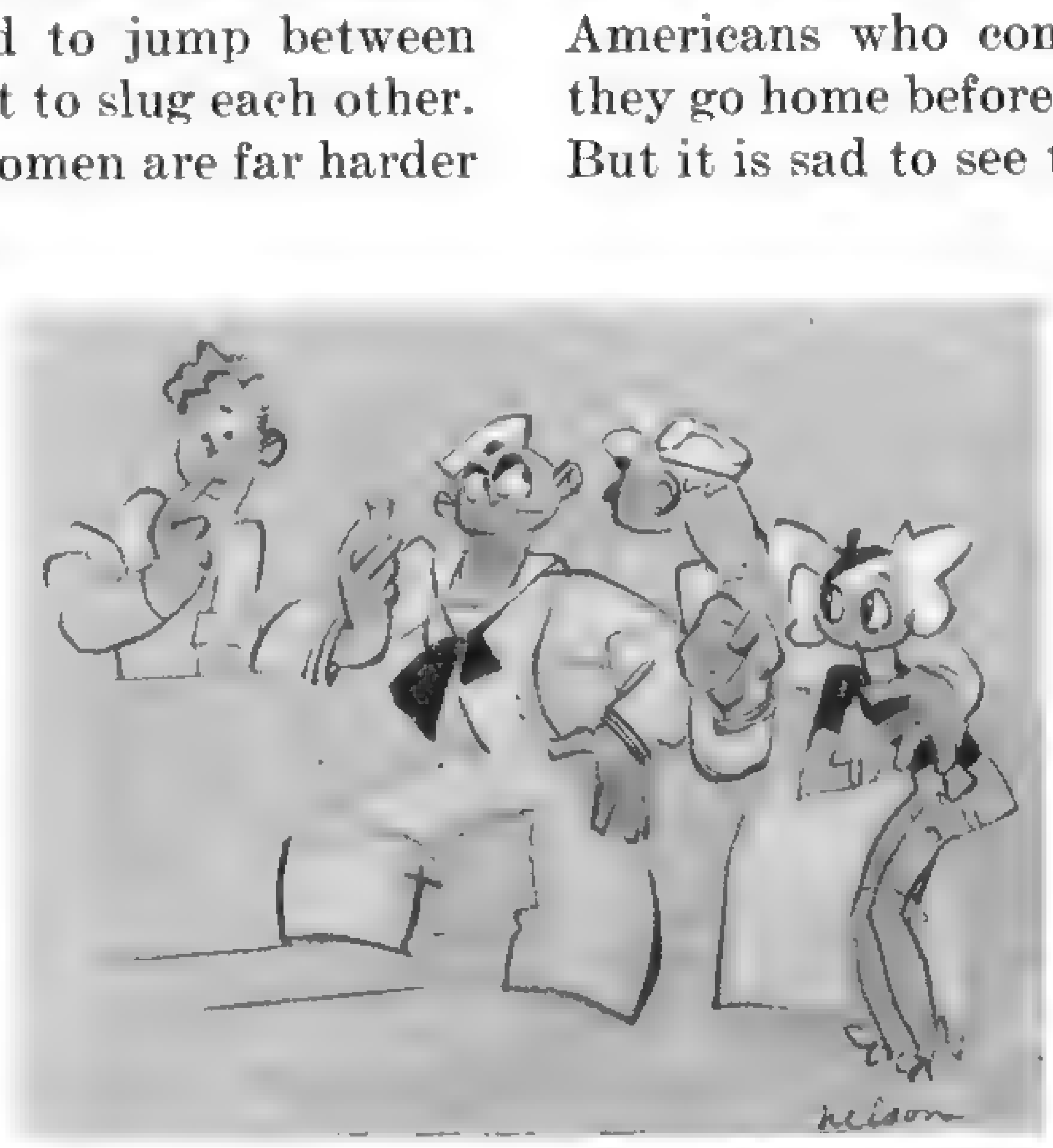
There is nothing like a "drink on the house" to make a client feel good. If I were running my own bar I would give each client a free drink for every two or three he buys. Unfortunately many of the owners for whom I have worked have not understood this principle. They have always figured that I was putting the money for the extra drink into my own pocket. No argument would convince them to the contrary. It just seems madness, to French people, to give the client something for nothing! It is a kind of madness that pays. Given a free drink the customer always buys another or even two. He feels obligated. And he comes back the next day.

I have always tried to study my clients, to know their likes and dislikes, to keep them interested in me and in each other. A bar is a club where the members must not clash, for it is so easy to resign from a bar.

Of my clients in Montparnasse some seventy persons were Americans, about twenty persons English, and the rest a mixture of French, Italians, South Americans, and Swedes. The English and Americans always mixed well enough, but the other groups must be kept apart, not only from the Anglo-Saxons, but from each other, if fights are to be avoided. I usually try to steer the "odd lots" to a table, while the Anglo-Saxons throng the bar itself.

Fights are to be avoided at all costs, of course, but the war has left so many little causes to pick a quarrel. I can usually "smell" a fight coming on and then I do everything to prevent it. I try to divert the combatants by telling them jokes, or by giving them drinks on the house. Usually the free drink works. In the pleasure of receiving it, they forget their quarrel and drink to each other, or both drink to me, or in some way turn it off. In the Dingo days I have had as many as sixty to eighty American sailors, or "gobs" as they were called, in the bar at one time, and if there is anyone in this world who likes a fight, it is an American sailor! Most men like to fight once in a while, but sailors do it for daily exercise. They kept me busy and yet I don't think there were ever more than two real fights in all my years in Montparnasse. Either I quieted them or put them out of the bar. If there was no other way, I would take the worst one to a *bistro* and park him there with a drink and a prayer that he would not come back to my bar. I don't remember ever having had to actually throw a man or woman out of the bar, though many times I have had to jump between two men who were about to slug each other.

Fights between two women are far harder to handle than among men. When I see one of these coming on I first remove all the loose objects from the bar, such as ash trays, glasses, bottles, and plates. If things begin to get rough I threaten to call the police, for women are far more afraid of the cops than the men.



Most fights between women are caused by jealousy of a man. Very often they are between French and Anglo-Saxons, for the former do not understand the free and easy, though harmless, ways of our girls.

There were always four kinds in the Montparnasse bars, the tourists who represented about a quarter of the clientele, the students a possible ten per cent, the artists, writers, and newspaper men about forty per cent, and the remaining one-fourth the regulars, the hangers-on, the disillusioned (mainly as a result of love complications), and the habitual drunks. The latter often made of the bar an unhappy place, for each was possessed by a sadness he wished to recount to someone else.

The tourists and the students were looked upon with some suspicion by the others, but the bohemians and the disillusioned were usually fast friends. They appreciated each other, though the drunks often led the bohemians astray.

I think there must have been very few real bohemians in Montparnasse, that is, people of fine creative and imaginative powers, who live only for their work of today and care nothing for the future, who have no desire to build anything except a particular painting, statue, or book. But there were many who played at being bohemians, and even succeeded for a short time.

A free life for a year or so is a fine education to many smug young English and Americans who come to Montparnasse, *if* they go home before it gets the best of them. But it is sad to see those who can never get away from bohemia, for whom "art" is simply license, or others for whom it is an escape from life, a refuge from fear and cowardice. Some of these come, in the end, to trade on their reputations as bohemians, getting money from bourgeois tourists or feeding their egos on self-importance and cheap glory.

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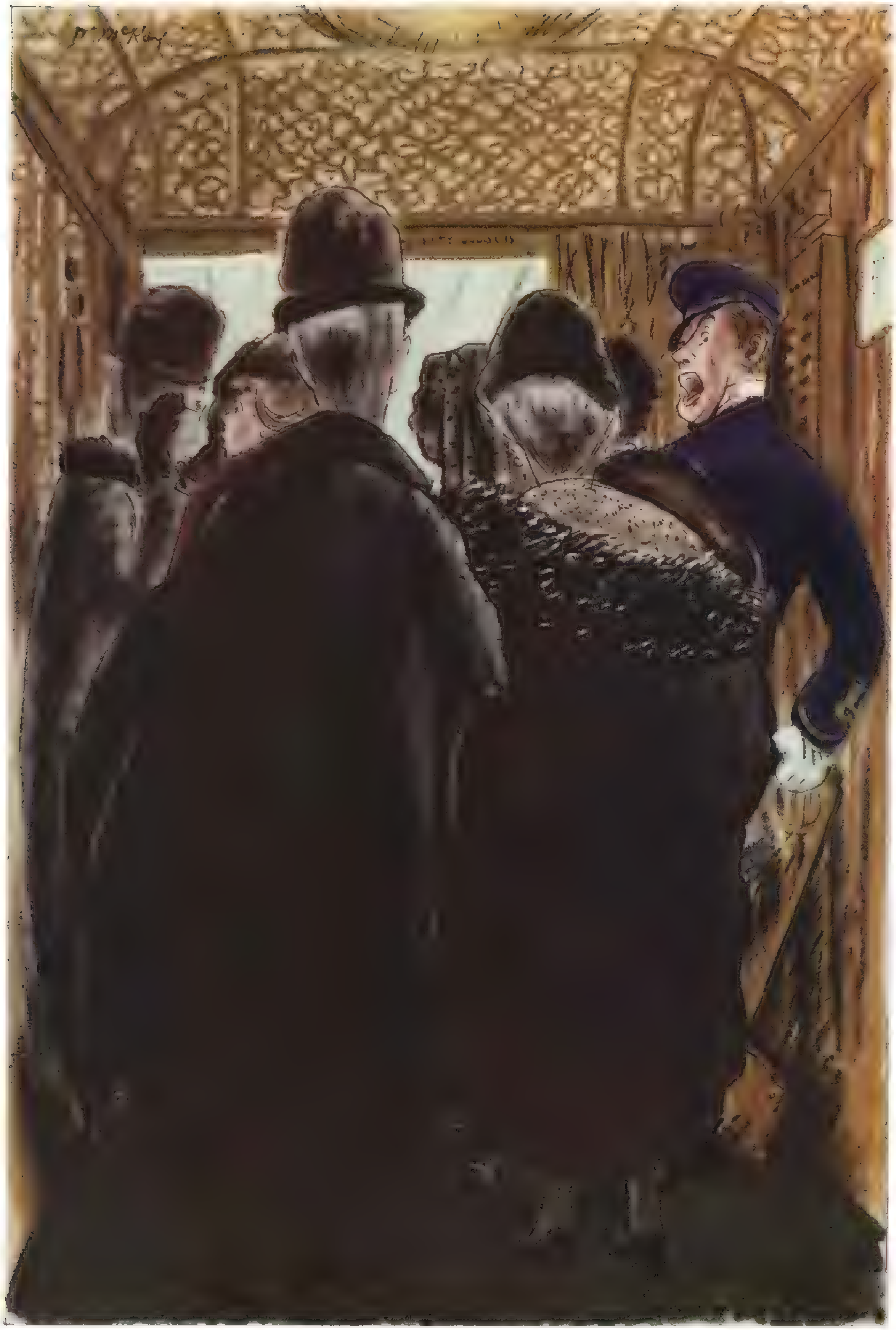
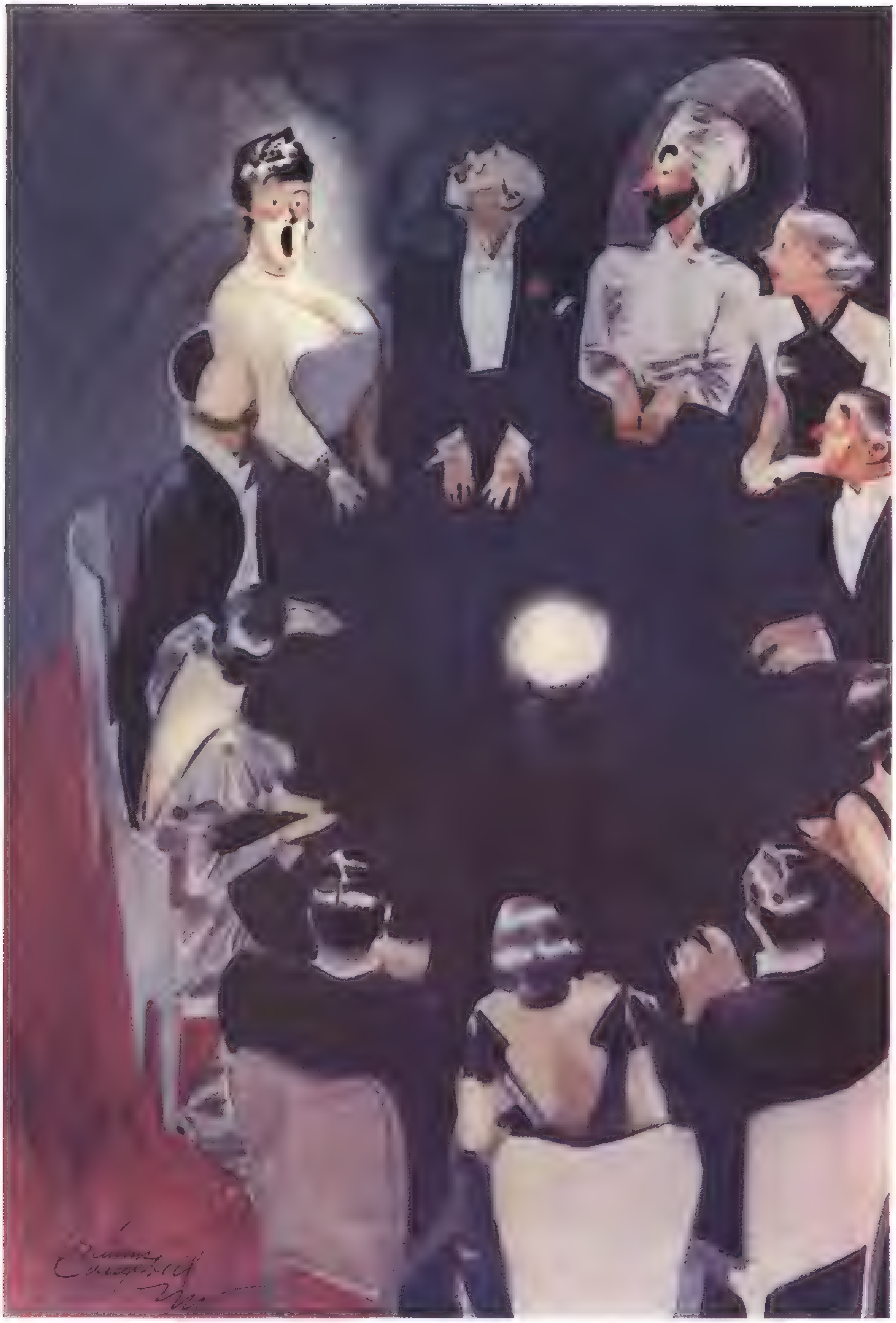


"Fourth floor—pocket flasks, corkscrews, roulette tables, cards, dice, etc."



"Somebody's hands aren't on the table"

The Minute Between

Story giving a vivid picture of what crosses a man's mind in the minute between life and death

by MANUEL KOMROFF

Another bank holdup! The shots rang out. But this time both robbers were shot dead. As dead as they could be shot in a bank.

The electric alarm clanged away. A heavy smell of sulphur and burnt cardboard filled the air. The police came on the run and cried out in warning: "Don't touch the bodies! Send for the ambulance. They ain't dead yet."

Not quite dead, the two robbers lay helpless on the beautiful marble floor. There was still a minute . . . a minute between. Their lips quivered as though they might have been talking to themselves. A last minute between life and death. And so much can happen in a minute.

"Well, they got us, Bill, and it looks as though we are on our way." These words seemed clear and distinct. He knew his partner was beside him. He had seen him fall, but now he saw only the plaster ceiling of the bank, dusty but encrusted with gold. There was a good deal of excitement as he spoke to his partner:

"You bet your life, Charlie. If I got to go, then make it short and sweet."

"They sure pulled a fast one on us," he heard his partner say.

"Fast and hot. Do you feel what I feel, Charlie?"

"What?"

"Feels like someone has a heavy foot on the accelerator and we are sailing in high. Whatever happens, let's stick together. Do you hear me, Charlie? Just because we are passed out and our chips are cashed in—Why don't that bell stop ringing!—don't let them pull any of that solitary, walking alone stuff."

"Never, Bill, never. You know me."

"That's fine. Pals are pals and there is nothing finer in the whole world than pals. So don't let our dead relations or anyone else come between us. Do you hear me, Charlie? That damn bell is ringing so loud it drives you crazy. A fellow can't even think what he's got to think in a time like this. . . . Do you feel it now? We are sure sailing in high. It is like riding in the speed boat Mike had for that Canada rye business of his. And a cold spray spatters your face. Feels like pepper on ice cream. How the hell do they get the water in this joint? Do you feel cold, Charlie?"

"Sure. Right in the back."

"Well, don't worry about that, for soon it's going to be hot for us. And I'm glad. If we go to hell then we are sure to keep warm. Remember the time we went to that library to get warm? That was some lollypop joint. All those birds, when they shuffle off, they got to know how to play musical instruments, and they got to believe in all the miracle stuff like they have in the pictures we saw. Not those other pictures, you boob, the pictures we saw in the library.

"I can't remember because that alarm bell is ringing so loud."

"The hell with the bell. Let her ring until she busts. I mean the pictures of the angels blowing trumpets. All of them looked kind of skinny and sick just like the people reading books in the library. Why they got to have so many books about vegetables and flowers I could never figure out. And Charlie, look. They got flowers painted on the ceiling of this bank. Gold and flowers. You might have known it would be bad luck."

"I can't see a thing because that bell is ringing so loud."

"That's another one of the things I could never figure out. Why school teachers sing songs with kids. Can't the kids sing by themselves? And then, why they get to look so sour? It's reading books and history. How can they know now what happened long ago? You get yourself dressed up with eyeglasses and spats and then you become a professor and talk mamma talk. How would I look, Charlie, all dressed up like a floor-walker in a department store? Then I could talk about Napoleon and all those fellows. And . . . here come the cops and I can't get that damn library out of my head. He says we ain't dead yet. And nobody should touch us."

"I don't see cops."

"You must be blind."

"That bell is ringing—and all I see is the noise."

"Well, the hell with the cops. They can't get us. We are safe, Charlie. It's good we got on that park bench and we are sailing along in high. Bet she's hitting a hundred miles an hour. Hold on tight, she's going around a long curve. We are going to hell and we are half way there. No chance in the world. The cops got here too late. The joke is on them. I wonder what happened to my hat. I wouldn't like to lose that hat because it always brought me luck. When I wear that hat I know everything will be all right. I better find it before we land. And as soon as we land . . . say, it's a real place, full of buddies and lots going on in a big way. Hell is hell. And did we hold up the bank? Sure, we held up the bank, and they opened up on us. Shake. We're buddies. Bet your life we are. Listen, Charlie. The bell stopped ringing. Now can you see what I see? The docks and buildings and everything?"

"I can't even see the park bench."

"You're sittin' on it. It's a kind of a glider and we are sure sailing with all burners on. I bet we're going two hundred miles an hour, or something. I wish I could find my hat."

"It smells like the brakes were burning. I feel lousy, Bill."

"Wake up, Charlie. We're going to land in a minute. Wake up! Don't pass out now. There's a river with boats and smoke and a big pier. Smells of gun-powder. Hold on tight—we're going to crash!"

"I don't care, Bill. I feel lousy."

"Wake up! Here we go, hold everything! Bang! . . . That should wake you up. Look, Charlie. A swell dump. Hell is hell, and pals are pals. People coming from Europe and the inspector is giving them the once-over. The fellow with the blue coat is coming over. Keep quiet, leave him to me. Have we any papers? No, boss. We don't need papers. We belong here. Him? He's my buddy. We travel together. His feet hurt him, that's why he can't stand up. He likes to take a nap in the afternoon. Lazy, like a gentleman. No, he ain't passed out. I'm responsible for him. I'll carry him. No, I told you before we have no papers. We don't need any. We are no foreigners. We are regular fellows. Us boys got a record. You must have us down in your books. We are a couple of stick-up articles and we worked

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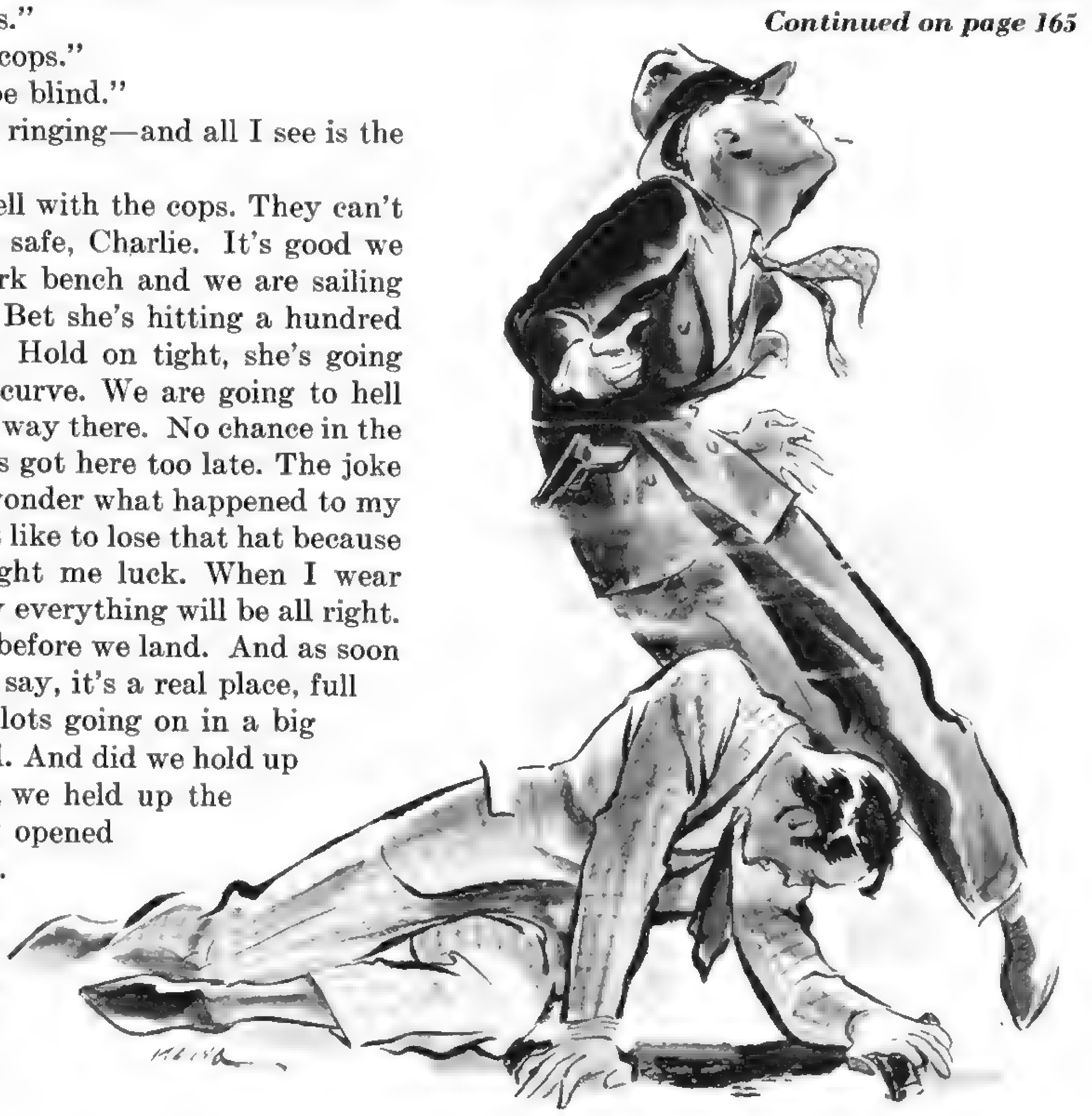

Bridge Manners

Perfect bridge manners can only be attained by wooden Indians, but the least you can do is try

by OSWALD JACOBY

A DISMAL thought has taken hold of me lately, like hay fever. I just can't shake it off. I'm beginning to fear one of my ancestors must have been a reformer, and that the taint is cropping out in me. At times, I feel an almost irresistible impulse to hire a hall or rent a tent. For virtually everywhere I go I find myself dismayed by the behavior of bridge players.

Take the "professor," for instance. He's the bird who always insists on explaining where his opponents and partner went wrong, and as for any slight slip on his part, he always has a tedious alibi. There is only one way to subdue the "professor." In the bridge behavior code I'm planning to advocate, I think I'll propose that a gunny sack be sold with every deck of cards. At the end of each hand, the gunny sack should be pulled down over the head of the "professor" and held in place until the next deal is completed.

Blood brother to the "professor" is the "bullhead." He's read a book on bridge, from cover to cover, and memorized it. To play a session with him is worse than getting through the Customs. He can tell you the very page on which every bid and every play is described. If his partner knows as much about the book as he does, the "bullhead" gets fair results. But likely as not his partner read a different book, which makes everything around the bridge table just dandy. In a case like that, I recommend the use of two gunny sacks. At such a function, it is proper that the attendants should be a couple of nimble "gorillas," in shirt sleeves. The "bullhead" is incorrigible. In his devotion to rules, he is high-minded, as fanatical, as implacable as a traffic cop, and you better not give him any back talk, either. If you challenge him, he's liable to pull the book out of his pocket, and then where are you?

The "rabbit" is the very antithesis of the "bullhead," but he—or more often she—is equally as obnoxious. At the end of each hand, the "rabbit" looks across the table with huge, sorrowful eyes and says, "Oh, partner, did I do right?" or "If I'd played it differently, do you think I could have made it?" I'm not in favor of trying to exterminate the "rabbits," because there are so many of them it would be a hopeless task. Some of them would be sure to escape or be overlooked—and, oh, well, you know how *rabbits* are! The only thing I can think of is a change of diet—more roughage and less sugar, plenty of raw meat, and at the end of each rubber, a shot of white lightning, or a swift kick in the shins.

No happy little group of bridge devotees is ever really complete without at least one "nursemaid." This is the player, more often a man than a woman, with such a highly developed protective faculty, he is always trying to make things easy for his partner by stealing every bid. At the first opportunity, and with practically no provocation at all, he'll break out with no trumps like a rash. If the partner beats him to it with no trumps, the "nursemaid" will firmly and reprovingly make a take-out bid every time, in any four card suit. The "nursemaid's" main idea is to relieve his partner of any mental strain whatever by continually forcing the partner to be dummy. To my way of thinking, this is on a par with stealing a kid's lollipops. It's losing tactics, too.

Another kind of player who makes a fine opponent is the "leaper," or "kangaroo." He's the chump who immediately decides, as soon as he picks up his cards, just where the hand is going to be played, and goes bounding toward the contract with as few bids as possible. Then, of course, we have with us always the "gallant defender," and what a pest he is. His great, increasing purpose is to make one rubber last all evening, unless he can win it quickly himself. He always has his eye on the score and pretty soon you'll hear him croak, "Well, we can't go out ourselves, but at least we can keep them from making it."

Hesitation over a bid or play is frequently unethical and should be avoided as much as possible. Hesitation is positively unethical when it gives definite information to one's partner, or deliberate misinformation to one's opponent. Of course, the average player should realize that there are many times when he cannot be criticized for hesitation, whereas an expert would be.

For instance, I consider it especially bad for an expert to study his hand and then pass—unless he is the last bidder. It should be no problem for an expert to know whether he is going to bid or not—though if he is going to bid, it may be difficult for him to decide what bid he is going to make.

Many players have a very bad habit of glancing at their hands and saying, "Bidding!" or "I'm going to bid," before even sorting their cards. They then sort the cards and bid, having plainly indicated that they hold so many high cards that there is no chance for them to pass.

I recall a game in which a player who would like to be rated as an expert gave as splendid an example of bad bridge manners as I ever want to see. The bidding was as follows: one spade, two diamonds, double. The fourth man sank into a kind of bilious cogitation, sighed, shook his head, and passed. Obviously, he had no diamonds, and couldn't make up his mind to bid either hearts or clubs. The only thing to do with such players is what the experts are now doing to that one—they are just simply avoiding him.

Never, from dubs of the worst order to experts of the first rank, is it ethical to attempt to convey anything by the tone of voice or manner of making a bid. Furthermore, it is deplorable bridge manners even to allow yourself to do so inadvertently.

As for getting a card ready to play before one's turn—that is, fingering it, or drawing it out of the hand, or holding on to it—I consider that unethical even for a dub, and for an expert I think it is practically cheating.

To watch where a player pulls a card out of his hand is another practice that I consider unpardonable in an expert, and rather bad taste, to say the least, even among novices. After all, it shouldn't be necessary for bridge players to have to protect themselves by holding their cards under the table.

I've heard players who aspired to be experts boast that they pick up a hand and play it without sorting it, but I think that puts a useless strain on the mind. Although experts seldom sort their suits completely, most of them have their individual systems. I know one who has a neat way of putting a spade or so among his clubs, or a diamond now and then with his hearts, just in case some opponent might be unethical enough to watch how he was drawing forth his cards.

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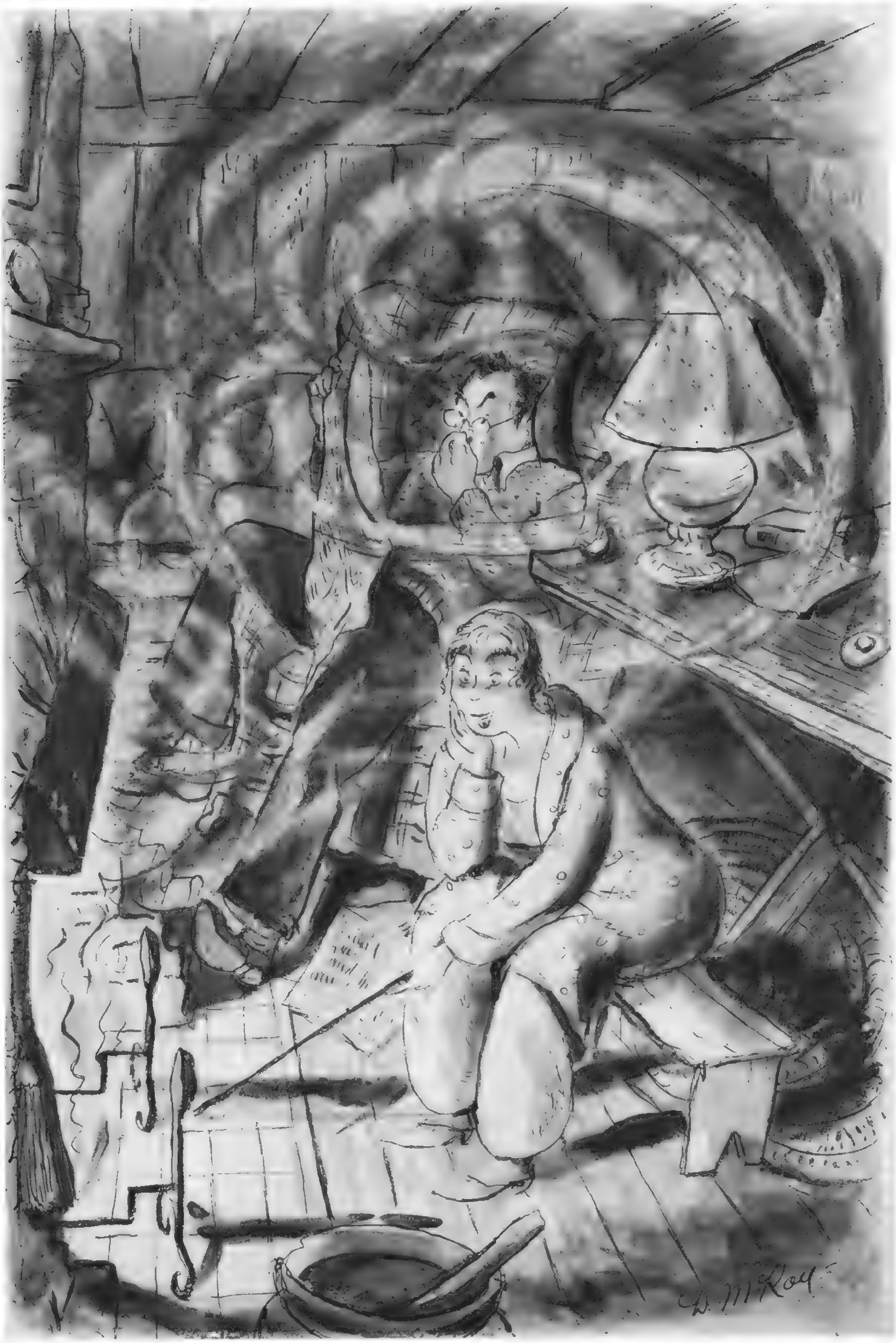

"Don't you love the smell of wood burning, dear?"

The Girl who was Easy

Story about a young man making a play for a friendly waitress —and then hoping against hope

by MORLEY CALLAGHAN

The two of them used to come into the lunch counter nearly every day. Most of the talking was done by the older one, J. F. Olsen, who was about forty, clean shaven, ruddy faced and well dressed. The young fellow, Bernie Ross, used to fold his arms over the counter and listen earnestly, or ask a few questions with his blue eyes full of seriousness.

Olsen had an easy, emotionless way of talking: he was impressive because there seemed to be something infallible in his laconic judgments of people he met every day. The network of wrinkles around his eyes puckered up when he talked and gave his big face an expression of deep shrewdness, which sometimes disappeared completely when he laughed loud and good-naturedly. Young Ross thought Olsen was about the best insurance salesman he had ever met. More and more he wanted to be able to appraise people in Olsen's shrewd exact way. He often found himself talking in the older man's drawling manner.

They often came into the lunch counter late in the afternoon for a bite to eat, and one time, as they sat down at the counter Ross looked up and saw they were being waited on by a new waitress, a little girl they had never seen before. She moved rather awkwardly behind the counter and was often embarrassed, as if feeling sure that the line of men, when she turned, stared at her neck and her shoulders. She did not look straight at the customers: she kept her eyes turned down shyly. There was something fresh and smooth about her. Her thick glossy hair looked black against the clean white dress. There was a lot of rich color in her round cheeks, a curving firmness in her body and softness in her dark eyes.

Olsen noticed Bernie Ross watching her and he said, "Do you like the new kid?"

"There's something nice about her. She's awfully sweet."

"Why don't you make a play for her?"

"She doesn't look that way. She looks too shy. I don't think you'd get anywhere with her."

Olsen stared at her in dispassionate contemplation as if seeing something more than her shapely shoulders, her plump cheeks and her shy movements in front of the men at the counter. Then he smiled and said, "I don't think you'd have any trouble with that one."

"What makes you think so?"

"You can always tell by the look of them, kid."

After that young Ross came alone a few times to the lunch counter. But for a long time he never spoke to the girl. Every time he saw her she seemed so much prettier and it got so that her aloofness, her mysterious shyness made him a bit afraid. He heard her called Betty. Then they began to smile at each other in a simple friendly way. They spoke once about the cool fall weather coming on. There was a faint, almost imperceptible line of fine hair on her upper lip he could see plainly when she bent low over the counter. Young Ross began to feel that he had really known the girl for a long time.

Sometimes she used to smile and talk cheerfully with a big fair fellow who looked like a puzzled Swede and who used to sit always at the end of the counter. His clothes fitted him awkwardly and there was a deeply troubled expression in his innocent eyes.

Whenever Olsen came in with Ross he used to say, "Haven't you got that little girl eating out of your hand yet?" and he looked disgusted when Ross said uneasily, "There's nothing doing with her, I tell you."

And when they went out to the street Olsen talked to Ross as an old man might talk to a child. "You don't understand women at all," he said. "Try and size up the situation, why don't you? She's a little waitress. You're a kid with a fine manner and good clothes, a good looking kid. She'll look up to you. All you have to do is be very sweet and gentle with her because she's not used to it. She wouldn't know what to do when you started being nice to her. Speak sort of soft and be awfully polite and terribly considerate, do you see?" he said. They were crossing the road, crossing through the traffic in the afternoon sunlight. Olsen said, "Take her arm like this," and he held Ross's arm as if it were something very precious that might be crushed too easily. Then they both started to laugh.

But every time Bernie Ross came to the lunch counter alone and looked at the little girl he couldn't help thinking that Olsen was wrong about her. He almost hoped that Olsen was mistaken. He wanted the girl, but he almost felt that he was on her side against Olsen. By this time he knew that when Betty poured his coffee and smiled it was almost as though she were whispering to him, and when she turned away she was aware that his eyes were on the dark curls at the nape of her neck.

The big, fair, clumsy, Swedish fellow had by this time begun to look uneasily at Ross whenever they were at the counter together. He would look up suddenly and then begin to rub the palm of his hand across his mouth.

One evening Olsen and Ross came in together. They were going to visit a prospect later on in the evening and Olsen wanted to hear Bernie's selling talk. As they sat at the counter with their heads close together Bernie was talking with a fine flow of earnest words, sometimes tapping the counter energetically with the tips of his fingers. Then Betty came to put down his coffee in front of him and he suddenly noticed that her hand trembled slightly. He stopped talking, looked at Olsen, and felt his heart begin to beat heavily. Olsen began to grin. "I'll leave you and you can meet me here later," he said.

"She quits for the day soon. I'll try and take her home and meet you in an hour," Bernie said.

So he sat alone at the counter till nearly everybody had gone out and finally he said to her mildly, "What time do you go home?"

"In about ten minutes," she said. She did not seem surprised that he had spoken to her, and as she turned away she was

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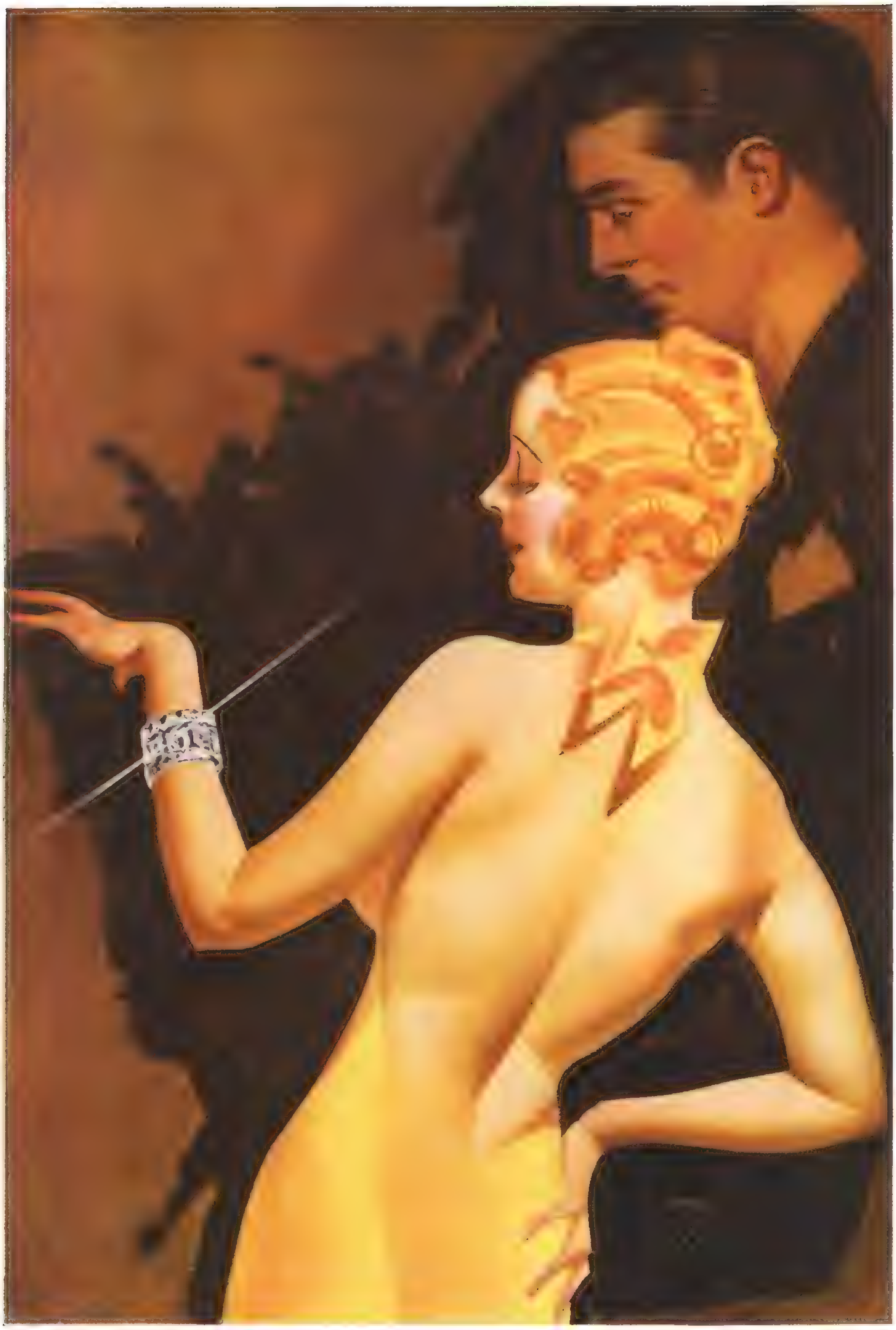
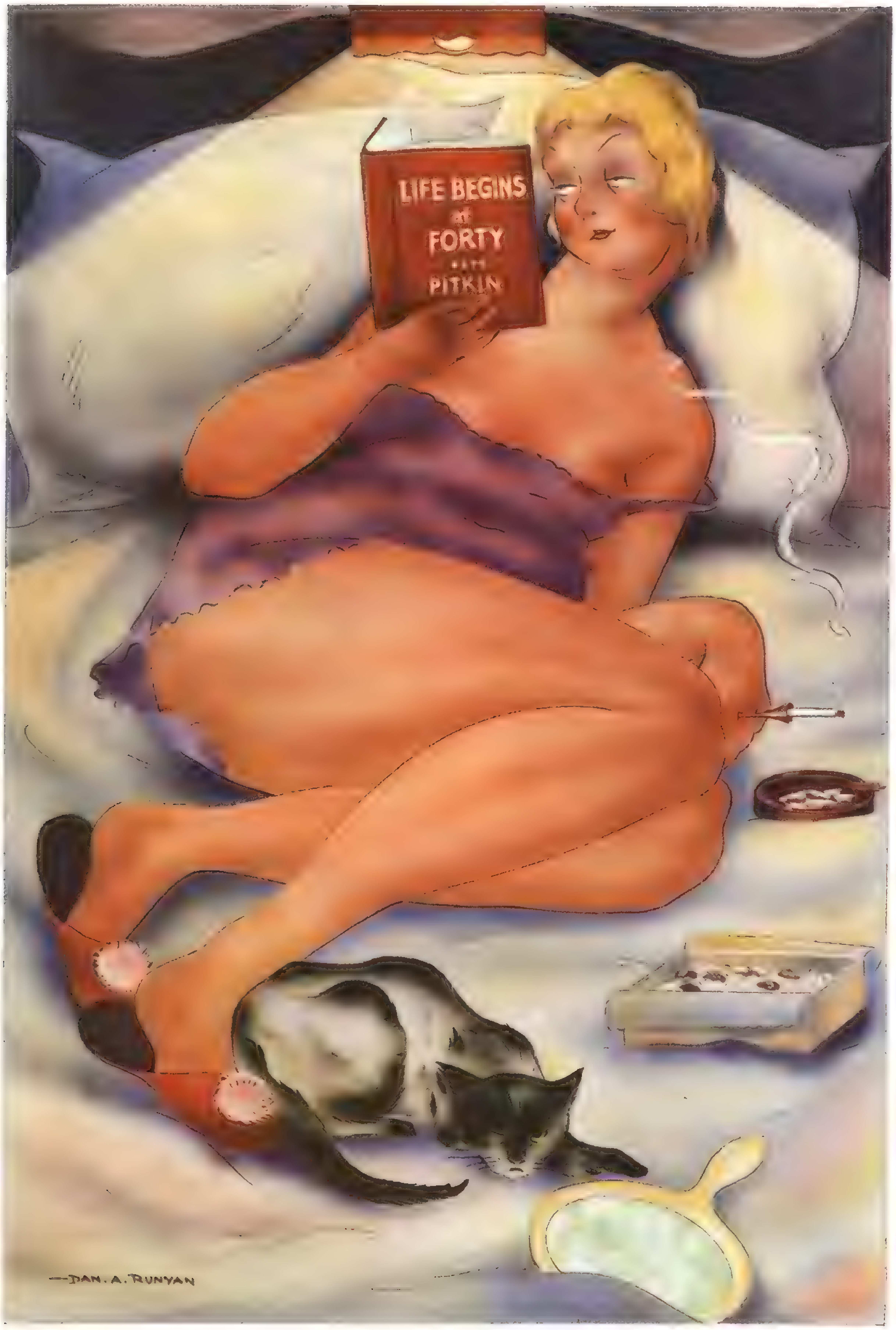


"Oh, how can I ever thank you?"


LIFE BEGINS
at
FORTY
PITKIN
—DAN. A. RUNYAN

Tomorrow's Men

In four sections we asked for opinions on American youth and here is the first one: The East

by JOHN ERSKINE

I CAN judge them only by the boys whom I tried to teach in college, and by others of their age who entertain me with their wisdom, and who are patient with my generation. As a novelist I am inclined to believe that human nature does not change; these boys, twenty years from now, will be like other men who in other cycles reached the age of forty. As a teacher, however, I note differences between the present youngsters and their predecessors. New forces are perhaps shaping new kinds of character. If I live to be seventy-five, I may see the change just before I am packed away.

The novelties which seem good to me are in the realm of intelligence. Those which raise doubts have to do with character. The coming men, I suspect, will be richly endowed with natural talent, will be well informed about society and about politics, will be learned in the physical aspects of sex, and will be sensitive to the arts. On the other hand, they may lack a sense of responsibility, and few of them may develop capacity for leadership.

In other words, the Anglo-Saxon type will disappear, and another type will take its place.

When I say that responsibility and leadership will weaken among us, I am not blaming the boys. I merely have my eye on the logical result of the training which we give them. Long before we had heard of the NRA or the New Deal, our best schools and colleges inaugurated a system of supervision and tutelage which was certain to prolong infancy and adolescence, and to reduce character to pulp. Not only the studies, but the sports and amusements are now regulated, either by the college authorities, or by the alumni, or by both. This regulation had a kindly purpose; it was to save the youngsters from making mistakes, from getting into trouble, and from embarrassing the institution. No doubt this purpose is on the whole realized, but when you have saved a boy from the possibility of making any mistake, you have also prevented him from developing initiative. His virtues will be prudence and docility; he will not be a leader.

Since the principle of supervision and wholesale regulation, first introduced into our schools and colleges, is now spreading through all our adult life, we shall have to get along without leadership. Our present leaders were developed by the system which they wish us to outgrow. When they are gone, we shall flounder.

But it's a waste of time to quarrel with universal tendencies, and the fashion for supervision and regulation is so widespread that we might as well let it run its course. These youngsters who are to be tomorrow's men will discover their own ways of mending the world, after the fever for regulation is burned out.

The sense of responsibility has been weakened in the younger generation not only by the supervisions imposed upon them, but by the bad example of some of their elders. Nothing that the schools or the churches teach has sunk so deep into their philosophy as the newspaper headlines day after day, year after year, announcing that this man or that in high position has been false to his trust. After the war, young people pitied their elders for lack of intelligence; they now must forgive them for imperfect morals. We need not be surprised if our sons ascribe sinister motives to statesmen and politicians, or if they expect little integrity from tradesmen and financiers.

NEXT IN THIS SERIES

The South

by

JOHN EARLE UHLER

We who are older, still read the bad news in the daily paper as though it were an exception to the normal order. Young men of twenty or twenty-one have had no chance to read any other kind of news.

If the prospect for character and initiative is not bright, we are at least consoled by the intellectual and spiritual alertness in which our young men, as I think, excel us. In spite of continued and mistaken attempts to keep from them the facts of life, young America has pretty well explored the old puzzle of sex—at least on the physical side. Our boys are not likely to be deceived by mere sex-hunger masquerading as romanticism. They can't be taken in by the old myths which gave all the sex impulse to bad men and none to good women. They are ready to accept sex as a terrific force, like gravitation, yet I think they are also ready to dislodge it from the undue and false position of honor to which western romanticism elevated it.

This wisdom of theirs will seem to their elders a loss of idealism. I was brought up to think that Dante was a great lover. Now I am not surprised when a boy tells me that Dante was a great man, but not a lover at all; he could do better without Beatrice than with her; what he loved he called by her name, but it was something else.

I find grounds for hope in the knowledge of politics, practical as well as theoretical, which the young men are accumulating. If they are docile for the moment, they are at least not unconscious. A fund of potential criticism is storing up in them, which may eventually blossom into quite unexpected innovations. They are through with the old world. If they question the present moment, it is not because they wish to return, but because they wish to go on faster. During the recent election for Mayor in New York I asked a boy of twenty-two whether he was interested. "Only mildly," he answered; "it's too old-fashioned. The next election will cut nearer the bone."

To me personally the most cheering prospect in the young generation is the widespread talent for the arts. Perhaps I exaggerate this tendency because of my own preoccupation with art, but most of my life I have loved art without much hope that America would ever be in any vital sense a home ground for the muses. Now it seems to me that our young people realize the importance of esthetic expression, not only for the individual artist, but even more for society at large. They understand better than their elders that the fine arts, adequately practiced and appreciated, are the most secure parts of a nation's wealth. In the next twenty years I expect the competent practicer of any art to receive actually in America the honor he was supposed to receive in older Europe.

When you try to appraise a civilization, you must examine, among other things, its attitude toward religion, and its attitude toward property. I should say that this new generation will put an end to the American worship of wealth and to the American contempt of poverty. The men of the future will be as eager as any of us to make money, and as reluctant to be poor, but I don't think they will identify wealth with virtue, or poverty with vice.

I hope I am correct in this prophecy. During my own lifetime no doctrine has shocked me more than the common American formula that he who has much money must be admirable, and that he who has none ought to apologize. If we had admired the ability which resulted in wealth, or if we had admired only that wealth which results from intelligence and ability, we might have defended the gold-worship, but as a nation we assumed that wealth and merit are identical—until the collapse of recent years taught us painfully how many weak, or selfish, or stupid men we had been honoring for their money.

The younger generation have mastered this lesson from A to Z. They also know that some men are poor because they are incompetent or lazy, that others are poor because the dice of fortune were loaded against

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Tintypes from Atlantis

About the tiny doll portraits that are common as shells in a land that once knew Atlantis

by NORMAN MATSON

The Aztec, his face black shadow between enormous hat and clean white blouse, silently offered three pebbles to the glance of the antique dealer, who said without enthusiasm that he would pay so much (about five cents American) for the lot.

Slightly raising one shoulder and his eyebrows in salute to a cosmic order that permitted such injustice, the Aztec opened a slender, mahogany-colored hand for the pennies, murmured: "A thousand thanks," and slip-slapped his sandals out into the white glare of the Avenida.

"Do they come in often?" I asked.

"Effery day, now that they plow." The dusty old fellow spoke with a German accent, and never smiled, pouting his thick lips after he spoke. "I don't buy much. What's the good? But at first, years ago, I could not resist."

I examined what the Indian (Aztec he was truly, his tongue the ancient one) had turned up that day from the earth of his cornfield. Three heads of terra cotta, none longer than an inch. The first one was a Chinaman in a bishop's cap; the next was, to my surprise, a very good likeness of my grand aunt Olena who lives in Minnesota and who is a Nordic Norska if ever there was one. The third, an old man, was about to smile. He had a weather-beaten face, and a mouth for a clay pipe upside down.

The German picked it up, turned it over and over, held it this way and that way to the light so that shadows moved on the tiny features, making them move. "There's an Irisher," he said seriously.

"How old is it?"

"Who knows? These were found near the big pyramid. How old is the big pyramid? Nobody knows. There it stands, bigger than the biggest in Egypt. When the Aztecs came in Eleven Hundred and something they asked who built it and what for, but the Toltecs who lived in its shadow only knew that it was very old. Maybe the Irisher lived thousands of years ago, before Egypt, even; before Atlantis sank beneath the ocean."

"Then he must be valuable," I said.

My friend scratched his whiskers, looked quickly at me. "Na. You think I cheated this mozo, paying him a couple of coppers for his antiques. But that was a good price. Too much, efen. I paid him so because sometimes he brings me valuable things, not antiques—but blankets, pottery with a design of a troop train and bandits, things made yesterday."

"But these must be rare."

"Rare! Oh, no! Thick as pebbles. Like near an old house by the sea you dig anywhere and you find—clamshells. No? In Mexico you dig and you find—little fine heads like these. You find other things, too; whole temples, and big serpents with feathers, and little statues of God-types, faces as conventional as Egypt's stone-age, faces like a child makes; but also by thousands you find these little fine portraits; realistic as anything New Yorkers might do—if they could!—and yet so old as Atlantis. This here, this Mexico, knew Atlantis," he explained. "You don't believe. I am sure."

"And these little fine portraits; what were they used for?"

"I don't know. Go ask the archeologists: They don't know either. If they had rained down out of the moon we would know as much."

From a glass case he brought a half dozen others. We put them all in a row, a company of strangely alive little faces; no further away in feeling than tintypes in the family album. Not symbols, nor "types," but each one the likeness of some single individual citizen, who had been born, and named, who had lived and died after his own peculiarities, who had (for an instance) suffered from facial paralysis, contracted at a certain point in time and space, far away and long ago.

I bought two heads—for about ten cents apiece. I wanted all of them. But the antique dealer shook his head. "Na. I make nothing out of them." He put them back into the dusty case. "It's this way," he said, twisting his face, "I got no use for them; but sometimes I look at them. Not because they are art, you understand; but because they have faces like that, real faces. I like them. You'll find plenty some place else."

And I did find some, buying them from the small hands of Indian children who follow tourists when tourists gaze at ruins; from women squatting by their baskets in market places, portraits from the fields near the great pyramid near Mexico City, from Azcopozalco, Cuernavaca, Tehuantepec, Tepositlan. And I bought a few in curio shops, paying sometimes as high as fifteen cents, looking through sacks of broken clay and stone, leaving the formal and the symbolic to those wiser than I, hunting only the literal portrait. I seemed to have little or no competition. Perhaps for collectors they are not rare enough. And perhaps—but pay no attention to this if it seems a bit difficult—perhaps they are even too mysterious. There is nothing we like better than a *little* mystery. A little mystery is charming; but actual mystery, stubborn and black and hopeless, pleases only a few strange folk, wrong-heads who are inclined to believe that history remains any man's guess even though it has been written down in numbered paragraphs; wrong-heads who when told that the Indian was a migratory Chinaman, want to ask why not call the Chinaman a migratory Indian?

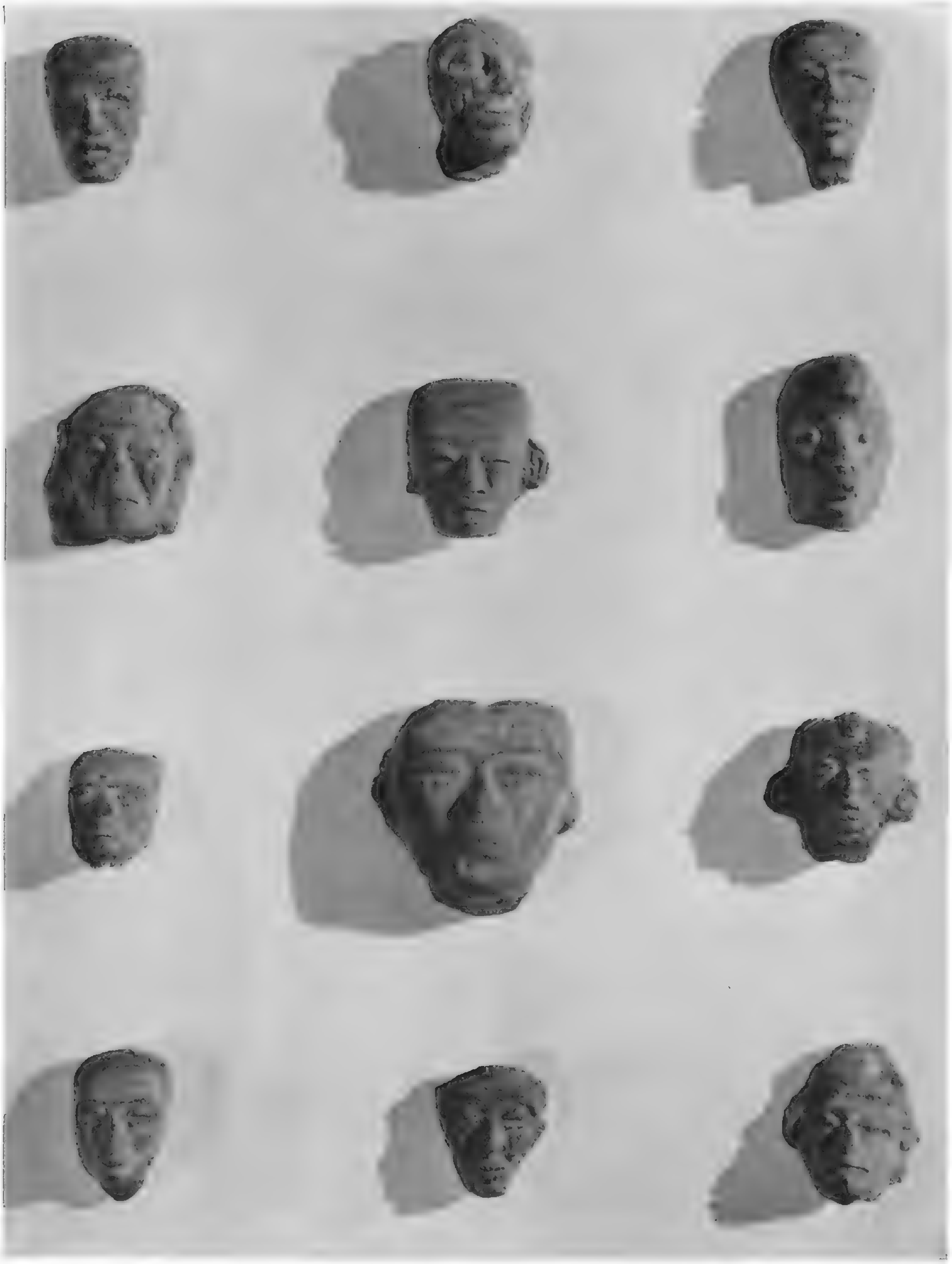
Some archeologists suggest that these tiny portrait heads were attached to bodies of wood or cloth, some perishable substance, because bodies are not found. And it is further suggested that when a man died his doll-portrait, for some reason or other, was buried with him.

The old German had another guess, a rather German guess. He pointed out that to any seeing eye they are portraits; that's what they were made for; that a body is unnecessary for a likeness; that as no bodies are found, perhaps there were no bodies ever. What, he asked me, are portraits used for by human people? They are hung upon a wall at home; they are stood up in a garden, a temple or other public places. Or they are carried about in the back of a watch, or in a locket, for sentimental reasons. These were small enough to be carried about, but he thought their quality was more useful than sentimental. There is no vanity in them, he said, none of that quality of best-chin-foremost on something signed, say, "Yours for the Drama, John Gilbert."

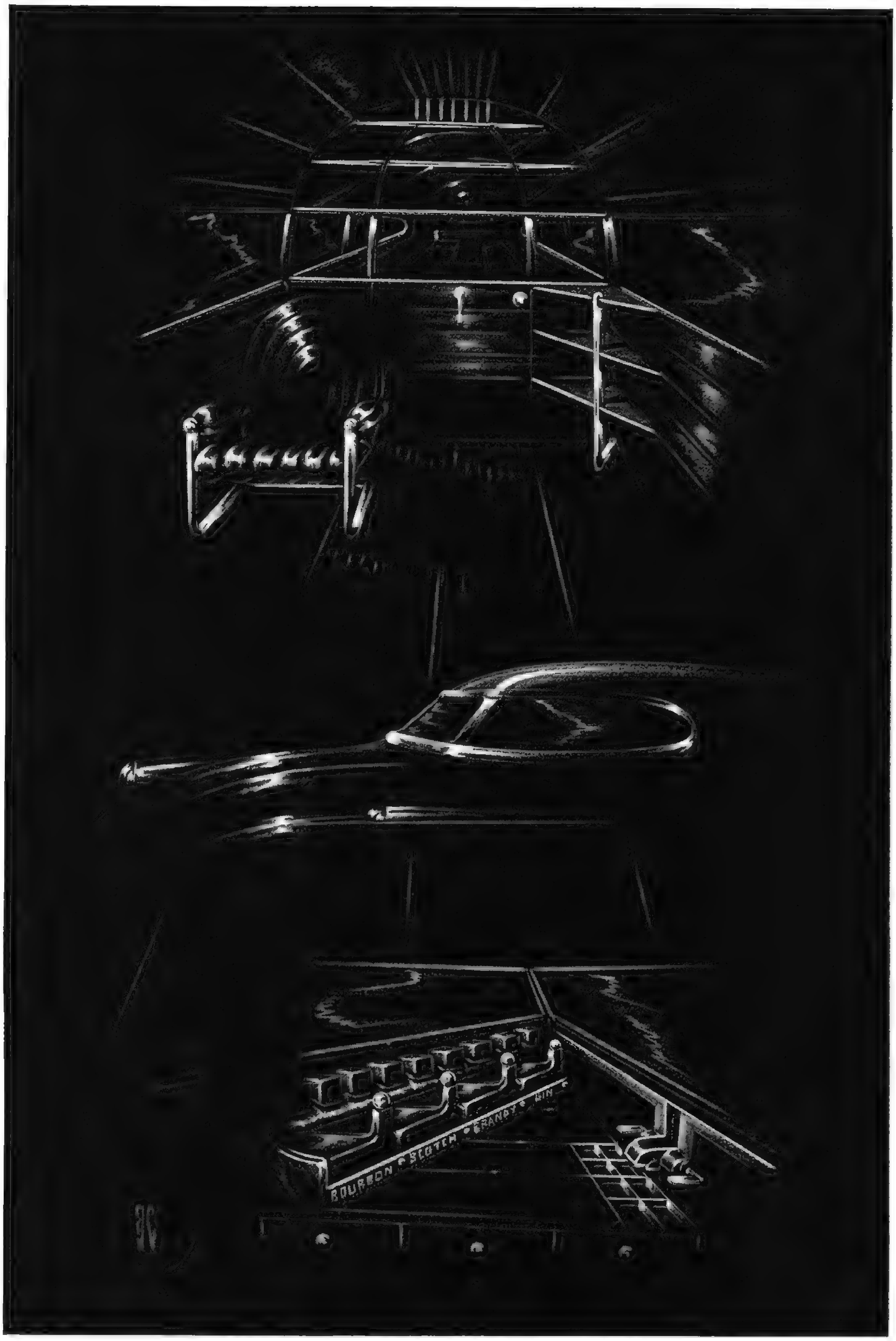
He thought that they were made to be carried, sealed to some official tag or document. That they were something like passport pictures. Maybe one was sent on ahead by the Emperor's post, down into tropic valleys, over snowy volcanoes, sandaled feet running mile after mile, bringing the official news that somebody, somebody like old Squint-Eye there, was coming and was to be paid so much for such and such; and here was his likeness in a bit of pottery, carried in a pouch at the runner's belt, or in his hand. So when Squint-Eye came along, the stranger knew him.

Later I could show him two finds, one a smiling face, an old woman with her tongue out; the other a young girl with a broad high forehead, turned-up nose, and a small chin, a beautiful young girl, whose hair may have been golden, a young modern, not unlike Greta Garbo. She was the best of all; the most alive, after her centuries under the earth, and I carried her in my pocket, to show to people, holding her just so near the light, showing the perfection of the shadow on her cheek, trembling, so that she almost smiled. The best of the catch, and as is often so with the best of the catch, she is gone. Somebody else, I suspect, fell in love with her, and meaning only to borrow, stole.

Perhaps he is in Mexico now searching the dust of forgotten volcanoes for her companions, seeking out plowmen and street-diggers, and the dark children, who are likely to bruise their bare feet on the hard faces of their own remote ancestors.

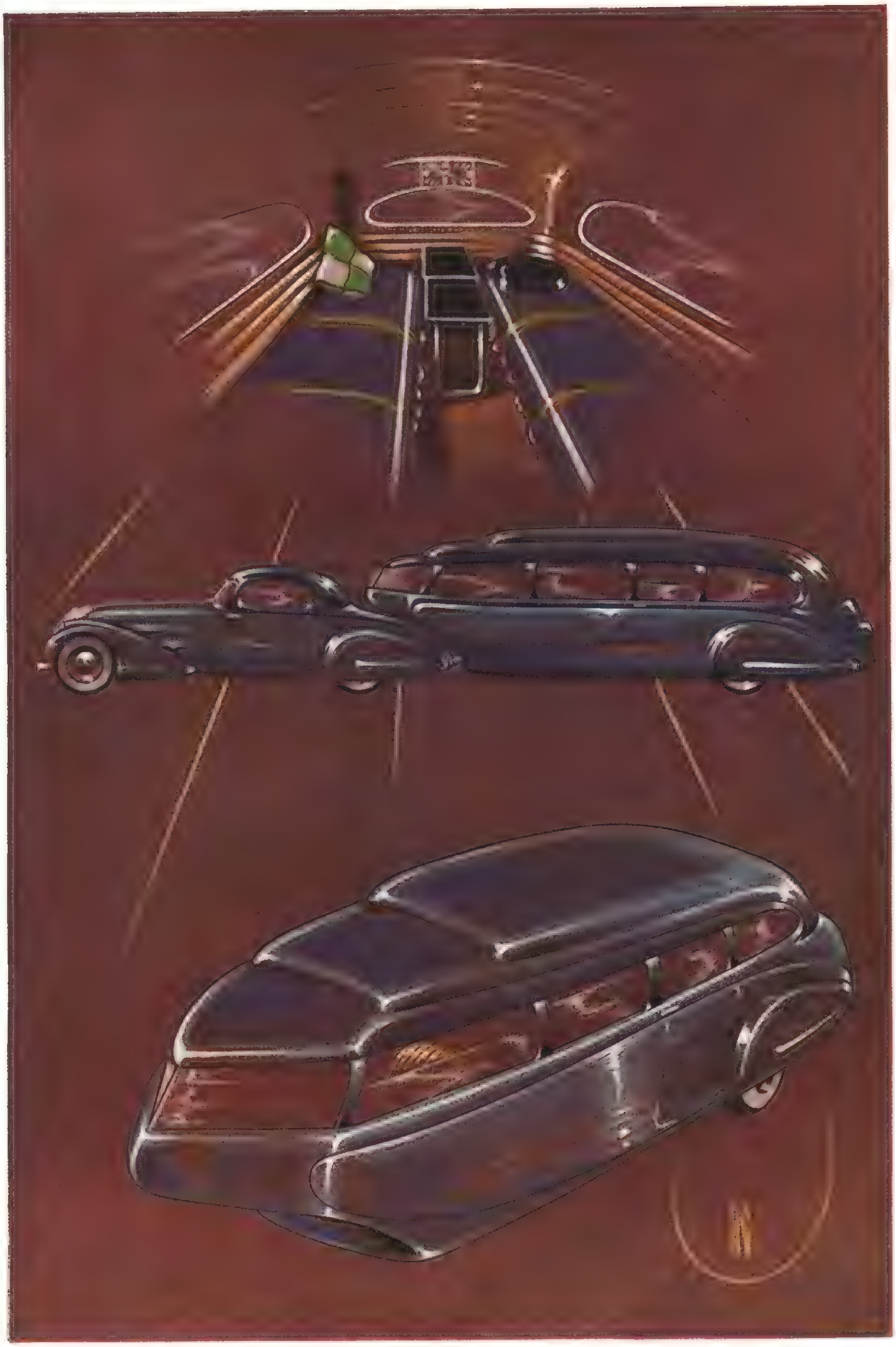


Strangely modern faces from the days before the Aztecs

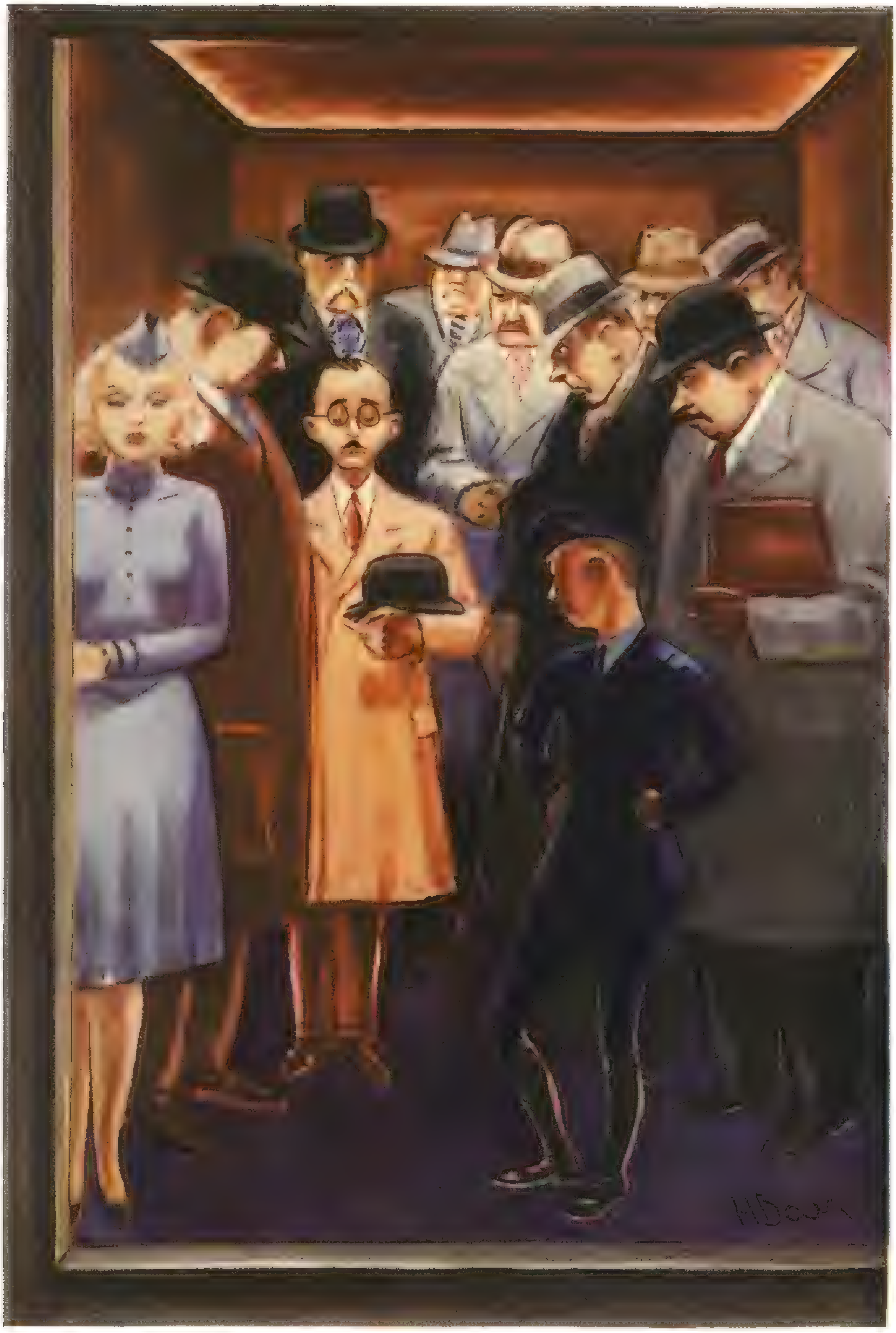


HIGHWAY CRUISERS by Alexis de Sakhnoffsky

These vehicles combine the luxury of Pullman comfort and the obvious advantage of being able to disregard timetables, and rove about as you feel inclined. They easily accommodate a dozen people. In the center of the colored illustration at the right, the entire outfit is shown—consisting of a medium powered coupe and a trailer. Parabolic fenders coupled with rear wheel shields tend to bind the two together, and this effect is emphasized by the V-windshields and matching color treatments. The rear of the interior is shown at the top of the left-hand illustration. It features an automobile type window in the center, and a loud speaker which is mounted at the top. In the right-hand corner, three



shelves are held together by a chrome bar which matches the frame of the arm chair. Rolled leather trims the inside walls, serving as a protection from occasional bumps. In the illustration at the bottom of the opposite page you see a complete bar, which occupies the front end of the trailer, and boasts of flat, square bottles fitting snugly into labeled compartments, a row of square decanters, and, at the right, a double tap. As the illustration above shows, color has been freely used in the rear compartment, while bright chrome window mouldings, a long rear light, and a large modern clock, add decorative details. The two tables may be conveniently folded against the wall. An observation tower may be mounted on the front end of the roof when the front compartment is entirely enclosed. Such a tower, streamlined, and with semi-sunk headlights, is shown on the black and white page.



ENEMIES OF MAN No. 2 *by* HOWARD BAER

Competition for Cup Players

Suggesting that our Davis Cup players, far from playing too much, do not play half enough

by MERCER BEASLEY

PRINCETON TENNIS COACH

Upon the broad shoulders of Frank X. Shields, the United States Number 1 ranking men's singles player, will rest the difficult task of defeating such good players as Jack Crawford of Australia and Fred Perry and Bunny Austin of England, if the United States is to win back the coveted Davis Cup in 1934.

Can he do this? Can Frank continue to play such sterling tennis as he displayed prior to our American National Championship at Forest Hills last year? If Shields can continue to improve he will fit into the picture nicely.

The second singles player on the team will no doubt be Sidney Wood. Here we have a very smart tennis player, quick to think correctly and with the strokes necessary to execute the intricate plays so vital in Davis Cup play.

Once again we turn to George Lott and Johnny Van Ryn for a doubles win. We know they are a good team, well tried under fire, experienced overseas and with a fine record.

And such is the probable line-up of the United States Davis Cup Team for 1934 with Stoeffen, Allison, Grant, Sutter, etc., in reserve.

We are optimistic, hopeful and happy at this time for we feel that we have a group that can go into the matches with their minds on their work, and work it is with a capital W.

However, there is gloom ahead. Crawford is not afraid of Shields, we know that: not even of a Shields at his best. Perry does not fear Wood, and Turnbull and Quist, the Australian doubles combination, are getting better day by day.

Will we even get by Australia for the right to challenge England?

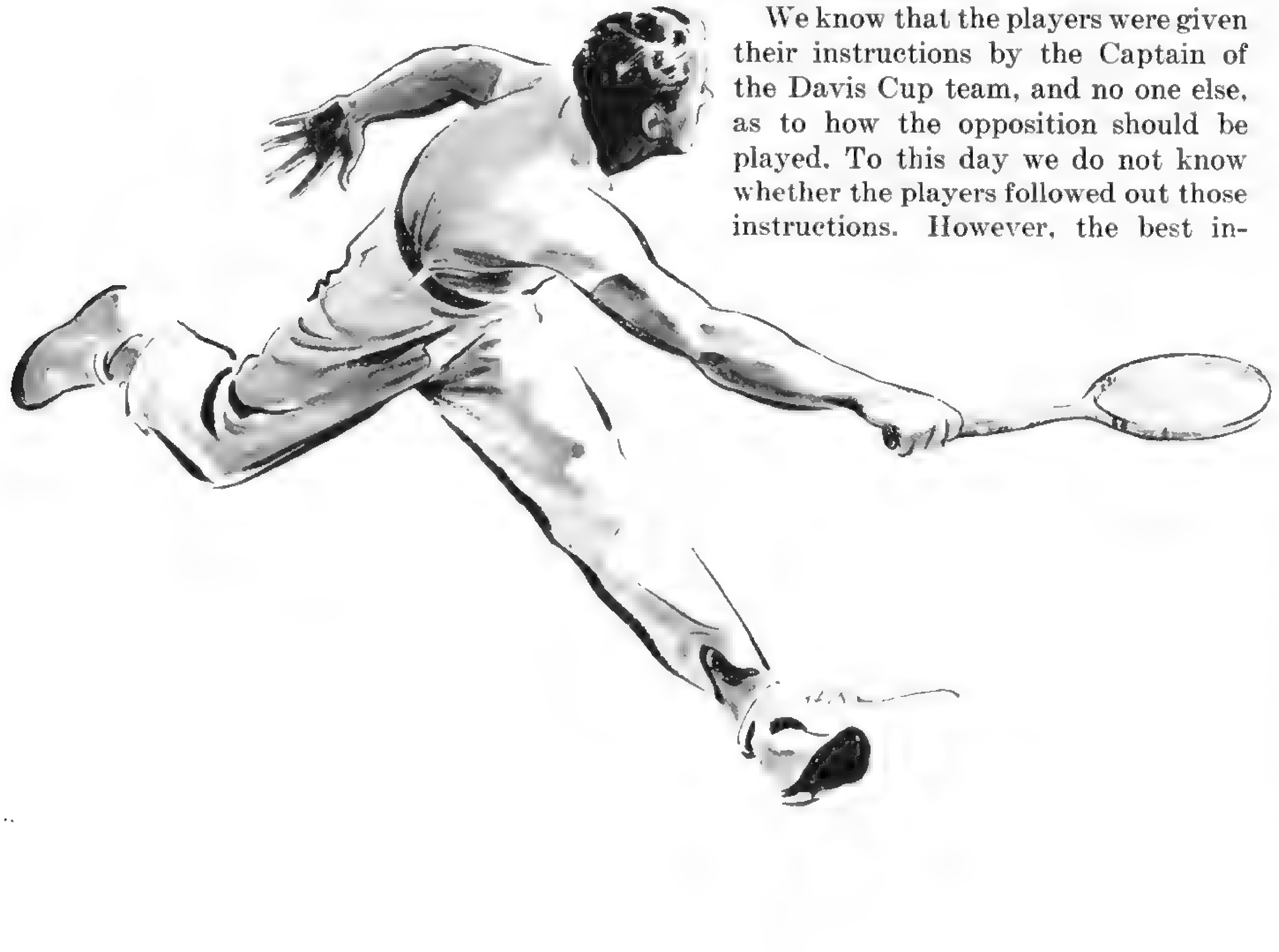
Looking back to the 1933 season we declare that accuracy will win the Davis Cup in 1934. Whether it be England, Australia, United States or Japan, accuracy will be the secret to success. It may be speed accurately placed that will turn the trick but the United States must not kid herself into believing that the players of England or Australia can be blasted off the court by speed alone. Not on the grass courts of Wimbledon!

If the play were to be on clay, we would be the first to boost the rushing speed game but, on a grass surface we shall have to get on the side of safe play until the right time during the rally, then we want to see speed. Only unleashed at the proper time is speed effective against the great players, Perry, Crawford, Austin and Satoh.

Surely those who saw the Crawford-Shields match last September at Forest Hills will hesitate to advise Shields to charge into the net or to unloose his famous fast forehand drive unless he is very sure of *where* it is going. Did not Crawford whip the ball back to the Shields backhand causing enough trouble to make many wonder what the matter was with said backhand? Crawford does not fear speed but he does fear accuracy with speed such as Perry gave him in the American finals.

Vines and Allison both lost their Davis Cup matches in Paris last year due to the lack of accuracy. And it still remains impossible to beat two such steady and heady players as Austin and Perry without it, no matter how much speed is used.

We know that the players were given their instructions by the Captain of the Davis Cup team, and no one else, as to how the opposition should be played. To this day we do not know whether the players followed out those instructions. However, the best instructions can go wrong in tennis under the terrific strain of Davis Cup play, where the player represents his country and not the individual. Also the opposing players have something to say about breaking up any plan no matter how well worked out. Then must come a change of tactics. Possibly this plan will be broken up too. Then still another must be brought forward and so it goes, a battle of wits, to the end.



Speed cannot be used as an opening plan in Davis Cup matches because it is too dangerous and unless the player is at the top of his game immediately the match is over before he can find himself.

A better and safer way is to play the ball back deep in the opponent's court and wait the chances to use speed at the proper time; on short balls or when the opponent has first been maneuvered out of position. Then only can speed be safely used and with damaging effect.

This brings us right up to the word *patience*. It is argued that the United States players cannot play a waiting game because of their lack of patience. This is true with the exception of three players, Sutter, Grant and Parker, who are perfectly content to wait out their opponents. The rest of the pack insist upon hitting out for their winners. Yet the foreign nations are stressing the defense, not the offense, and through the medium of faster and improved footwork. It is this ability to return almost every ball that gives them their chances.

We concede that the Americans have the fastest serves and drives in the world. They follow the first good hit, on either, into the net to finish off the point. This is the usual American plan of tennis playing, hitting out for winners, carrying the play to the opponent all the time.

Shields has won several matches and even tournaments with this very plan. So have Stoeffen, Wood and Mangin. They are all powerful servers. Yet all of them lost the important matches to the foreigners, the matches which counted the most, and also with this same plan.

We see the coming matches of 1934. Shields vs. Crawford. Shields serves a fast ball and rushes to the net. We see Shields routed from this position because Crawford can handle service speed. We then picture Shields staying back of the baseline with Crawford waiting patiently, keeping the ball in play until he gets just the bounce he wants, then Crawford plays the ball with his favorite forehand and moves into the volley position. Crawford places the ball to Shields backhand. The ball carries plenty of pace forcing Shields to run fast and hit fast. Shields cannot pass down the line nor

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Men Are Funny

Remarkable discovery that you can't say the same thing about women

by GILBERT SELDES

I HAVE had the pleasure recently of observing, perhaps for the hundredth time, the work of W. C. Fields. Mr. Fields has been making me laugh for nineteen years and I don't mean that I laugh only when I have seen Mr. Fields on the stage or on the screen; he has the rare power of making you laugh whenever you think of him and his astonishing works, and the power, which may be even rarer, of attaching himself to your memories. This is probably due to the fact that Mr. Fields was originally an artist in pantomime—and he is one of the few who had himself wired for sound without any loss. He remains exceptionally visible and the memories of the eye remain longer than the memories of the ear; so that I can still see Mr. Field's expression of dumb despair at the astonishing activities of a billiard cue (about 1915). And this memory is as lively as my memory of Mr. Fields in "Tillie and Gus" which I saw last week, and in which a train announcer in the frozen north cried out a number of stations to which the next train was going and ended with the words: "And points south." To which Mr. Fields, with his marvelous combination of hauteur and annoyance cried: "I don't care which way it points." So also I can remember Mr. Fields trying to play the cello while fighting off an attack of tanglefoot (in *Poppy*) as well as I can remember him in a short movie, name unknown, where he played a barber with a passion for a bull fiddle and complained, without justice, that everybody else in town was "so nervous."

It became a habit with me just about the time when I began seeing Mr. Fields to believe that anyone who entertained me had something serious to do with art, but Mr. Fields disarmed me and my intellectual preoccupations, or, in English, I never wondered whether Mr. Fields was an artist or not; as was said of someone else in another connection, "others abide our question, thou art free." Mr. Fields makes me laugh; Mr. Fields is funny; I don't believe Mr. Fields has ever been on the stage five consecutive minutes without causing laughter; I think Mr. Fields is probably one of the four greatest comedians in America.

Without any elaborate theory I am pretty sure that I know why Mr. Fields attracts me so much. The whole world, and especially the inanimate world, is against him. There is no end to the irritations which Mr. Fields suffers from billiard cues, golf sticks, cranking handles of motor cars, pieces of paper, household furniture, musical instruments and from those nearly inanimate beings, men, women, and children, including the police. He suffers but he fights back, first with patience, then with irritation, finally in despair. It is not gallantry, however, but obstinacy that Mr. Fields expresses. He begins by brushing away the offending object because he is convinced that nothing can really seriously interfere with his plans for entertainment and although he is compelled to struggle on through an endless succession of bad quarter-hours, he never for a moment concedes the bare possibility that his method is at fault. And with every look of his eye and every gesture and every rising note in his querulous voice he protests against the injustice put upon him.

This is more true of the silent Mr. Fields than of the present one. When he found his voice in *Poppy*—and in the first days he seemed as surprised as anyone to discover that he could talk—he also created a new character to add to the other one. He is still a victim of circumstances but he is also a rogue. He is not roguish, you understand, but he is a rogue. It would displease him to do anything honestly which could be as easily done by chicane. He has a lordly way, a flow of astounding language, the grand manner of all the gentlemen of fortune from those who sell patent medicine at street fairs to those who strand theatrical companies in charming rustic retreats. He cheats at cards. He is nimble-fingered and when everything else fails he can distract by juggling—keeping upon the five cigar boxes or the two vases that same eye of bewilderment and reproach which he turns upon the world at large.

Mr. Fields is always at his best in an elaborate set-piece. The old Ford that disintegrates under his hands at the end of a picnic is one of his typical endeavors to make his way in the world. In "The Million Dollar Legs," Mr. Fields was the head of an impoverished Balkan country and had to deal with finance and diplomacy in his own way—a very good way, too—but he dropped out of the picture in favor of a fine burlesque on the Olympic games. In "Tillie and Gus," which is also a full length picture, you get an almost complete view of Mr. Fields' talents, which come to a climax when he starts to mix paint under the guidance of a radio expert. As the directions speed up and Mr. Fields begins to throw in unopened cans of turpentine, alcohol, tapioca and whatever else comes under his hand. the moment arrives when the extravaganza ought to become tiresome, and it is at this moment that Mr. Fields builds the comedy all over again by craftily letting you know how he has suffered, by making you suffer with him

In this picture, appears also Alison Skipworth, who is probably as entertaining a comedienne as any woman on the screen, but Miss Skipworth suffers from the disability of her sex; she is always entertaining and very seldom funny. The same thing is true of Marie Dressler and of the talented Zasu Pitts. In fact, at the moment, I can't think of any woman in the movies who is genuinely funny, with the possible exception of a minor player like Patsy Kelly who is often funny without being entertaining.

The one superb exception is Fanny Brice. Miss Brice is, I suppose, the only human being in the world who can make fun; she literally makes it with every look of her fine rolling eye and every turn of her knee. And Miss Brice, I think, explains why so few women are funny. Because she has no reticence. She does not attempt to remain a lady when she is being a comic. She gives herself entirely to the single purpose of creating laughter. It happens that the most conspicuous example of this is in an act which I alone, as far as I know, find not funny—probably the only thing Miss Brice does which leaves me cold—that is when Miss Brice acts the part of a little baby. But I recognize in it all that quality of not giving a damn about herself as a private individual while she is appearing as Baby Snookums. But Miss Brice doing a spring dance with scarves ten years ago, and Miss Brice doing a fan dance almost without fans, this year, seemed to me perfect in the adaptation of the means to the end and perfect in creating a character on the stage. Most women, either on the

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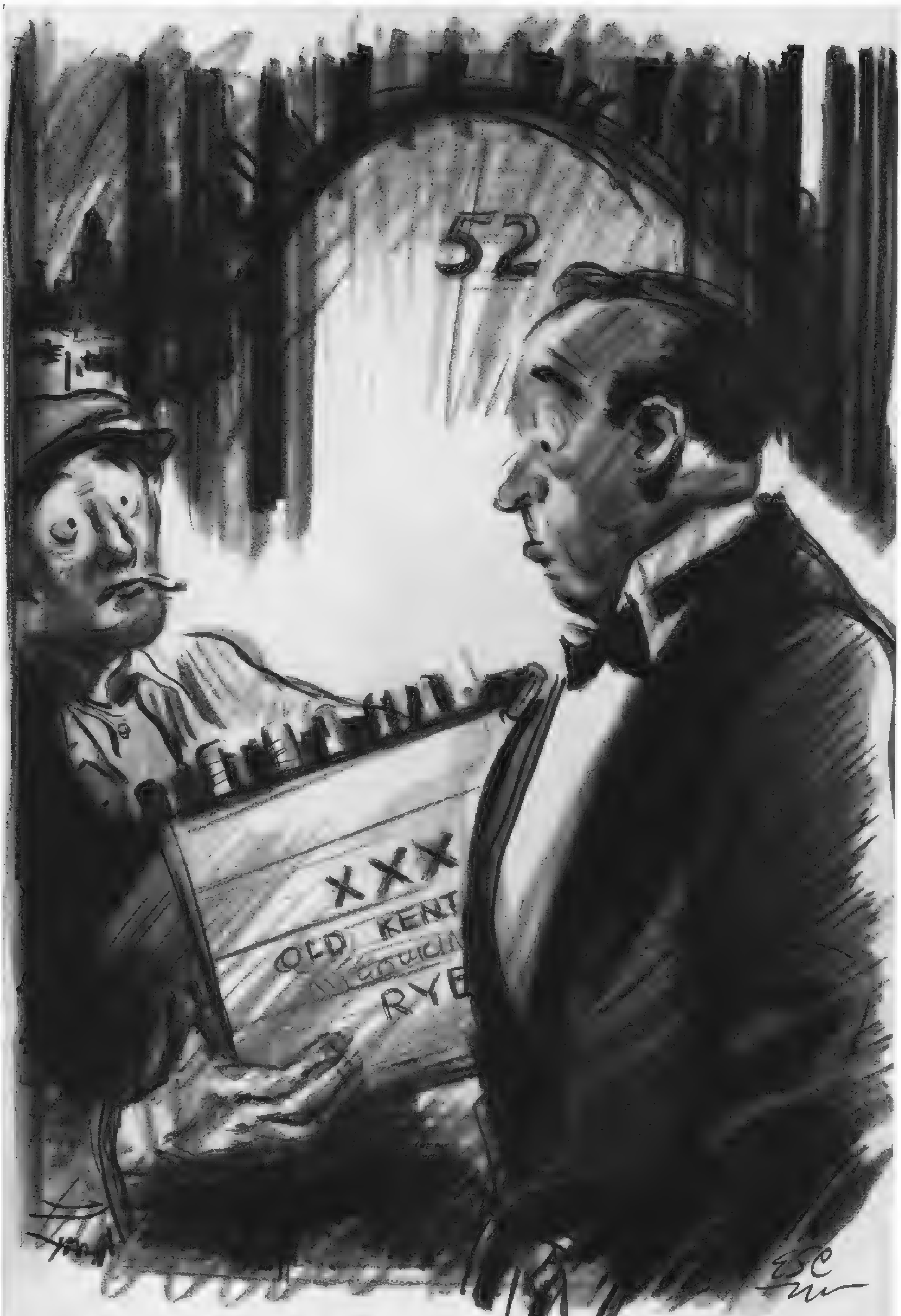
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XXX
OLD KENT
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"Just for old times' sake, mister—what'll ya give me?"

The Crime Chaser

Revealing that Attorney-General Cummings could give aces to the Philo Vances and Charlie Chans

by WILLIAM C. WHITE

In 1901, during the "trust busting" era, a young Connecticut lawyer was making a speech for the Democratic ticket. Someone in the audience called out, "Mark Hanna is a traitor!" The young speaker shouted back, "My friend, you are wrong. Mark Hanna never betrayed a trust!"

That same lawyer, Homer S. Cummings, is the present Attorney-General. His reputation for a ready response still stays by him. In addition he has the reputation of being the best golfer and the best dressed man in the President's Cabinet, the unique position of having been a Democratic party official for many years without ever asking or holding a Federal job until now. And he has a quality of persistence in tracking down what he wants which, as many criminals today are learning, is more than legendary.

With enough clean linen to last a week he went to Washington last year, a few days before Roosevelt's inauguration. He was going to see what he had long awaited, a Democratic president taking office. He planned to return to his law firm in Stamford, Connecticut, after a week in Washington, to close up his work and to leave for the Philippines. Roosevelt had chosen him as their governor-general.

His plans went rapidly awry. He saw nothing of the inauguration. While it was taking place he was in the Congressional Library, feverishly digging through volumes of Federal statutes. Cummings had been appointed Attorney-General, after the sudden death of Senator Thomas J. Walsh. On the night before the inauguration the President-to-be felt it necessary to take the United States off the gold standard, if it could be done legally. It was Cummings who remembered the half-forgotten war emergency measure of 1917, still on the books, which said, "The President may regulate or prohibit any transactions in foreign exchange . . . " During the inaugural proceedings Cummings was preparing the proclamation which the President signed and issued on the following day. Then he wired home for the remainder of his wardrobe.

Cumming's appointment as Attorney-General took many people by surprise. He had had no previous Federal job or appointment. For thirty-seven years he had been one of the minor angels and one of the stage managers of the Democratic party; as such he remained in the wings. He was born in Chicago. After graduating from Yale in 1893 he came to Stamford to work with a lawyer whom he admired. A year later he was a partner in the firm. He was a Republican but, in 1896, he was preaching "free silver" with Bryan. His conversion to the Democratic party he attributes to "spiritual growth." During the next thirty-five years he took part in all Democratic National Conventions; he was a member of the National Committee until 1925 and, for many years, its chairman. He was proposed as presidential candidate in 1920 and 1924.

He entered the Attorney-General's office with forty years' experience as a lawyer, as senior member of the largest law firm in his state. He had chosen to remain in Stamford because it gave him a chance to practice both in New England and in New York. He had become wealthy, but he had never done any lobbying and he had carefully avoided the tag, "Big Business Lawyer." He was proud that his firm had done all its practicing in the courts and not in the legislatures. For ten years he was State's Attorney—"Prosecuting Attorney,"— for his county, an honor which goes to its most distinguished attorney.

As Attorney-General he is the head of the Department of Justice, the largest law office in the world, with seven thousand employees. As part of its routine, it directs the work of the many United States District Attorneys and prosecutes all offenders against the Federal Laws, whether they be bankers concealing income tax returns, Tennessee mountaineers making moonshine, actresses caught smuggling by Customs officials, or kidnappers. The office has charge of all Federal prisons, it protects Indian wards from buying gold bricks, and it handles all Admiralty Law. It has charge of Mr. Capone. And it has its own investigating staff of two thousand.

In addition to supervising this work, the Attorney-General advises the president about the legality of his plans, and the Department defends any new legislation before the Supreme Court when necessary. The validity of the New Deal before the courts may depend on the strength of Cummings' defense.

After a few months in Washington Cummings found that his experience with practical crime, during the ten years in the State's Attorney's office in Stamford was the most valuable training for the Attorney-Generalship. During those ten years he furnished Connecticut with some of its best detective stories.

The Israel case is a legal classic:

On a February evening in 1924 a Catholic priest was passing one of the prominent street corners in Bridgeport. A young man came up to him, drew a revolver, and fired. The murderer ran up a side street. Later that evening the police picked up one Harold Israel, a subnormal individual who was just hanging around town. He was carrying an old revolver and admitted that he had been in the vicinity of the murder at the time the shot was fired. After a long examination, without any third degree, he confessed to the crime. Several people then identified him as a man seen near the street corner. A ballistics expert swore that the bullet from his gun was the mortal bullet.

Homer Cummings came into court, as State's Attorney, with his hundred percent case against Israel, built up by the police. Israel had no defense of any sort. Cummings quietly read the evidence for the prosecution, the confession, the identifications, and the expert's testimony. Abruptly the audience sensed a new tone in his voice. Quite as calmly he was proceeding to tear all of that evidence into the smallest of little pieces. He had become attorney for the defense. There was unpleasant murmuring in the court; the priest had been popular and Israel had confessed.

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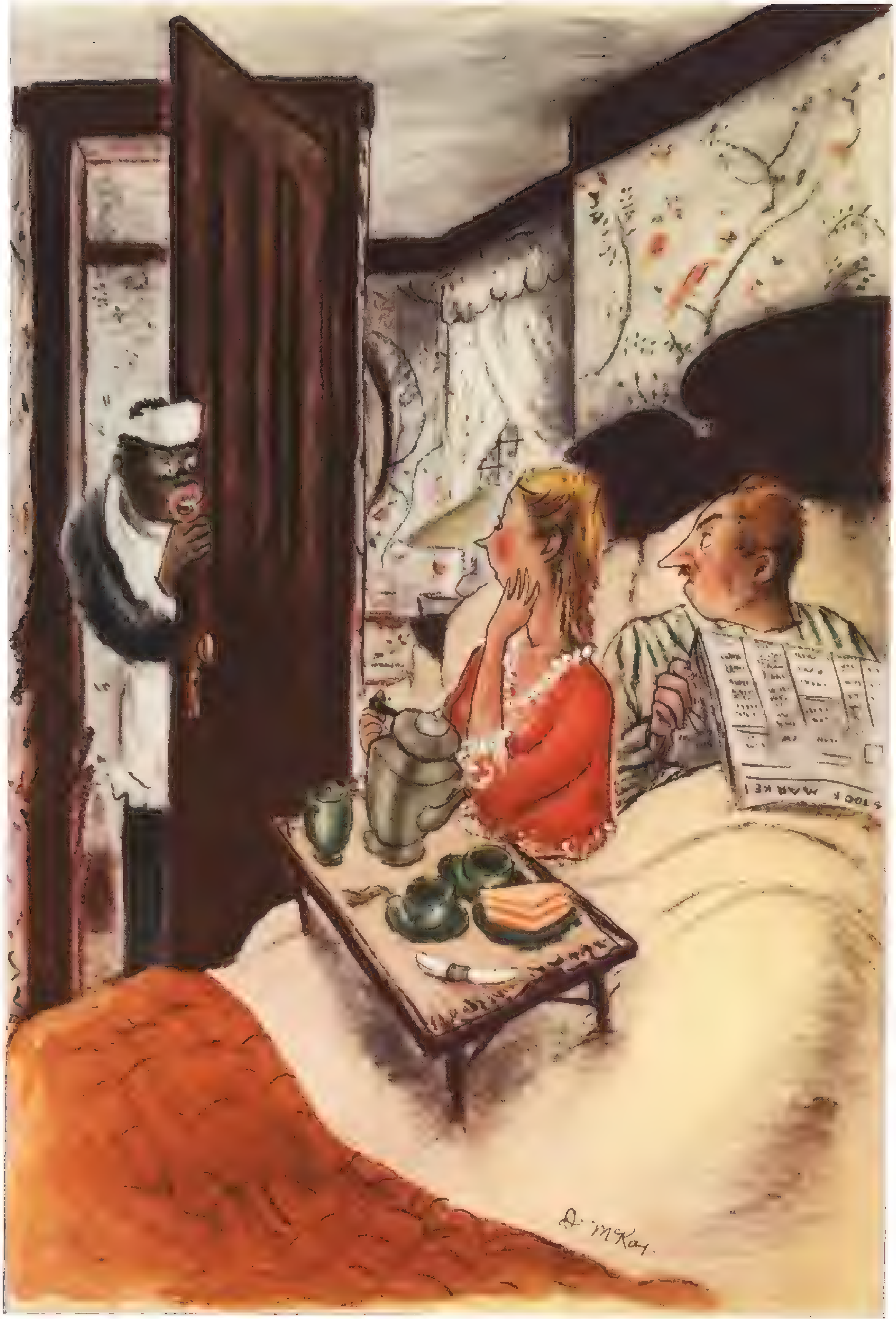
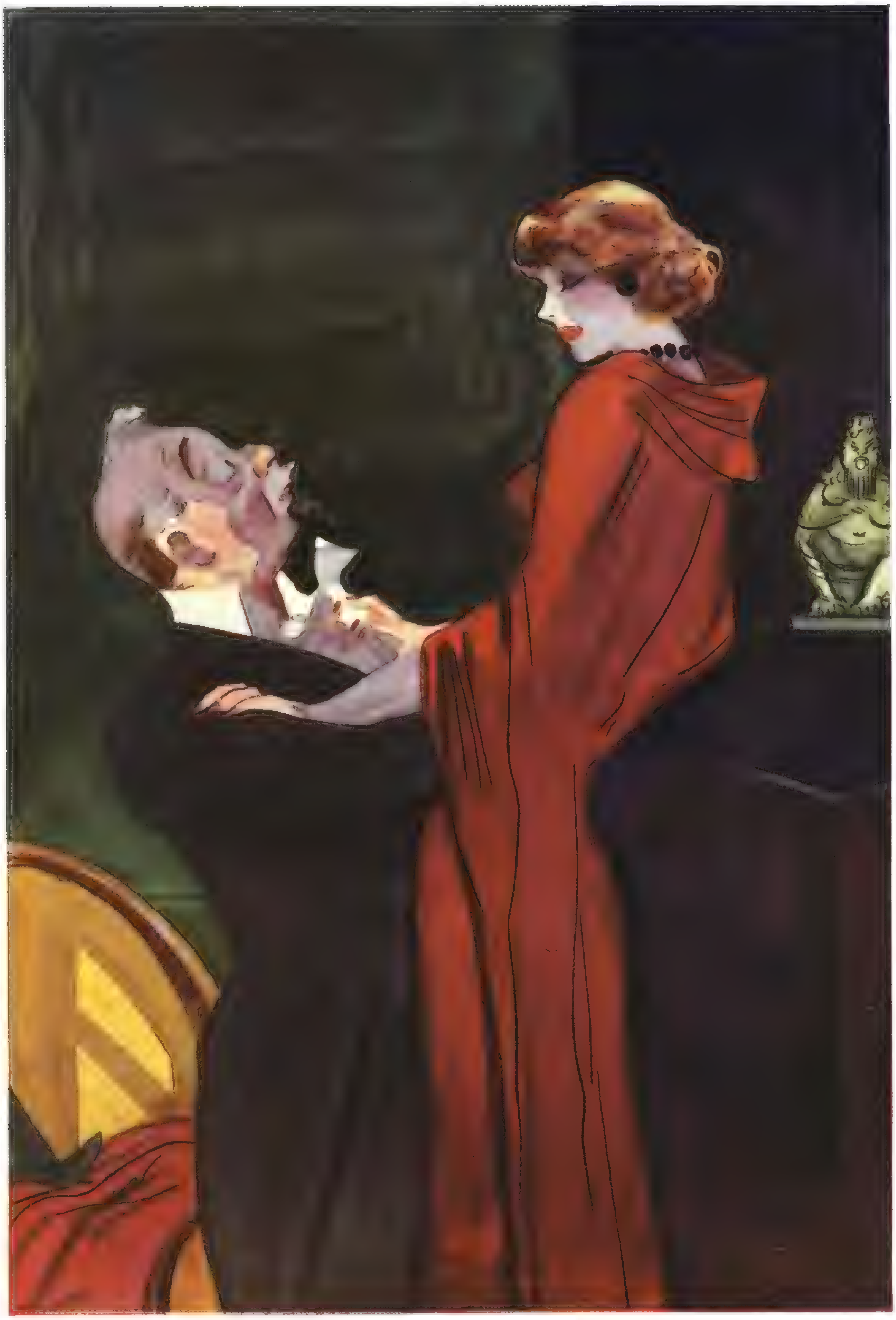

STOCK MARKET
D. McKay

"Yo' ex-husband wants to know, can he come get his shoe polish?"



"Oh, I know you'd try—but you'd never take the place of Mr. Dilberger or Mr. Schutzmann—or even Mr. Gribble"

Stabilized Baseball

About the new baseball that is one part science and sixteen parts rabbit

by HUGH FULLERTON

Baseball, having made desperate moves in the effort to speed recovery, starts the 1934 season in a condition of hopeful uncertainty which is shared by the fans of sixteen cities and with greater changes than in any year of the last thirty.

The club owners, having shuffled the aces, kings and jacks around until eleven of the sixteen clubs are almost unrecognizable, have given the fans a real New Deal. They have agreed to stabilize the ball at a ratio of one part science and sixteen parts rabbit, adjusted the fences, changed managers, and, for the first time, been able to adopt a schedule in which all clubs have a fair share of Sunday dates, due to the abandonment of the Blue laws of Pennsylvania, which for many years have handicapped Philadelphia and Pittsburgh teams.

Glancing over the cards scattered around by the New Deal among the B. B. N. R. A. a casual kibitzer observes that five National and at least four American league clubs hold openers or better, with Connie Mack, having discarded his high cards, drawing to a three card flush, and Cincinnati holding up an ace king and preparing to play them as a big pair.

The shifting of more than two dozen veteran players from club to club, the injection of a greater percentage of new blood into the ranks of the athletes and changes of management affecting seven clubs (if the coaches who have assisted managers are counted) three major changes in personnel of owners and the wholesale disposal of outworn veterans, all have contributed toward making the 1934 season the most uncertain of any in the last score of years. Yet these drastic changes count little compared with the long deferred decision of the Baseball Brain Trust to stabilize the ball.

The composition of the ball has been one of the serious problems of the sport and until the standardized ball is given a thorough trial in the actual season no one, not even the manufacturer, will know to what extent it will affect the fortunes of the different teams. It may make a pennant winner, change the effectiveness of dozens of pitchers, wreck the hopes of some teams and change the entire season.

The club owners reached the decision to stabilize the ball and their decision marks the first constructive move made in years, and must be followed, sooner or later, by the adoption of uniform laws governing the distances of fences and stands from the home plate and their height.

Monkeying with the ball by theorists has had a great effect, for good or bad, on almost every sport. Football found it necessary to check the attempts of teams possessing extraordinary kickers to introduce balls of greater carrying capacity, hockey was forced to standardize the puck, while tennis has been speeded up and made better by the accidental improvement of the ball. Baseball's experiments have been less fortunate, and, now that the Ruthian era is about ended, the patrons have grumbled over the free and unlimited coinage of home runs and against one-sided scores.

The ball's importance has been recognized ever since Uncle Abner Doubleday conceived the idea of transforming Two Hole Cat into a game of skill. The first code of rules adopted after baseball began to approach the status of a national obsession carefully specified not only the size and weight of the ball, but the materials and method of covering. Later, when Spalding and Reach established a practical monopoly on sporting materials, there was a difference. Players considered the Reach ball faster, although Spalding dictated the rules, through Jim Sullivan, and his name was on the covers of National league balls and Reach's name on Association balls. There is nothing in recorded history of official action changing the speed of balls used during that era. In the days when the National league and the American Association were rivals, however, there were periodic changes in the composition of the ball, in spite of the rules governing its construction. One year the Association used a ball of extreme liveliness. Scores mounted, hitting became free, averages boomed, while the National league continued to use the older type of ball and to claim its science and skill was superior because of lower and closer scores. The following year the National, without telling the public, changed to a livelier ball while the Association, weary of slugging matches, adopted a dead ball.

During those days players sometimes smuggled the livelier ball into games. Jimmy Ryan, then a Chicago star, secured a supply of Association balls and on several occasions, when his team was losing, he surreptitiously put the livelier ball into play with surprising results. Ryan later related this with much gusto.

When Spalding and Reach united the Reach factories took over the manufacture of the balls, and the Spalding plants devoted themselves to other sporting equipment. The ball then steadied down and was practically a standardized product, used by all leagues, maintaining the pleasant fiction that each ball was examined and certified by an official of each organization.

Years passed in which there was no question concerning the ball in use, except an occasional complaint of a flawed one. Then something happened. There is no evidence that the club owners, players, or officials considered changing the ball, but in 1910 it changed; when, by whose orders or for what reason we were not told. In fact the officials of baseball and the manufacturers protested that it was not changed in the slightest degree—and stuck to it. Even Mr. Julian Curtiss, head of Spalding's, an eminent and honest gentleman, assured me on his word of honor that the ball was not changed. I am convinced he thought he spoke the truth.

The first we heard of any change of the ball —"we" meaning the poor reporters—was in the first inning of the first game of the memorable World's championship series between the Philadelphia Athletics and the Chicago Cubs, then led by Frank Chance. In that inning a Philadelphia batter hit the ball down to Joe Tinker, playing short stop. Tinker picked up the ball and threw to Chance at first base. As the ball left his fingers he gave a cry as of surprise and followed the ball across the field, saying that something was wrong with it. He realized from the feel of the ball and the way it traveled, that it was different in some way from the ball he had been accustomed to handling. The umpires, appealed to, examined the ball carefully and found it acceptable, but through the entire game and the series the Chicago players, especially the pitchers, complained. After the first game balls used in play were brought to the hotel where we sawed them

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Little Angevine

Concluding the two-part story of sailors ashore which began in the April issue of Esquire

by WILLIAM McFEE

I

Leslie Leicester, looking for a job unloading the steamer Camotan at New Orleans, recognizes its steward, George Marshall, as his buddy of war days in Marseilles, and recalls having found a girl for Marshall at that time. The girl, Angevine, was on her way from her home in La Goulette to that of her "Aunt", Madam Ernestine, who runs a house in the Cannebière. For Leicester's offer to help her find the house, Angevine had been most grateful, shyly repeating "Oh, Monsieur." That was years ago, and now Lazy Leicester is down and out.

II

LAZY LEICESTER'S suspicion that the Brothers of St. Vincent and St. Paul wanted to be rid of him was correct. They did not like him. They were shrewd and humane. The tricks and lies of most human wastage were easily comprehended and forgiven by those heroic souls. But the cool impudent sarcasm of Leslie Leicester's attitude repelled them. He appeared to them, when they thought of him at all, as an incarnation of something very diabolical indeed. He made them uncomfortable with his smiling appeals for aid, his invincible polished sensuality of mind whenever he rose above a capital of five dollars, his habit of going off to Chinatown for two or three days of "the pipe," and coming back a horrible looking object, like an emaciated and dying devil, to be nursed into some sort of convalescence.

And suddenly he ceased to come at all. As he had few friends among the other floaters of the Levee they had no news of him. His thin smiling cynical features with the dark rings beneath the dark eyes became a memory at the hostel. Like so many more of their protégés, he had drifted away to fresh woods and pastures new. No word of thanks for their charity came out of the darkness of the world from him they had befriended, and they thought, no doubt, he had passed out beyond the Barrier Reef, bound for the last great port of all.

Not yet. Leslie Leicester, leaning over the gate of the cottage where Angevine Marshall lived in happy seclusion while her husband was on the sea, was still enjoying his life on earth. It was a very small cottage, far out in the parish of St. Anne, with a neat garden in front, and Mr. Leicester was halted temporarily by a young Chinaman opening the door and beginning to polish the brass bell-push and handle. Chinks were everywhere in the Crescent City, on the ships and in the stores, and gradually they were displacing the colored girls from the kitchens. Mr. Leicester, like so many white men who have plunged to the bottom of their own world, detested orientals, and he looked venomously at this one on principle. Ting Poo, boy of all work in the Marshall home, and a zealous young Christian if you did not rouse him, displayed no interest at all in the stranger at the gate. He polished and polished with strict attention to the corners, careful that he did not smear the cream enamel of the door. Ting Poo knew a floater when he saw him, even if he wore a collar and tie.

George Marshall, before the *Camotan* sailed, had salved his conscience by making Mr. Leicester a loan. The job on the ship had been refused. After all, steady work grows less attractive when you are reaching the lower levels. Mr. Leicester was reluctant to give up his visits to Chinatown. Mr. Marshall, since he was flush and ready to help an old friend, could lend him fifty dollars. That was the best he could do, Mr. Leicester supposed.

"It is," Marshall said, in a speakeasy on Iberville Street, "I'm married since I came back, you see."

"Yeah! You would. Well, to hell with women. Let's have one more. I'm on my way. See you when you come in again."

And it was only a few days later that Mr. Leicester, coming to the surface again from an opium heaven, began to piece things together, in his mind, and entering a drugstore, studied the telephone directory.

"Ah, yes," he said to himself, as he walked on up Canal Street. "I can now distinctly recall once more the name of that lovely young thing. Surely, *la belle Angevine.* And lo, they speak what they call French here and all! H-hm!" He walked on with more confidence. He had a fresh cheap suit, a shirt, collar and tie, a restored but quite modish fedora. The Chinks in that joint fixed his clothes while he was enjoying the pipe; they thought it poor business to have human wrecks leaving the premises. Nevertheless Ting Poo, whose father had been "boy" to the King of Chinatown in New Orleans, had already ticketed Mr. Leicester as a bum. He continued to polish and ignored that gentleman's soft whistle.

"What to do? What to do?" cooed Mr. Leicester, opening the gate and advancing. A bright shadow moved to and fro in the hallway; a girl's voice was singing softly as her arms swung athwart a mirror. Even the swank and effrontery of Mr. Leicester was halted for a moment by the exquisite innocence in that gentle sound. And then he went on and tapped, smiling.

"*Que faire?*" he trilled putting his head with the modish fedora in at the opening doorway. He was rewarded doubtless by the sudden pallor and silence of Angevine before him, backing away to the door leading out upon a pretty garden. "Ah there, my little one. And hast thou run also from Madam Ernestine? Oh Monsieur!"

As he mimicked her he hung his hat on the stand, looked approvingly in the glass at his own reflection and turned as though surprised she had not responded. He became stern.

"You never expected to see me, eh? Well, I give you the surprise. It is a present in return for the one I received when I discovered my old and dear friend, George Marshall, had been so basely deluded."

She never spoke, that girl with her hands flattened against the wall behind her, bereft of all belief in the goodness of God or in the ultimate justice of the world as she stared at the man smiling wanly before her, a man with the paleness of death, with bluish nostrils and dark eyes sunk in purple caverns. To her he was an incredible wraith from the dead past. She, who had stood in rapt wonder at the vastness of the sea, happy in learning of that vastness, because it was separating her from the places where she had known nothing save the beastliness and brutality of men and the hard cruelty of women, felt the life running from her veins as she saw this man before her in the holy precincts of her little domain, her refuge from the world.

"I say deluded!" he repeated sharply. "Who are you to marry a respectable man? Do you believe for a moment that if my friend knew the truth, he would have been such an imbecile. Eh? Oh Monsieur!" He looked around. "Thought you were fixed for life, eh? Snug as a bug in a rug, I'll be bound. Haven't you any shame at all? Washing dishes in an officer's house in La Goulette and you think yourself the equal of anybody in New Orleans now."

Still she stared at him in silence, as though in a trance of wonder at the incredible cruelty of fate.

"Deported is the least you may expect. Back to the Cannebière for you, if I say the word, my young lady. Do you understand. *If* I say the word."

At last she found her voice, thin and husky.

"What do you want, Monsieur? Please do not tell my husband. He—we—are happy here."

"Happiness is not everything. What of me, poor and alone? Think of that. I have to lodge with Chinamen because I am too poor, too honest, to stoop to cheating."

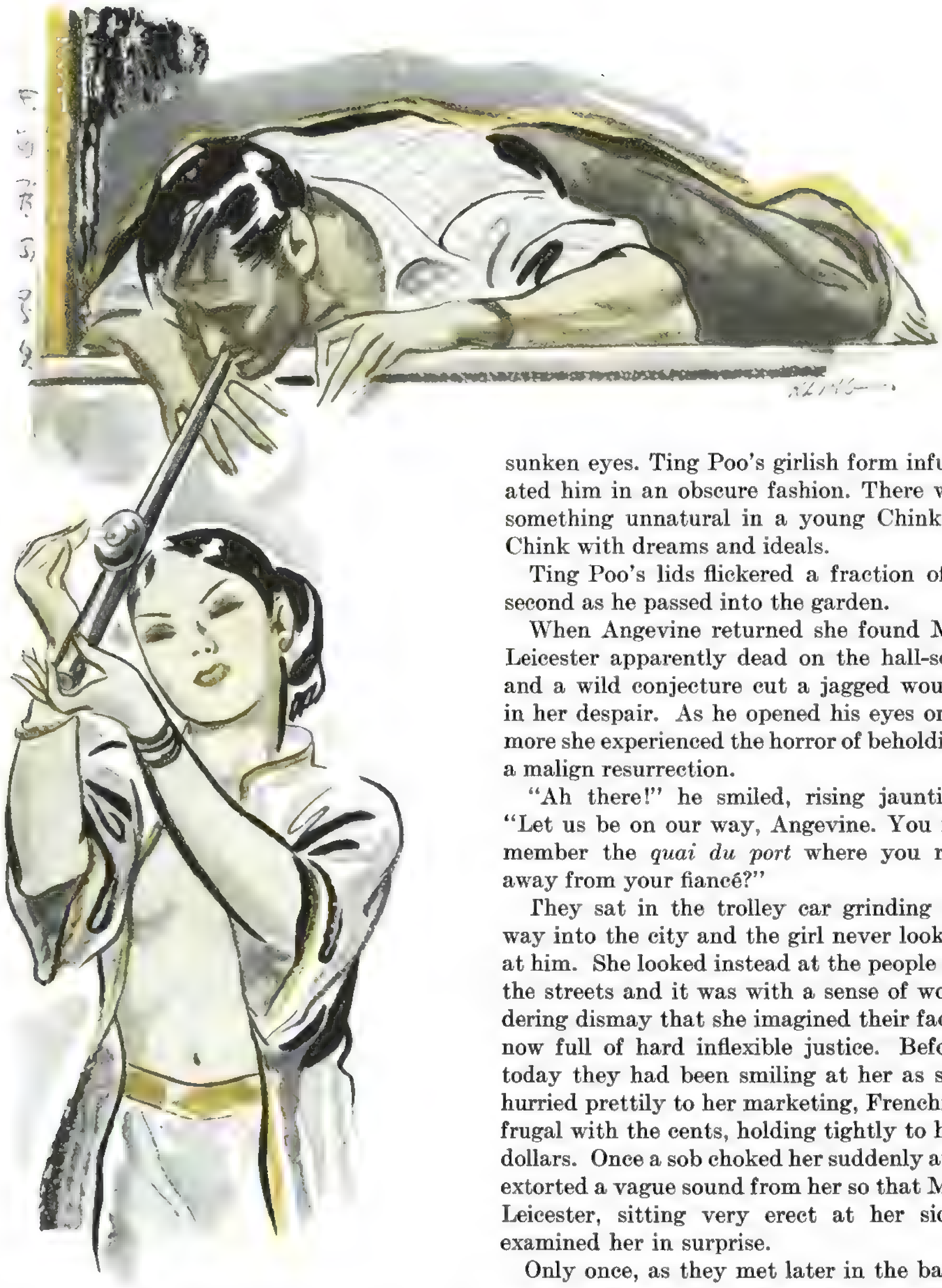
His smile gave him away, but Angevine had no thought of that. She was not sure where she stood, anyhow, in this America. She made a passionate gesture.

"How much, Monsieur, do you need? I have a little, a hundred dollars perhaps."

"That will do. Is it here?"

"No, Monsieur, it is in the bank."

"Get it, my angel. No checks. I will wait



here, but not too long, you understand. By the way, what bank?"

"The Iberian Trust, Monsieur."

She stood before him, tiny feet together, hands half closed at her bosom, her small pale face set to endure, not him, but the inscrutable decrees of destiny. He contemplated for a moment.

"On second thought, my Angevine, we can go into town together. I will show you a place where we may meet, after you have been to the—ah—Iberian Trust. That's on Dumaine Street, I recall."

"Yes, Monsieur."

While she was putting on her things Mr. Leicester debated with himself the risks and possibilities of the game he was playing. So far his bold assumption of her ignorance had succeeded. Now he had a small but adequate source of supplies. More than once he had lived on a woman; but such women! This was a refined association. In return for immunity from the just desserts of her past, this girl from La Goulette—a garrison town in Tunisia—would provide him with his modest needs. Ho-ho! Now for days of real sport in Musty Moo's back parlor, where the green gods grinned above the lacquered panels. His eyes were closed in contemplation of this scene when he heard a sound and opened them to behold Ting Poo at his elbow. A look of hate leapt to Mr. Leicester's sunken eyes. Ting Poo's girlish form infuriated him in an obscure fashion. There was something unnatural in a young Chink, a Chink with dreams and ideals.

Ting Poo's lids flickered a fraction of a second as he passed into the garden.

When Angevine returned she found Mr. Leicester apparently dead on the hall-seat and a wild conjecture cut a jagged wound in her despair. As he opened his eyes once more she experienced the horror of beholding a malign resurrection.

"Ah there!" he smiled, rising jauntily. "Let us be on our way, Angevine. You remember the *quai du port* where you ran away from your fiancé?"

They sat in the trolley car grinding its way into the city and the girl never looked at him. She looked instead at the people on the streets and it was with a sense of wondering dismay that she imagined their faces now full of hard inflexible justice. Before today they had been smiling at her as she hurried prettily to her marketing, Frenchily frugal with the cents, holding tightly to her dollars. Once a sob choked her suddenly and extorted a vague sound from her so that Mr. Leicester, sitting very erect at her side, examined her in surprise.

Only once, as they met later in the back room of a drug store far down on Alutamus Street, did she speak what was in her mind.

"I hope you are content, Monsieur?"

"For this time, my Angevine. You have been sensible, I admit." He stowed the bills in an inner pocket.

"There is one thing, Monsieur. I have repented. I have confessed to God . . ."

He eyed her with the smile the Brothers of St. Vincent and St. Paul had disliked.

"I have your address, you see. Good Children Street. What a charming name! Till we meet again, my golden chicken. Remember, I may always change my mind, and give the word."

Ting Poo, busy in the kitchen the next morning, was meditating on the changed atmosphere of the house. Missy Marshall had let him in as usual, but instead of her grey eyes being all crinkled up with laughter they had been red with much weeping. Under his Asiatic exterior Ting Poo was very fond of Missy. She now kept very much to herself and often he had found her sitting in the little garden lost in profound thought, from which she would emerge with a scared expression. But Ting Poo liked to work for her. When Mr. Marshall came home from his voyage, there never was such a cleaning up. Mr. Marshall was a steward on a ship. Ting Poo's cousins had been firemen on that ship, and they had reported to him in Chinatown that Mr. Marshall was a good steward; and made the storekeeper hand out full weight of rice and plenty chicken. Also Mr. Marshall, in a white coat and cap, would take charge and cook dinner at home. He had taught Missy all the tricks. After three or four days he would vanish again for a voyage on the *Camotan.*

Now what had happened? Ting Poo was bewildered in his mind. What had Missy to do with that pipe-bum who had taken her away into the city?

Ting Poo was no child in these matters. He had heard of Musty Moo's and the kind of man Mr. Leicester seemed to be. But Ting Poo meditated nevertheless, with a view to helping Missy.

He did not go about it as we should. First he recalled certain feuds in which his cousins were implicated and decided that these were not likely to be affected by Mr. Leicester. He was only a bum, a customer of Musty Moo's. Then Ting counted on his stick the days to the arrival of the *Camotan.* His cousins would be found at the Turquoise Kylin, which was known to the telephone directory as the Hotel George Washington, kept by Ting Poo's uncle for foreign seamen. In the course of his deliberations, Ting Poo passed over enormous stretches of human history. He reflected for several seconds upon the delicate beauty of Missy's freckled nose and the inexplicable sad sweetness of her voice as she sang about the house. He even gave heed to the fact that the postman never left any letters from far-away Europe for Angevine. From that apparently slight taking-off place his mind leapt nimbly to the wisdom of his ancestors, in which it is written that a bird fluttering in a fowler's net is an object of compassion if the fowler be a person of evil character.

Mr. Leicester, who had not seen a hundred dollars for a very long time, now experienced a remarkable unfolding of his higher nature. He got himself a new suit and took a lodging in the French Quarter, not far from the foot of Royal Street, with a bootlegger who had a decent little business out in the bayous. This person was often away for long periods of time and it was convenient to share a room with a man who gave the place an occupied look and who rented it in his own name.

But social life called for expense. The hundred dollars was soon gone. His thoughts turned wistfully toward the cottage out in St. Anne's. Could he try it again so soon? Suddenly a fear of George Marshall came over him. He could not be sure how the little rip would act. Suppose she told her husband everything and—he stuck to her? Men did it. Men were fools, and they did incredible things for women they loved. Show the woman up and they will stick to her, defend her, even attack the friend who tries to warn them. . . . Mr. Leicester made up his mind. He would get all he could now while she was scared and then promise to leave her alone forever. It was too risky to keep on with it. A thousand dollars. She could get it. He had seen the bankbook in their joint names . . . .

He telephoned this time, one afternoon as the February sunshine forced its way through the heavy ramparts of clouds and warned New Orleans that the short southern winter was nearly over. Angevine had become lethargic. She sat motionless while

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The Folks at Home

The story of what happens when an uppty nigger has forgotten his place in his old home town

by LANGSTON HUGHES

When the boy came back, there were bright stickers and tags in strange languages the home folks couldn't read all over his bags, and on his violin case. They were the marks of customs stations at faraway borders, big hotels in European cities, and steamers that crossed the ocean a long ways from Hopkinsville. They made the leather-colored bags and black violin case look very gay and circuslike. They made white people on the train wonder about the brown-skin young man to whom the baggage belonged. And when he got off at a village station in Missouri, the loafers gathered around in a crowd, staring.

Roy Williams had come home from abroad to visit his folks, his mother and sister and brothers who still remained in the old home town. Roy had been away seven or eight years, wandering the world. He came back very well dressed, but awfully thin. He wasn't well.

It was this illness that had made Roy come home, really. He had a feeling that he was going to die, and he wanted to see his mother again. This feeling about death had been coming over him gradually for two or three years now. It seemed to him that it must have started in Vienna, that gay but dying city in Central Europe where so many people were hungry, and yet some still had money to buy champagne and caviar and women in the night-clubs where Roy's orchestra played its southern syncopation.

But the glittering curtains of Roy's jazz were lined with death. It made him sick to see people fainting in the streets of Vienna from hunger, while others stuffed themselves with wine and food. And it made him sad to refuse the young white women trailing behind him when he came home from work late at night, offering their bodies for a little money to buy something to eat.

In Vienna Roy had a room to himself because he wanted to study and keep up his music. He studied under one of the best violin teachers. But it was hard to keep beautiful and hungry women out of his place, who wanted to give themselves to a man who had a job, because in turn the man might let them sleep in his room, or toss them a few bills to take home to their starving parents.

"Folks catch hell in Europe," Roy thought. "I never saw people as hungry as this, not even Negroes at home."

But it was even worse when the orchestra moved back to Berlin. Behind the apparent solidity of that great city, back of doors where tourists never passed, hunger and pain were beyond understanding. And the police were beating people who protested, or stole, or begged. Yet in the cabaret where Roy played, crowds of folks still spent good gold. They laughed and danced every night and didn't give a damn about the children sleeping in doorways outside, or the men who built houses of packing boxes, or the women who walked the streets to pick up trade.

It was in Berlin that the sadness weighed most heavily on Roy. And it was there that he began to cough. One night in Prague, he had a hemorrhage. When he got to Paris, his girl friend took care of him, and he got better. But he had all the time, from then on, that feeling that he was going to die. The cough stayed, and the sadness. So he came home to see his mother.

He landed in New York on the day that Hoover drove the veterans out of Washington. He stayed a couple of days in Harlem. Most of his old friends there, musicians and actors, were hungry and out of work. When they saw Roy dressed so well, they asked him for money. And at night women whispered in the streets, "Come here baby! I want to see you, darlin'."

"Rotten everywhere," Roy thought. "I want to go home."

That last night in Harlem, he couldn't sleep. He thought of his mother. In the morning he sent her a telegram that he was on his way.

2.

"An uppty nigger," said the white loafers when they saw him standing, slim and elegant, on the station platform in the September sunlight, surrounded by his bags with the bright stickers. Roy had gotten off a Pullman—something unusual for a Negro in those parts.

"God damn!" said the white loafers.

Suddenly a nasal voice broke out, "Well, I'll be dogged if it ain't Roy Williams!"

Roy recognized an old playmate, Charlie Mumford, from across the alley—a tall rednecked white boy in overalls. He took off his glove and held out his hand. The white man took it, but he didn't shake it long. Roy had forgotten he wasn't in Europe, wearing gloves and shaking hands glibly with a white man! God damn!

"Where you been, boy?" the white fellow asked.

"Paris," said Roy.

"What'd yuh come back for?" a half-southern voice drawled from the edge of a baggage truck.

"I wanted to come home," Roy said, "to see my mother."

"I hope she's gladder to see yuh than we are," another white voice drawled.

Roy picked up his bags, since there were no porters, and carried them toward a rusty old Ford that seemed to be a taxi. He felt dizzy and weak. The smoke and dust of travel had made him cough a lot. The eyes of the white men about the station were not kind. He heard someone mutter, "Nigger." His skin burned. For the first time in half a dozen years he felt his color. He was home.

3.

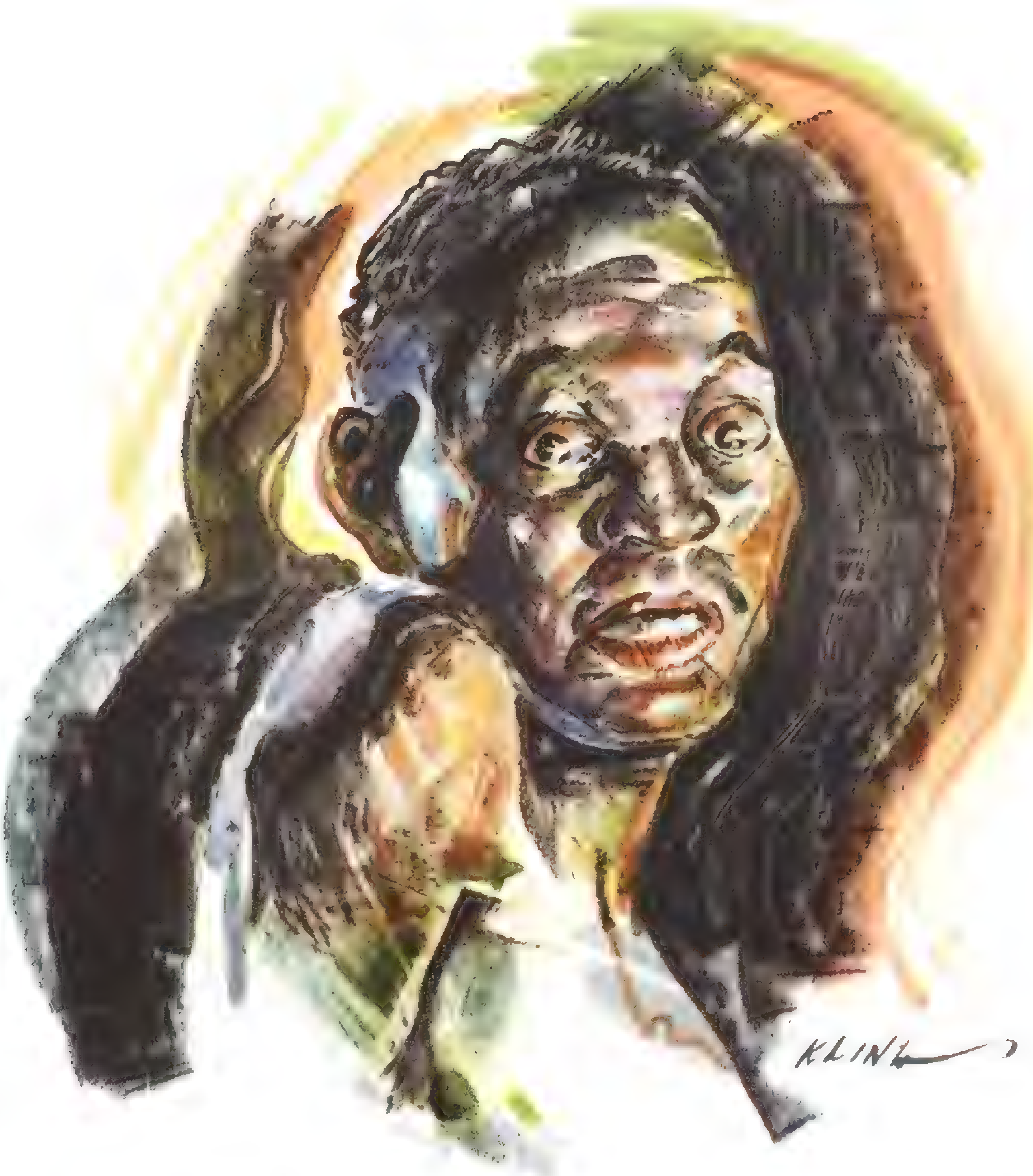
Sing a song of Dixie, cotton bursting in the sun, shade of chinaberry trees, persimmons after frost has fallen. Hounds treeing possums in October nights. O, sweet potatoes, hot, with butter in their yellow hearts.

"Son, I'm glad you's done come home. What can Ma cook for you? I know you's hungry for some real food. Corn bread and greens and salt pork. Lawd! . . . You's got some mighty nice clothes, honey, but you looks right thin . . . Chile, I hope you's gonna stay home awhile . . . These colored girls here'll go crazy about you. They fightin' over you already . . . Honey, when you plays that there violin o' your'n it makes me weak, it's so purty . . . Play yo' violin, boy! God's done give you a gift! Yes, indeedy! . . . It's funny how all these Hopkinsville white folks is heard about you already. De woman where yo' sister works say she read some place 'bout that orchestry you was playin' with in Paris. She says fo' Sister to bring you up to de house to play fo' her sometime. I told Sister, no indeedy, you don't go around playin' at nobody's house. Told her to tell that white woman de Deacon's Board's arrangin' a concert at de church fo' you where everybody can come and pay 25c to de glory of God and hear you play. Ain't that right, son? You gwine play fo' de Lawd here in Hopkinsville. You been playin' fo' de devil every night all over Europy . . . Jesus have mercy! Lemme go and get ma' washin' out! And whiles you's practicin', I'm gonna make you a pumpkin pie dis afternoon. I can see yo' mouth a-waterin' now . . . Honey, Ma's sho glad you's done come home . . . Play yo' violin, boy!"

4.

Caprice Viennois
Air for G String
Sonata in A
Ave Maria
The Gypsy Dances

What little house anywhere was ever big enough to hold Brahms and Beethoven, Bach and Cesar Franck? Certainly not Sister Sarah Williams' house in Hopkinsville. When Roy played, ill as he was, the



notes went bursting out the windows and the colored folks and white folks in the street heard them. The classic Mr. Brahms coming out of a nigger's house in the southern end of Missouri. O, my God! Play yo' violin, Roy! Tonight's your concert.

The Deacons and the Ladies' Aid sold a lot of tickets to the white folks they worked for. Roy's homecoming concert at Shiloh Church was a financial success. The front rows were 50c and filled with white folks. The rest of the seats were a quarter and filled with Negroes. Methodist and Baptist both came, forgetting churchly rivalry. And there were lots of colored girls with powdered bonbon faces—sweet black and brown and yellow girls with red mouths pointed at Roy. There was lots of bustle and perfume and smothered giggling and whispered talk as the drab little church filled. New shoes screeched up and down the aisles. People applauded because it was past the hour, but the concert started colored folks' time anyhow—late. The church was crowded.

5.

Hello, Mr. Brahms on a violin from Vienna at a colored church in Hopkinsville, Missouri. The slender brown-skin hands of a sick young man making you sing for an audience of poor white folks and even poorer Negroes. Good evenin', Mr. Brahms, a long ways from home, travellin' in answer to your dream, singin' across the world. I had a dream, too, Mr. Brahms, a big dream that can't come true, now. Dream of a great stage in a huge hall, like Carnegie Hall or the Salle Gaveau. And you, Mr. Brahms, singin' out into the darkness, singin' so strong and true that a thousand people look up at us like they do at Roland Hayes singing the Crucifixion. Jesus, I dreamed like that once before I got sick and had to come home.

And here I am giving my first concert in America for my mother and the Deacons of Shiloh Church and the quarters and fifty cent pieces they've collected from Brahms and me for the glory of God. This ain't Carnegie Hall. I've only come home . . . But they're looking at me. They're all looking at me. The white folks in the front rows and the Negroes in the back. Like one pair of eyes looking at me.

This, my friends . . . I should say, *Ladies and Gentlemen.* (There are white folks in the audience who are not my friends) . . . This is the *Meditation from Thais* by Massenet . . . This is the broken heart of a dream come true not true. This is music, and me, sitting on the door step of the world needing you . . . O, body of life and love with black hands and brown limbs and white breasts and a golden face with lips like a violin bowed for singing . . . Steady, Roy! It's hot in this crowded church, and you're sick as hell . . . This, the dream and the dreamer, wandering in the desert from Hopkinsville to Vienna in love with a streetwalker called Music . . . Listen, you bitch, I want you to be beautiful as the moon in the night on the edge of the Missouri hills. I'll make you beautiful . . . The *Meditation from Thais* . . . You remember, Ma, (even to hear me play, you've got your seat in the amen corner tonight like on Sunday mornings when you come to talk to God) you remember that Kriesler record we had on the phonograph with the big horn when I was a kid? Nobody liked it but me, but you didn't care how many times I played it, over and over . . . Where'd you get that violin? Half the time you didn't have the money to pay old man Miller for my lesson every week . . . God rest his unpaid soul, as the Catholics say . . . Why did you cry, Ma, when I went away with the minstrel show, playing coon songs through the South instead of hymns? What did you cry for, Ma, when I wrote you I had a job with a night-club jazz band on State Street in Chicago? . . . Why did you pray all night when I told you we had a contract to go to Berlin and work in a cabaret there? I tried to explain to you that the best violin teachers in the world were in Berlin and that I'd come back playing like that Kreisler record on the old victrola . . . And didn't I send you money home? . . . Spray like sand in the eyes . . . O, dream on the door-step of the world! Thais! Thais! . . . You sure don't look like Thais, you scrawny white woman in a cheap coat and red hat staring up at me from the first row. You don't look

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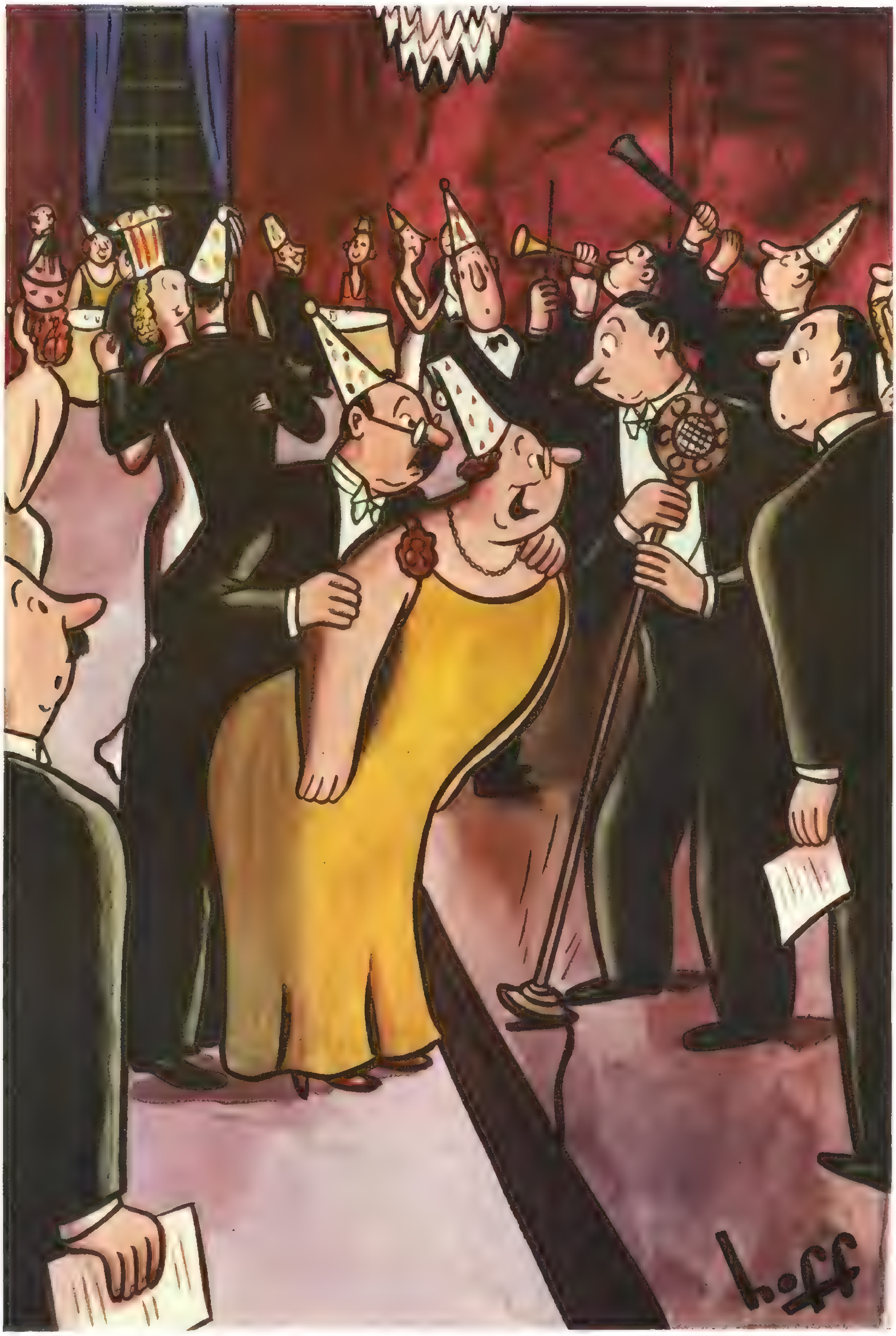


"Hello everybody, this is Bella. Mrs. Bella Berkowitz broadcasting"

A Note on Mr. Sherlock Holmes

A speculation, for students of the whole art of detection, on the whereabouts of their idol

by VINCENT STARRETT

As man to man, now, just what sort of murder do you particularly adore? I mean, of course, in a book. What is your secret passion in the way of fictive corpses? A nameless body with a jeweled dagger still quivering in the flesh? A bullet-slain card expert, clutching the jack of hearts in his lifeless palm? A hideous gargoyle swaying beneath a blackened rafter? Or do you fancy a still, cold form about the pale lips of which the transcendent fathomer detects the odor of bitter almonds?

And, in the matter of fathomers: will you have a hulking bully from Detective Headquarters, with a gob of plug tobacco in his cheek? Or a lean scientist with high-domed brow speaking a jargon of the higher mathematics and solving his mysteries from the comfortable security of a library? Or a dull inspector from the Yard, earnestly pursuing his door-to-door investigations in the stodgy precincts of an English village? Or a cheeky amateur of unbelievable intuition, with a passion for tea and sausages; spouting tags of casual erudition from the Latin classics? Or an amiable dilettante with mismated eyes? Or a blind polyglot, retired? Or a gentleman of the press? Or Father Brown?

Thank you! I will myself take Mr. Sherlock Holmes of Baker Street. In fact, I will gladly take him—in two handsome omnibus volumes—to a desert island, and do without the Bible, the Iliad, and Shakespeare.

This is, no doubt, because I am an unrepentant hangover from the nineteenth century. Yet I have wondered whether the youngsters of the centuries to come may not learn more of interest about the nineteenth century, in England, from Conan Doyle and Watson than from the soberer text-books of historians and economists. For the fact is that Mr. Sherlock Holmes stands out more commandingly in his time than do the statesmen and warriors in the echo of whose steps he trod the London streets. He is more a part of that metropolis, at the century's end, than all the members of the House of Lords. More a reality than Chamberlain and Oscar Wilde. More real, in point of fact, than his literary progenitor; an ironic enough paradox. For what, as Mr. T. S. Eliot once pertinently asked, "has that eminent spiritualist, of whom we read in the Sunday papers, to do with Sherlock Holmes?"

In time there may come a day when research students shall prove that Kitchener never lived; on that day, I think, a grateful nation will be polishing the tablet on a door in Baker Street, marking the certain dwelling place of Holmes and Watson. Already, at the Lyons Prefecture, there is a salon named for the imperishable sleuth; and at Constantinople, during 1920, according to a correspondent of the London *Times*, the Turks were certain that "Sherlock Holmes, the great English detective," was at work behind the scenes.

Sherlock Holmes was born, in all probability, in 1854; thus he is today (1934) in his eightieth year—retired from practice, as is well known, and ostensibly keeping bees upon the Sussex Downs. The place is a small farm, five miles from Eastbourne. A hale and hearty old man, we may be sure, surrounded by his books, his bees, his memories, and a great deal of tobacco smoke. Of direct tidings there have been none since 1917, in which year Watson reported him as "still alive and well, though somewhat crippled by occasional attacks of rheumatism." By this time, possibly, he is hobbling on a stick, but making excellent progress, for all that. But there can be little doubt about his principal occupation. In the intervals of philosophy and agriculture, books and bees, he is putting the finishing touches to his magnum opus, a work to which he proposed to devote his declining years. *The Whole Art of Detection* it was to be called—a text-book which was to focus that whole art "into a single volume." He mentioned it to Watson one cold morning in the winter of 1897, and there is no reason to suppose that he gave over the idea. One waits its advent with impatience.

Of his childhood there is no record whatever; which is a pity, for he must have been an unusual child. Certainly his observational genius did not come suddenly in later years. One suspects his parents were a bit afraid of him. A single anecdote of the precocious youth during these formative years would be of the highest value to biographers; but the record is blank. We do not even know the names of his father and mother, save that presumably the father's name was Holmes. Since there was an elder brother, Mycroft—whose powers were even greater than those of Sherlock—I have myself indulged the fancy that conceivably the mother's family name was given to the elder son; and it is of record that a grandmother was a sister of Vernet, the artist. But even Watson had no knowledge of the detective's parents.

He matriculated at the University—Oxford, as I believe—in 1873, and although not a sociable fellow, on the whole, was definitely a marked and remarkable student. His line of study was "quite distinct from that of the other fellows," and he confessed to Watson that there had been "a good deal of talk" about him and his methods. It would be interesting to know what startling piece of observation and deduction first arrested the attention of his fellow students. Perhaps the recovery of a dog—lost, strayed or stolen from the Head Master's quarters; or some ruinous revelation concerning an unpopular instructor. But this too is only idle speculation. There is no evidence in all the works of Watson, and his amanuensis Conan Doyle has been similarly reticent. In athletics, we are told, his tastes ran strongly to boxing and fencing, in the first of which, at least, he became amazingly proficient.

It is conceivable, although not certain, that he finished his university career at Cambridge; the point has been argued with much plausibility by Mr. Elmer Davis. Late in 1877, at any rate, he came up to London and engaged a set of rooms in Montague Street, just around the corner from the British Museum. From these—desultorily—he emerged to take a hand in criminal investigations.

It was not until the year 1881 that he fell in with Watson, the retired military surgeon, and took a suite with him in Upper Baker Street.

Throughout the Montague Street tenancy he had been pursuing his curious chemical researches in the laboratory at St. Bart's, and he was still puttering there when Watson entered his life. Curious indeed, the doctor thought, were some of his new friend's practices—in particular such singular pastimes as the beating of a corpse with a stick to verify his conclusions as to post mortem bruises. As for his visitors, Watson was convinced that he knew all the disreputable characters in London. But the good doctor became accustomed to it all, in time. The partnership was a success. It lives in history with the inevitability of such relationships as bread and butter, cakes and ale; perhaps even black and blue.

The first public record of the collaboration

Continued on page 96

The Kentucky Derby

All about the annual event at Louisville, practical if you're going, interesting if you aren't

by CHARLES B. PARMER

May I make a suggestion? It is the *derby*; not darby. Take it on Lord Derby's word. While a guest at the Kentucky classic several years ago, a meticulous escort asked:

"Which, sir, shall we say: derby or darby?"

At that moment a hardboots trainer struck by the moon, shambled by and informed the world:

"Yes-sir-ree! It'll be a great *derby* today."

A twinkle coming into his eyes, the nobleman answered:

"The people of a section pronounce rightly the names of their institutions. In England it is the Epsom Darby; in Kentucky, *derby.*"

So you are going to the derby this year? You and sixty thousand others, to witness the Circus Maximus of American sporting life. If time permits, I'd suggest you drive through the Bluegrass a week in advance; get the fulsome flavor of the section; where nothing save pedigrees and past performances are talked for a fortnight, before the barrier springs at Churchill Downs.

Last year we stopped at a roadside chapel the Sunday preceding the event. Being strangers, we were given a front pew. A dear old divine was reading the first lesson: "And Nabo begat Nebo—" his voice droned the ancient genealogy. Suddenly he stopped. Glancing over his rimless specs, he remarked sotto voce to us:

"Reads like the stud book, doesn't it?"

Of course you will make your hotel reservations a month in advance; unless you are staying with friends, or being put up at the Pendennis Club. Louisville tries to bed-down all its guests; but unannounced arrivals always find the billiard tables hard.

Drive slowly into the City after dusk, Derby eve. Come in from the South. Tool down Central Avenue. Yes, that is the Downs, where already the lights are beginning to flicker out. The last workout has been held; every Derby candidate is stalled for the night. The Downs would sleep; but it is fitful slumber. Tomorrow a score of owners will try to win the greatest three-year-old race in America. Some of these owners have been trying for years—others are sending their colors out for the first time.

Tomorrow, shortly after four o'clock, the entries march and counter-march by the stands. Two minutes and a few seconds after the barrier springs one will catch the judges' eyes first: he or she becomes a turf immortal—the rest are forgot. But the winner's value increases a thousand-fold in those few moments. A horse that can win the Derby May fifth is worth a small fortune any day—though he may have sold for only a few hundred a year ago.

Who wins tomorrow? There's Mata Hari, the crack filly of '33. (Incidentally, she won a two-year-old race at the Downs last Derby Day.) Mrs. Payne Whitney's First Minstrel, winner of the Sanford Memorial at Saratoga; Red Wagon, that captured the United States Hotel Stakes at the Spa in August; George D. Widener's Chickstraw; Singing Wood, winner of the Futurity, and Alex Gordon's Sir Thomas, beaten only a head in that race. And of course the entries of Col. E. R. Bradley—Bradley, Kentucky's first colonel, who has won the classic four times; who took it last year with Broker's Tip. All Kentucky will bet on a Bradley entry, even though it be only a spavined jackass. (The newspapers term this race the clash of East and West; don't you believe it, suh! It's the Rebel South against the Damnyankee North; and old Kaintuck stands by the Cun'nul.)

Sorry; I can't suggest a probable winner. If I knew the winner, I'd never have to write another story! But your newspaper, and ten thousand tipsters will give you advice "right from the feed-box." I'd suggest going slow on tips. But if you wish a few facts—

In the fifty-nine previous Derbies, twenty-eight post-time favorites have won; and only one imported horse: Omar Khayyam. Forty-nine colts have been first; eight geldings; but only one filly, the Whitney-owned Regret. Only two maidens have taken it (horses which never won a race before); the first was Sir Barton, who also won the Preakness the next week at Pimlico; the second, Bradley's Broker's Tip. And Broker's Tip ran last in the Preakness.

The longest-priced winner was T. P. Hayes' Donerail, which won in 1913. (Yes, the same Hayes who handled Head Play for Mrs. Silas B. Mason: second in last year's Derby, and then winner of the Preakness.) A two-dollar mutuel ticket on Donerail paid $184.90 to win, $41.20 to place, and $13.20 to show.

The shortest price was one to three, established by The Great Hindoo in 1881; and likewise paid by Halma in 1895, and by Agile in 1905. Only three horses went to the post in 1899 when Manuel won at eleven to twenty; and only three ran when Agile won. But old Reigh Count, Mrs. Ralph D. Hertz' champion, had to lick the largest field of all—twenty-one other starters—he took the race in 1928. And did he splash mud on them!

The Derby record was set by Twenty Grand in 1931 when he finished the mile and a quarter course in 2:01 4-5. Last year the time was—but we shan't mention it. It was disgraceful; trotting horse time.

These facts mean only one thing: the Derby is an open race. Any candidate I've named—if in condition—may win it. And there are half a hundred others nominated, any one of which can get under the wire first.

You may look for an upset this year; for there was no outstanding two-year-old last season. For all you or I know, some trainer may have spent the winter months at an obscure track, conditioning an unknown colt or filly. And the day before the Derby, if it's a big field, he may walk into the Secretary's office, put down his $500 starting fee, and take a chance. The bigger the field, the better the chance for an outsider; for those Downs turns are sharp, and anything can happen in a mile and a quarter contest.

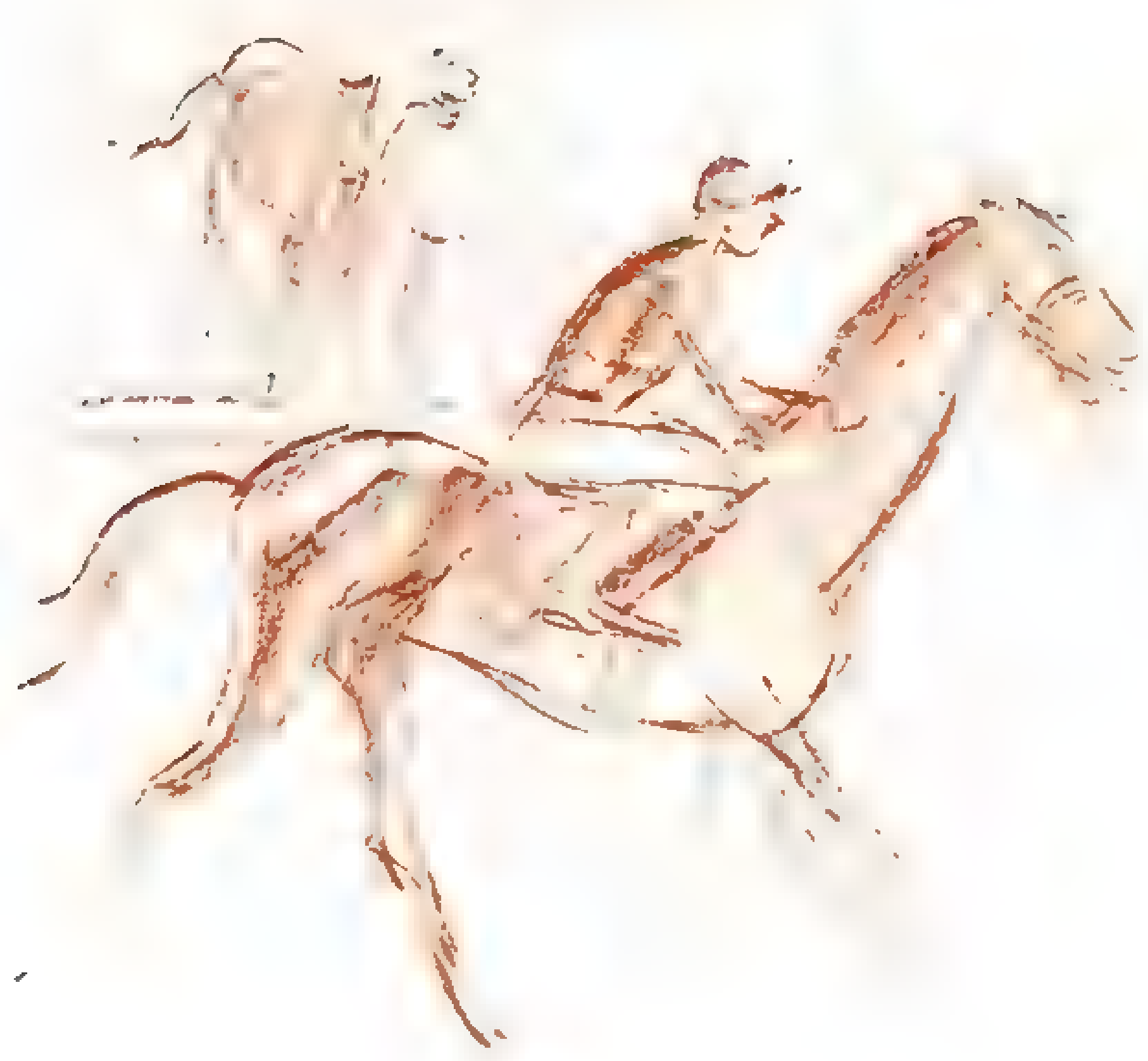
You will discuss these facts the night before the race, over tall glasses in the Pendennis Club, say; or maybe the grill of the Brown Hotel. And after a Bromo next morning, you start for the track. Leave your car in the garage; parking space by the Downs is so limited that—well, last year some of us did not get out until after midnight. So take a taxi.

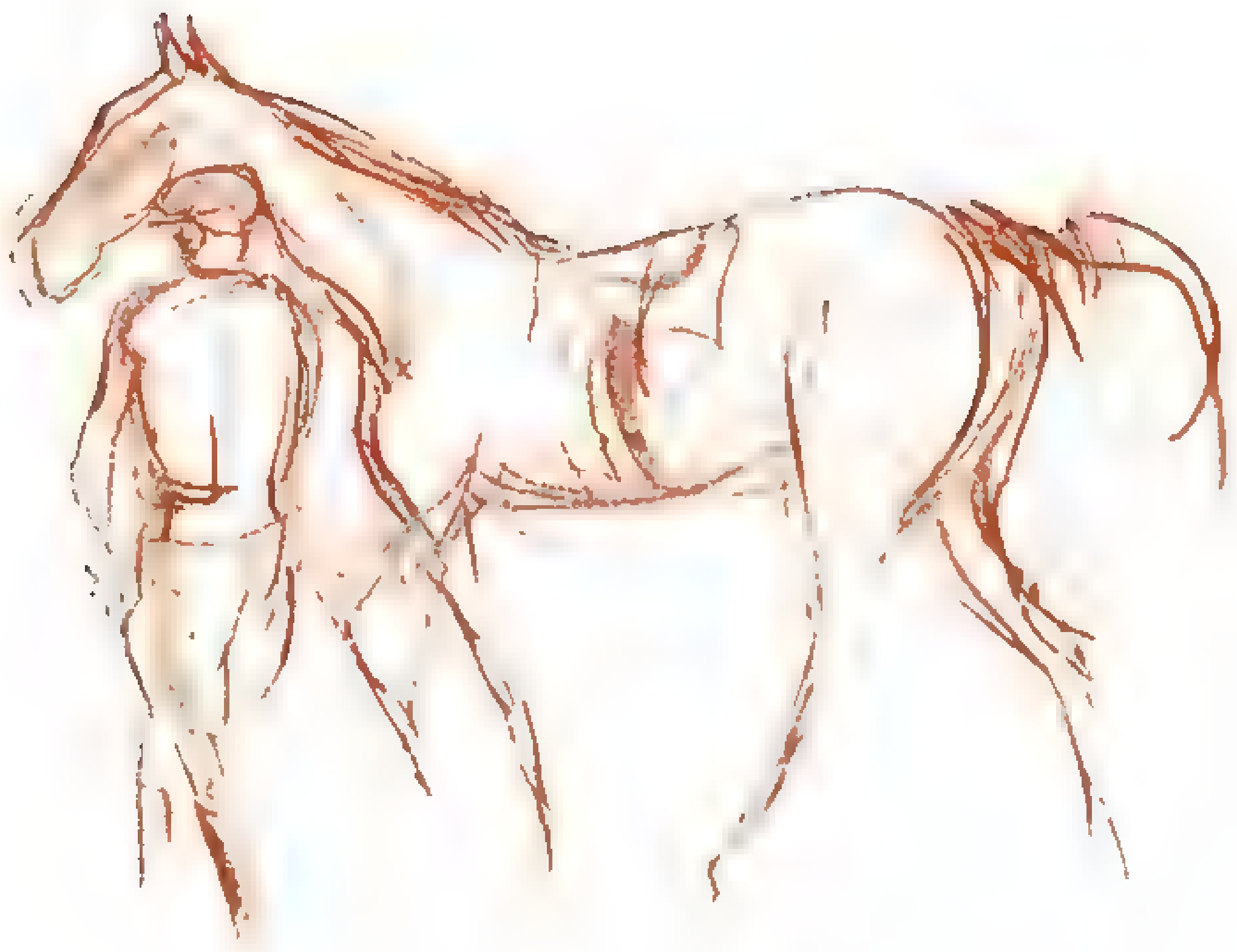
When you step to the curb you note that overnight Louisville has changed: it is New York at New Year's eve, New Orleans of Mardi Gras time, Chicago world fair days—all in one. For the twenty-four hours visitors from the earth's four corners have been rolling in: steamships have rushed last-minute arrivals from Europe; motor busses have pulled in from the North, the East, the South, jammed with Derby visitors; hardboots men have come from the Kentucky hills in wagons; great packets have side-wheeled down the Ohio with human freight; special trains are debouching more visitors; airplanes are soaring overhead—great tri-motored passenger liners. And motor cars by the hundreds are still pouring in, the drivers shouting, "Which way to Churchill Downs?"

A thousand stores carry signs, "for the derby!" half a thousand newsboys are shouting, "last minute Derby scratches!" As you step into your cab a collarless man shoves an envelope at you—one of a hundred sidewalk tipsters—"Long Shot Riley's Selections—twenty-five cents for the winner—and a long shot!" You wonder—as your cab rolls off—why he hasn't profited enough by his long shots to buy a collar and shave.

Your taxi rolls down Fourth Street. A police siren sounds, and your driver swerves to the curb as a motorcade sweeps by. Perhaps it is the Governor of a friendly state, a United States Senator, or a Cabinet officer. Last year Postmaster-general Farley did the honors in presenting the cup to the winner. Maybe it will be President Roosevelt this year. Who knows?

Continued on page 115

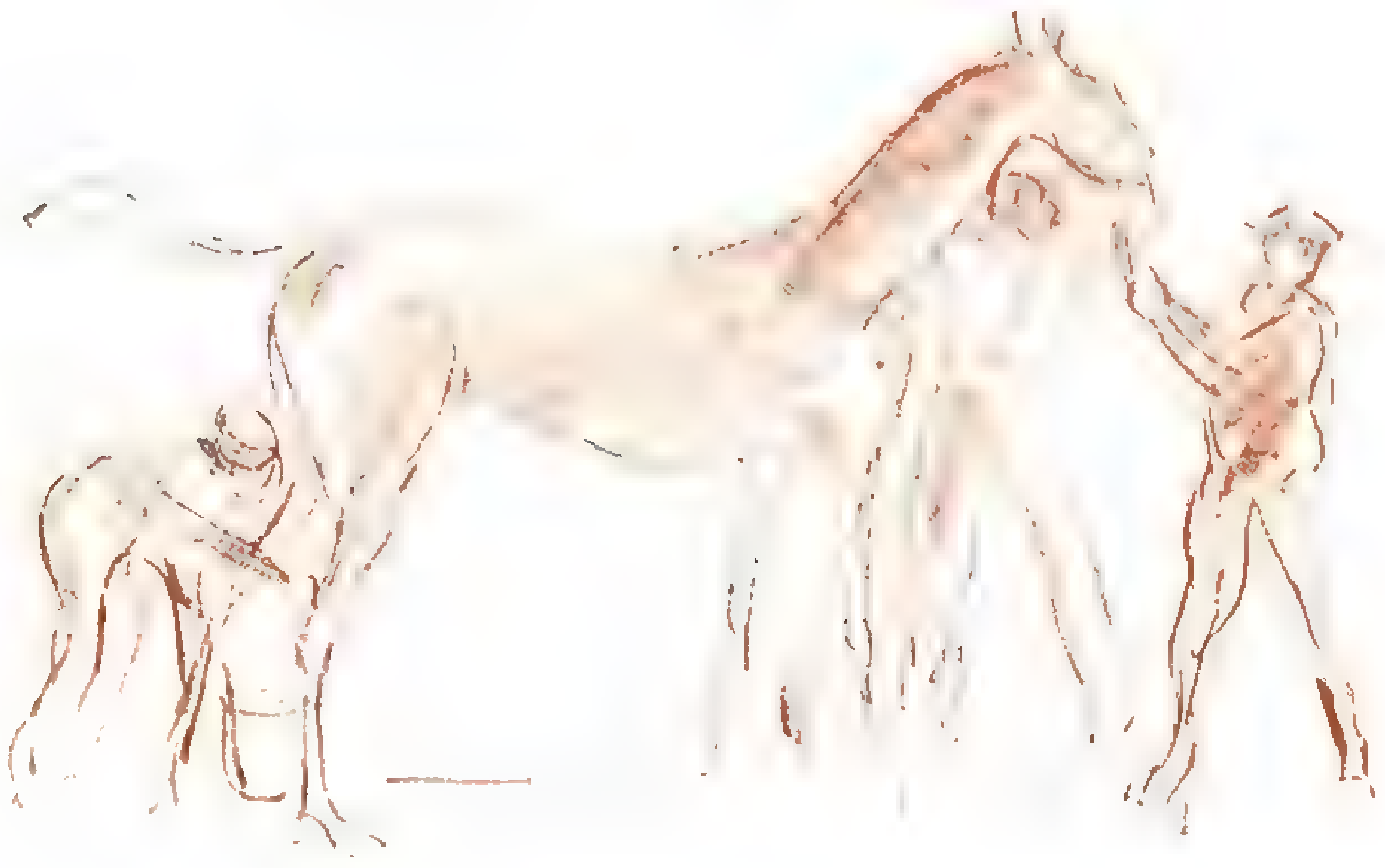


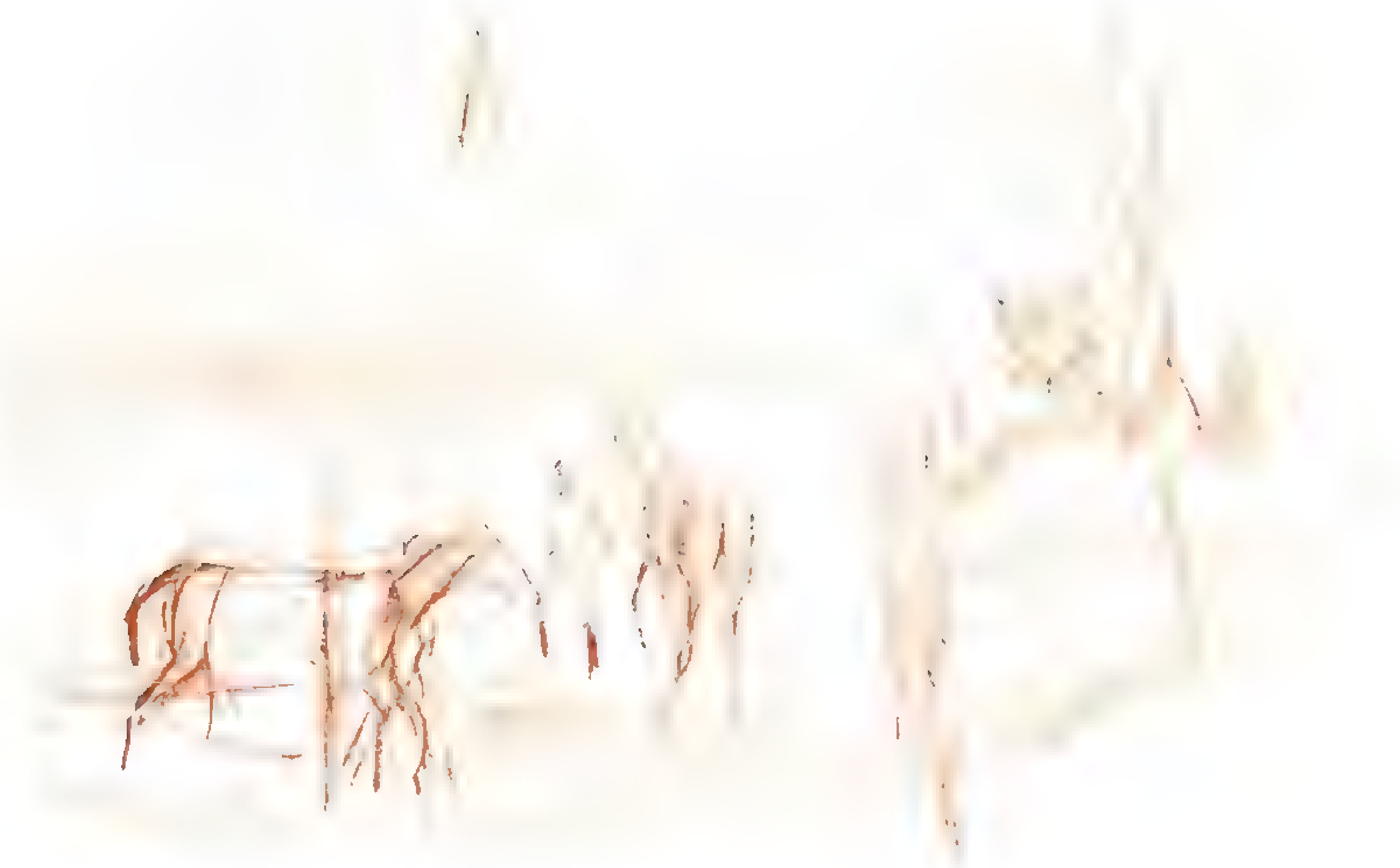


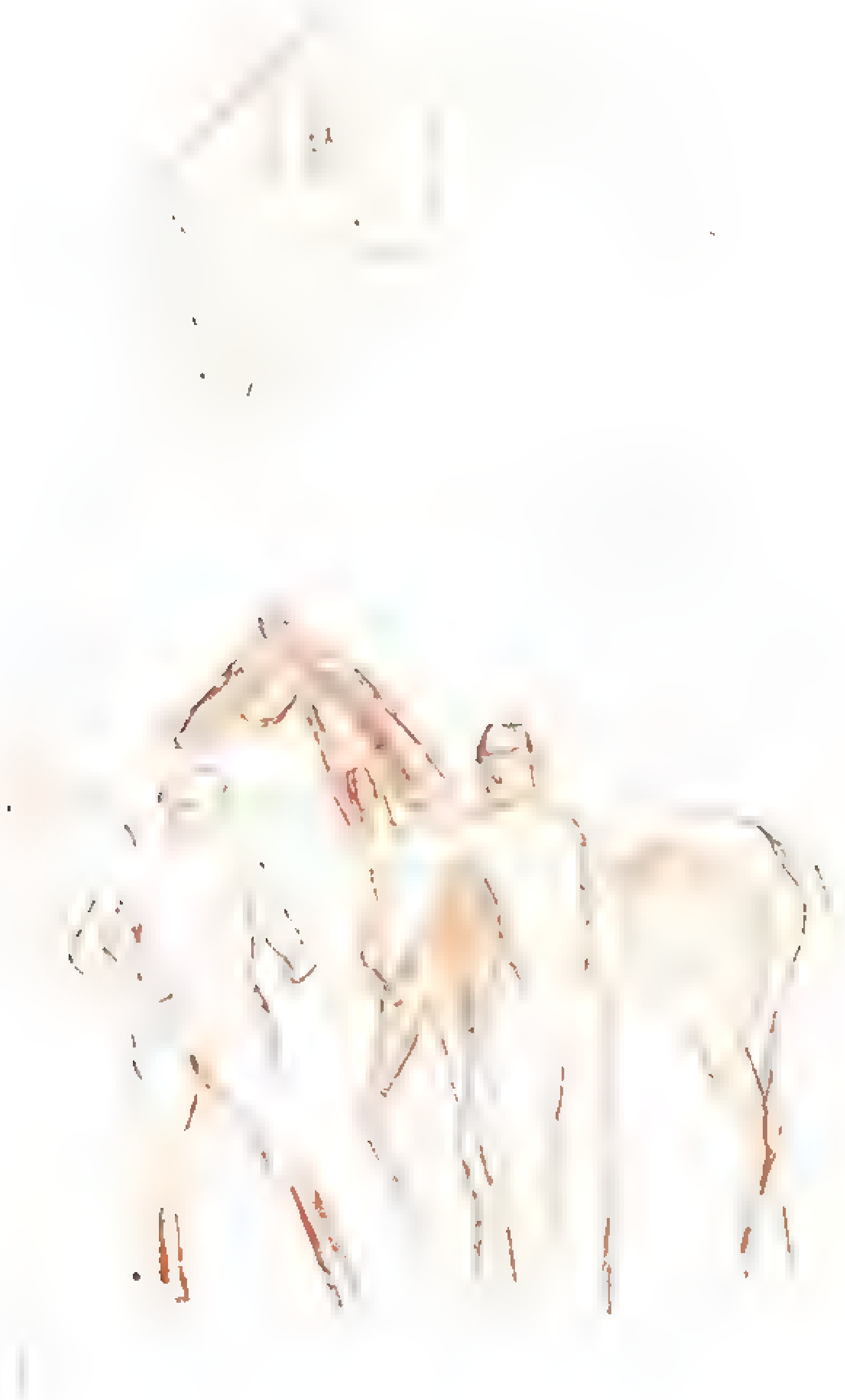
THE HORSE

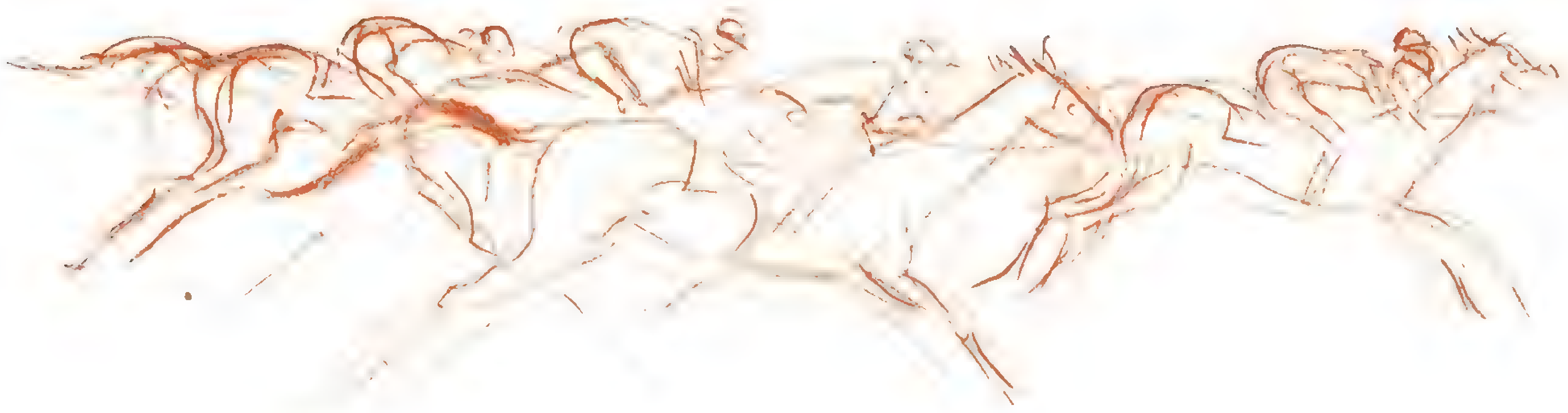
A Portfolio of Sketches

by FRANK BOYD



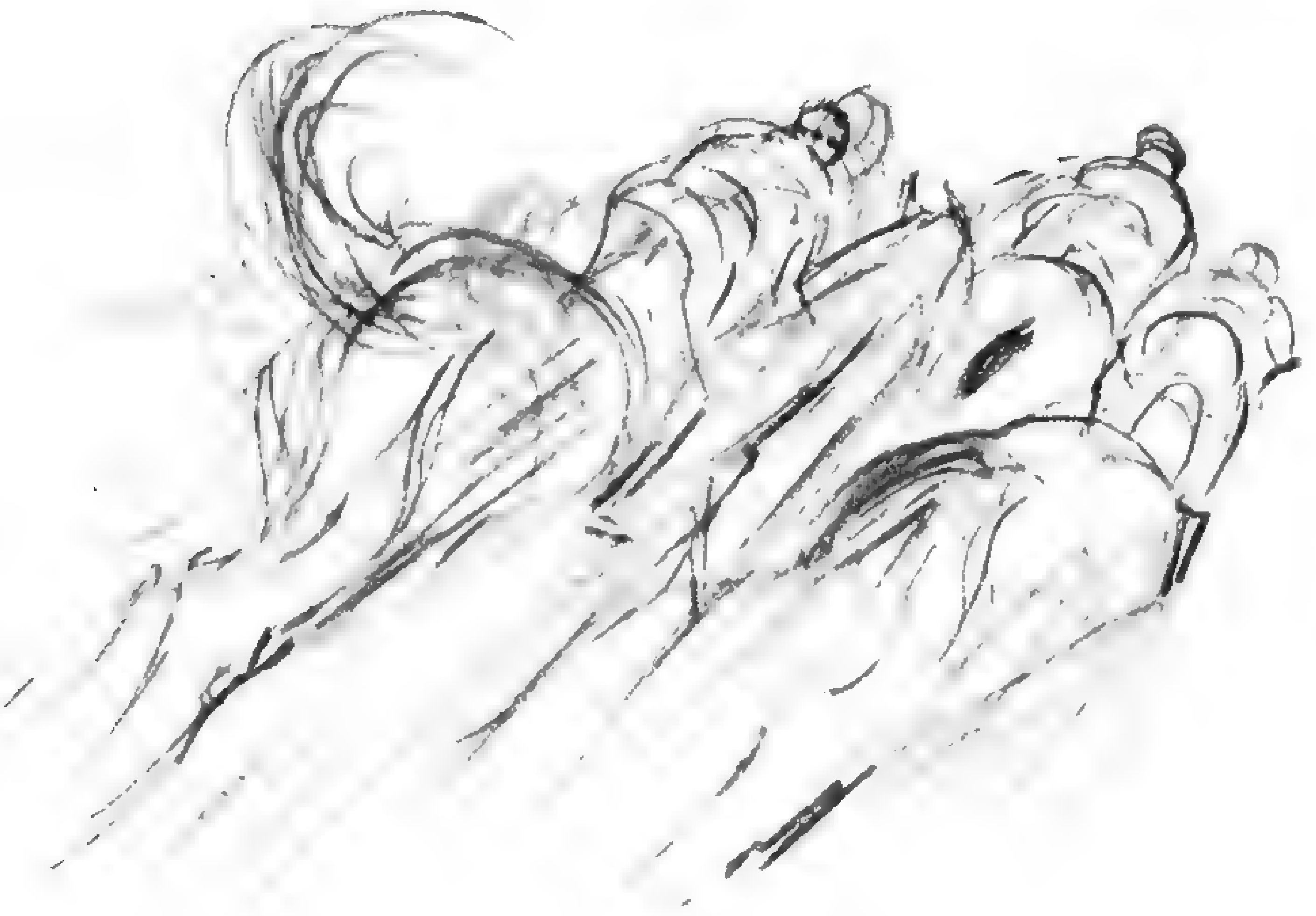






About Frank Boyd

by JOHN GROTH

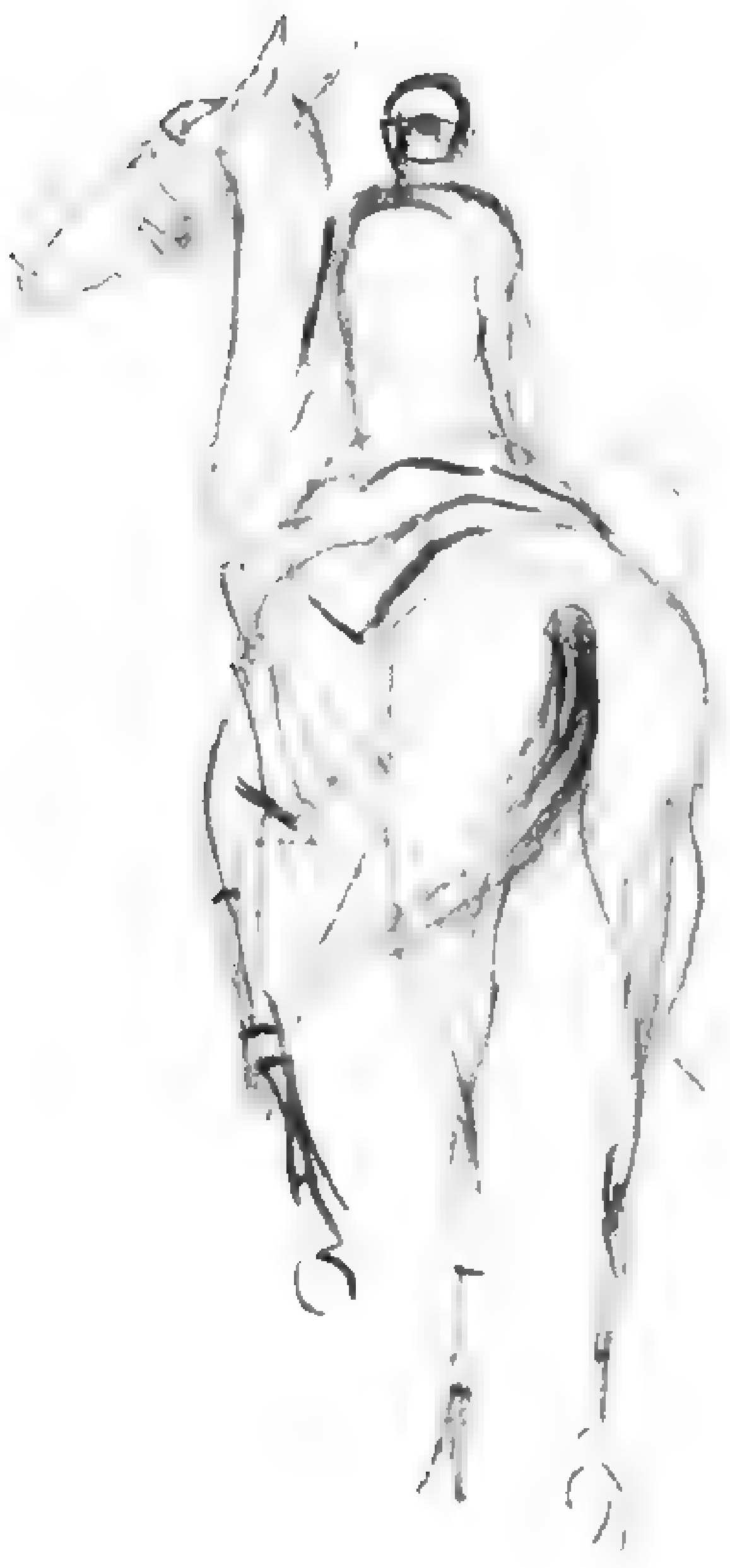


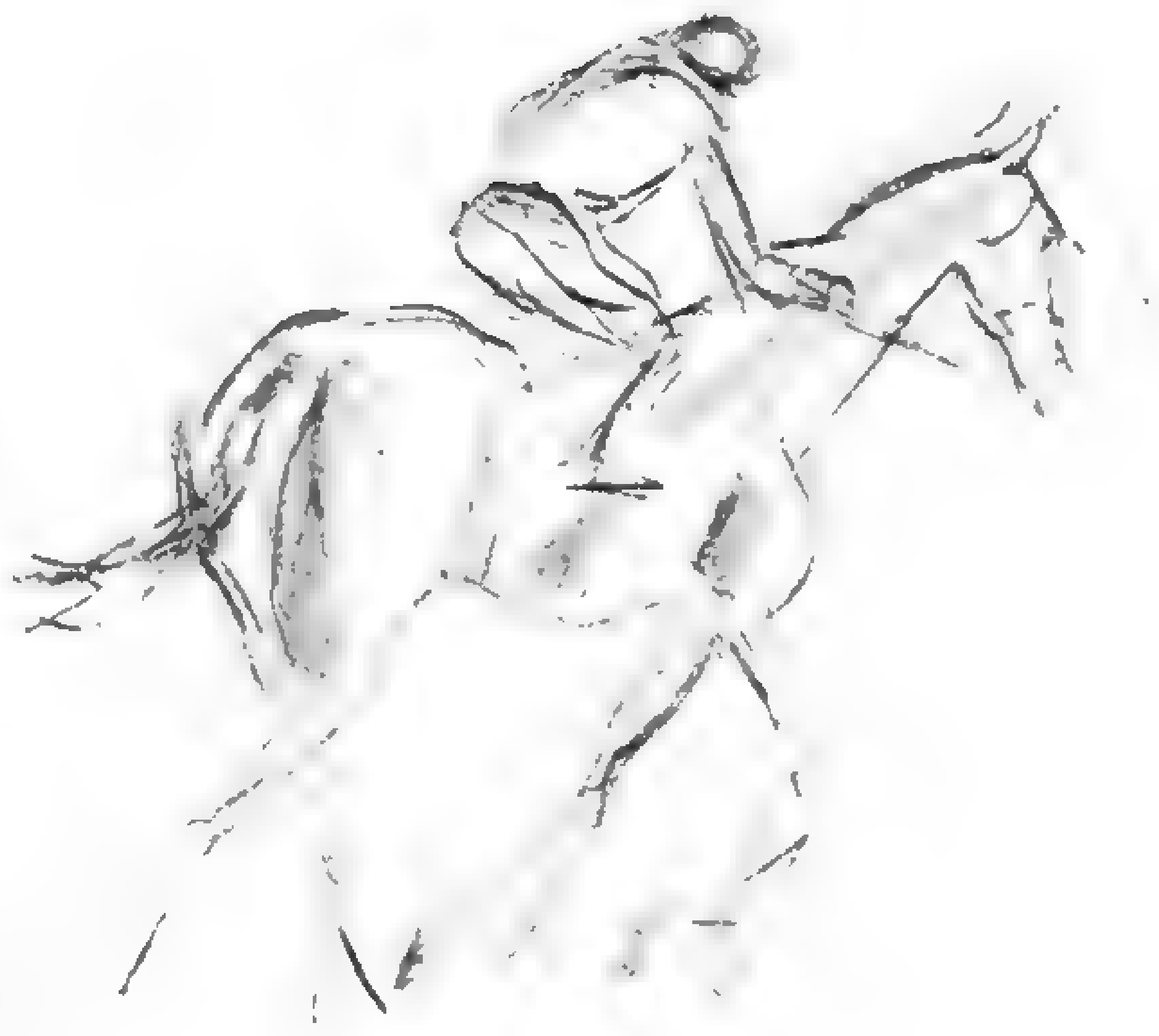
HE HAS been working on a newspaper, doing routine stuff in a routine way. To keep that grind from dulling the fine edge of his talent, he has made a hobby of these quick jottings in line and color-masses.

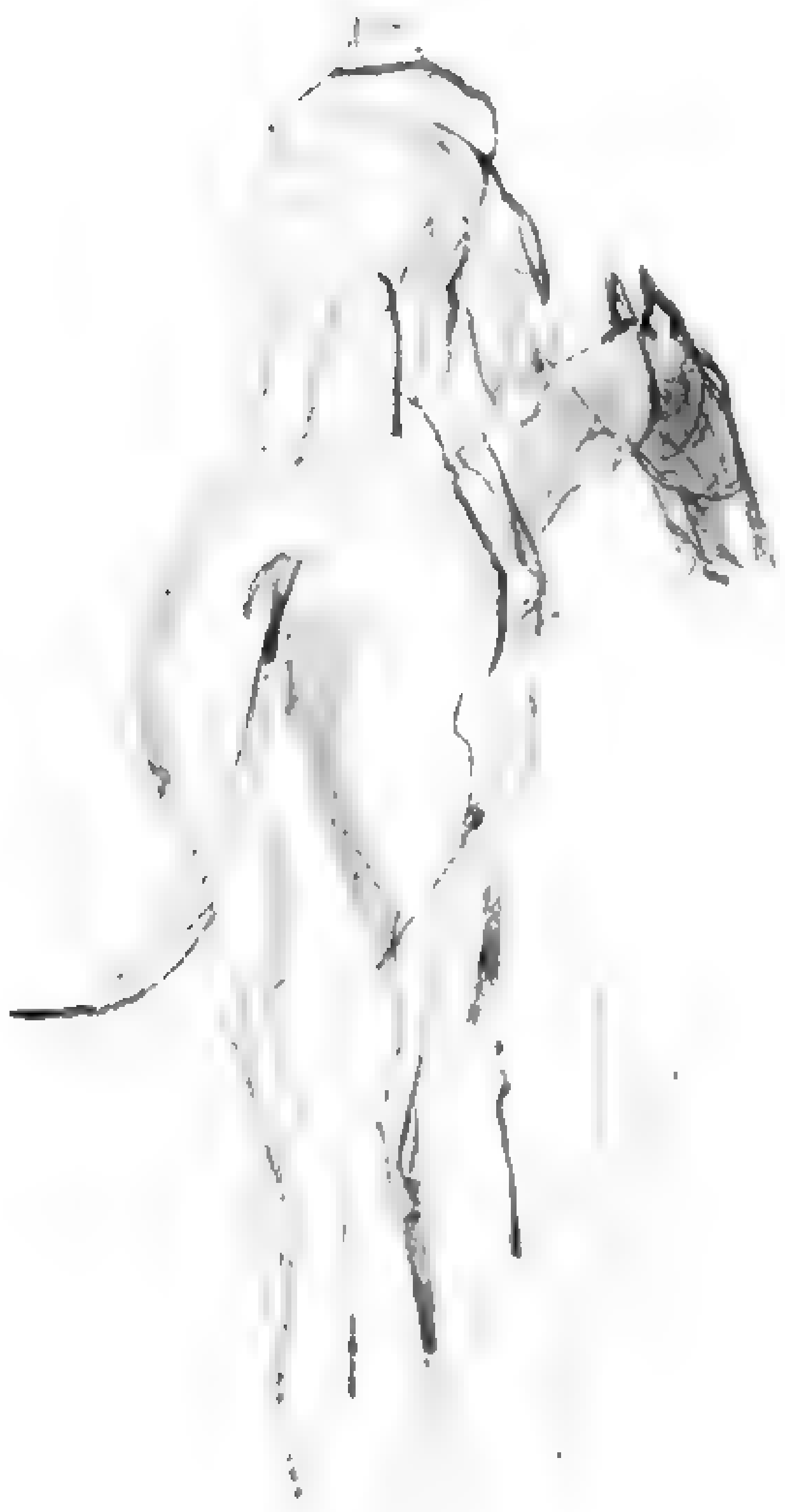
It is a highly specialized technique, saved from the commonplace by that gusto which accrues to things done only for fun. In it, he reveals a lens-like speed of impression, happily combined with a fine economy of line. It is a sketch method that is peculiarly suited, not to say limited, to action subjects. In short, I size him up as the guy who should have been on hand to depict the Charge of the Light Brigade.

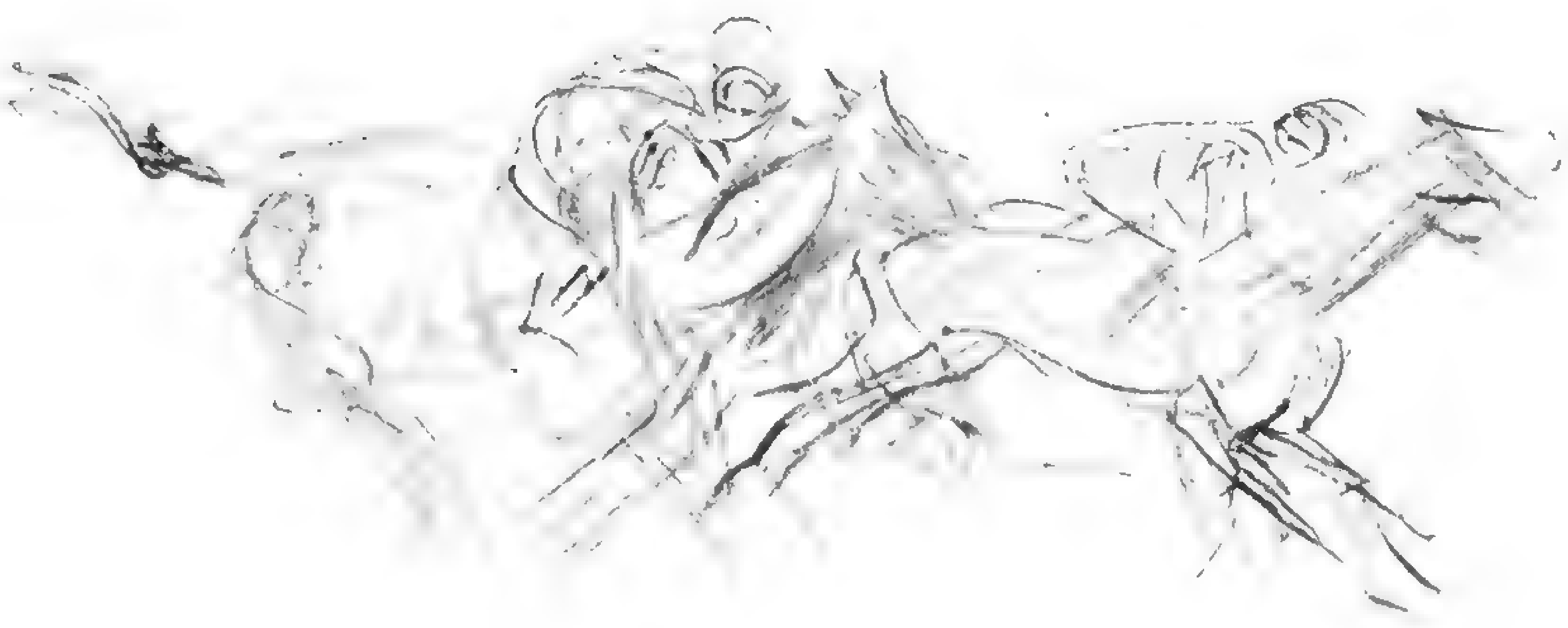
Esquire has had its Michael Fessiers and Louis Pauls, on the writing side, but has so far found no artist-discoveries to pair off with them as running mates. Here is one. As a master of the speed-line, Frank Boyd is most impressive. As an artist of the sketch-book, he rates par-ranking with many a famous name. Beyond the sketch-book stage, it is hard to say where he will go. Maybe he'll never go beyond it. Maybe he doesn't have to.

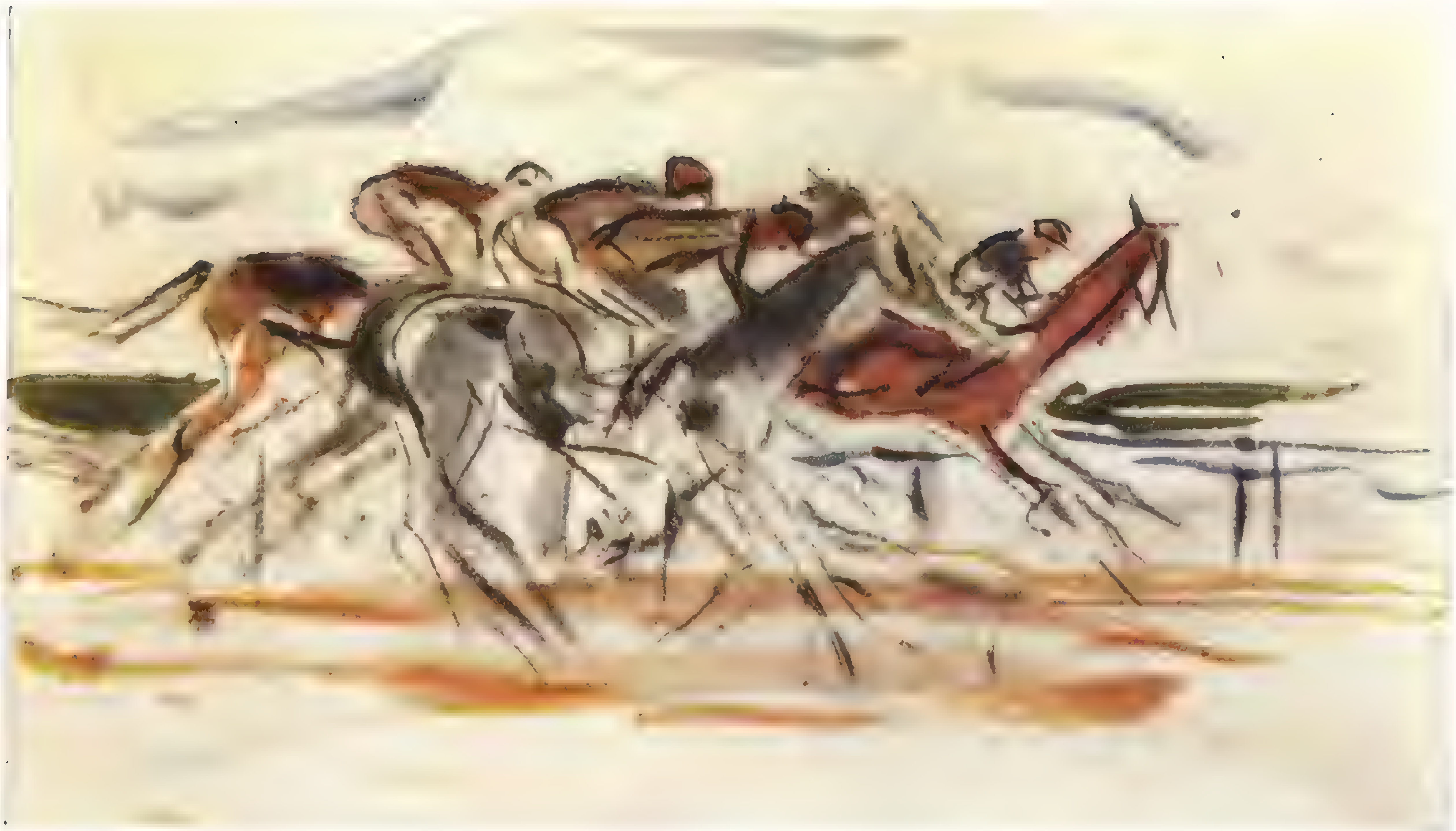
At any rate, these sketches speak for themselves. They are purely objective; they lack that subjective content that stamps every line with the artist's personality as with a trade-mark. You get that, say, in every Dégas dancing-girl. It would be silly to say that you get it in every Frank Boyd horse. But you do get an undistorted fidelity to objects-in-motion that the camera would find difficulty in matching. That's all. But if you've ever sketched, you know that that's a lot.

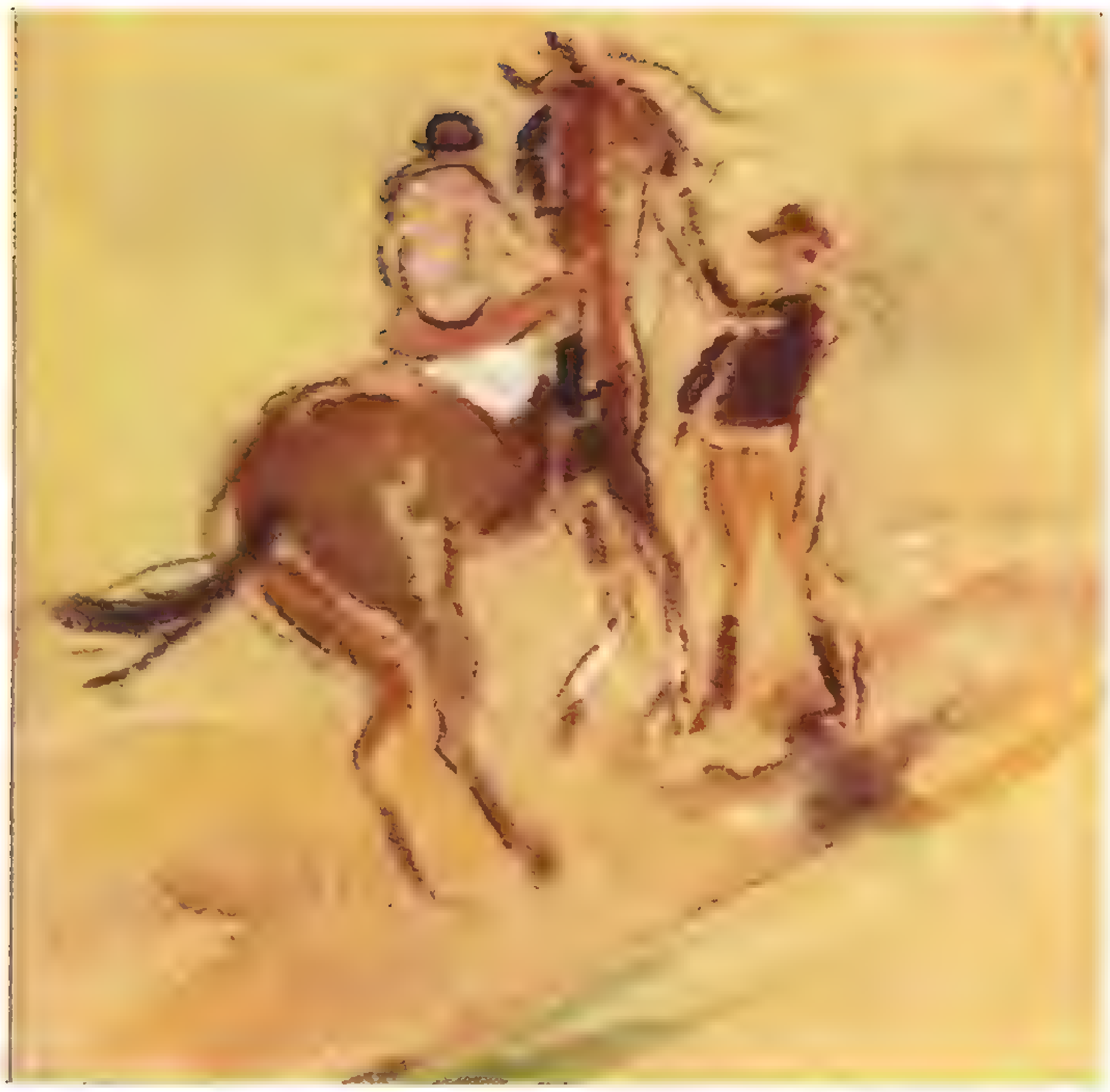


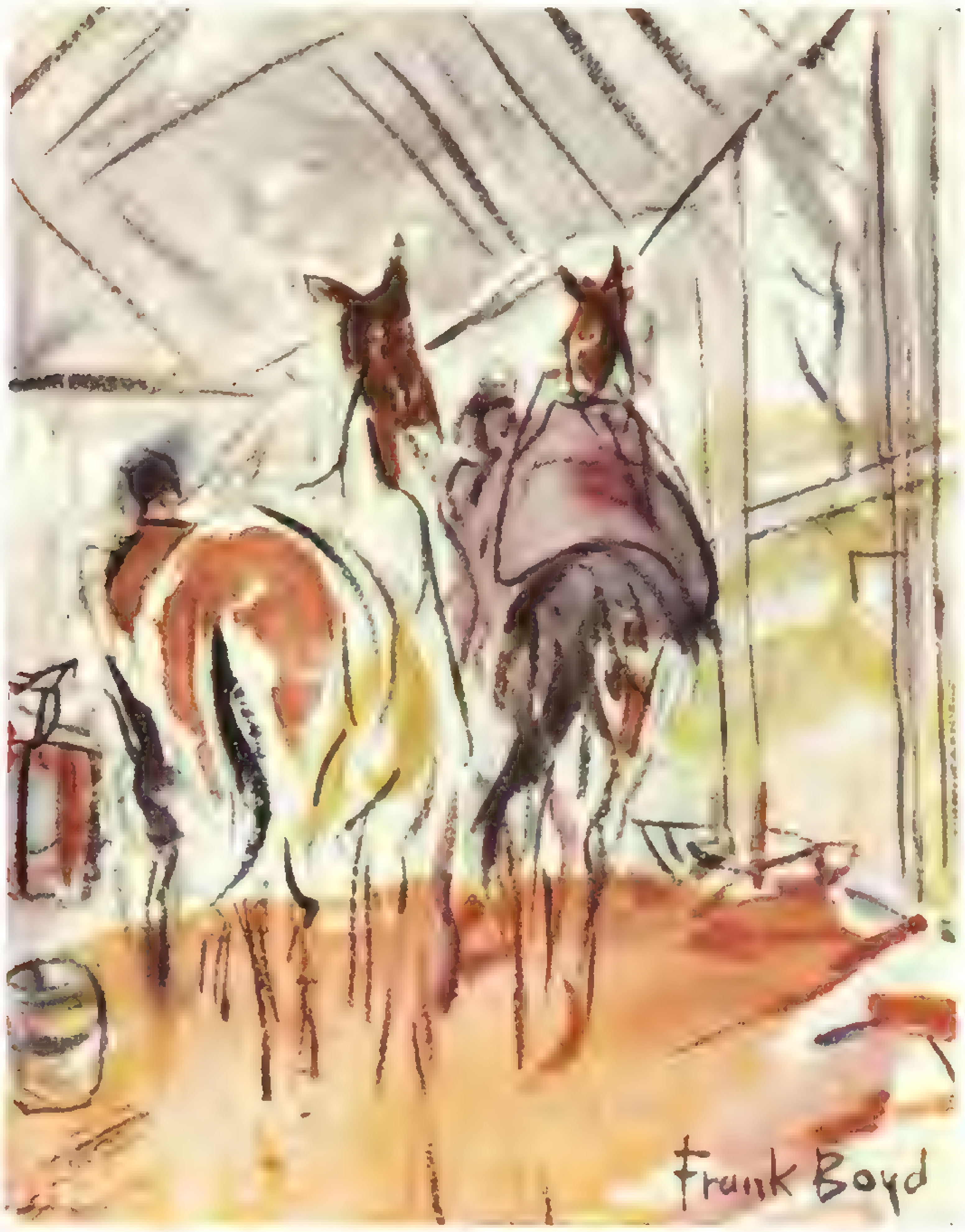


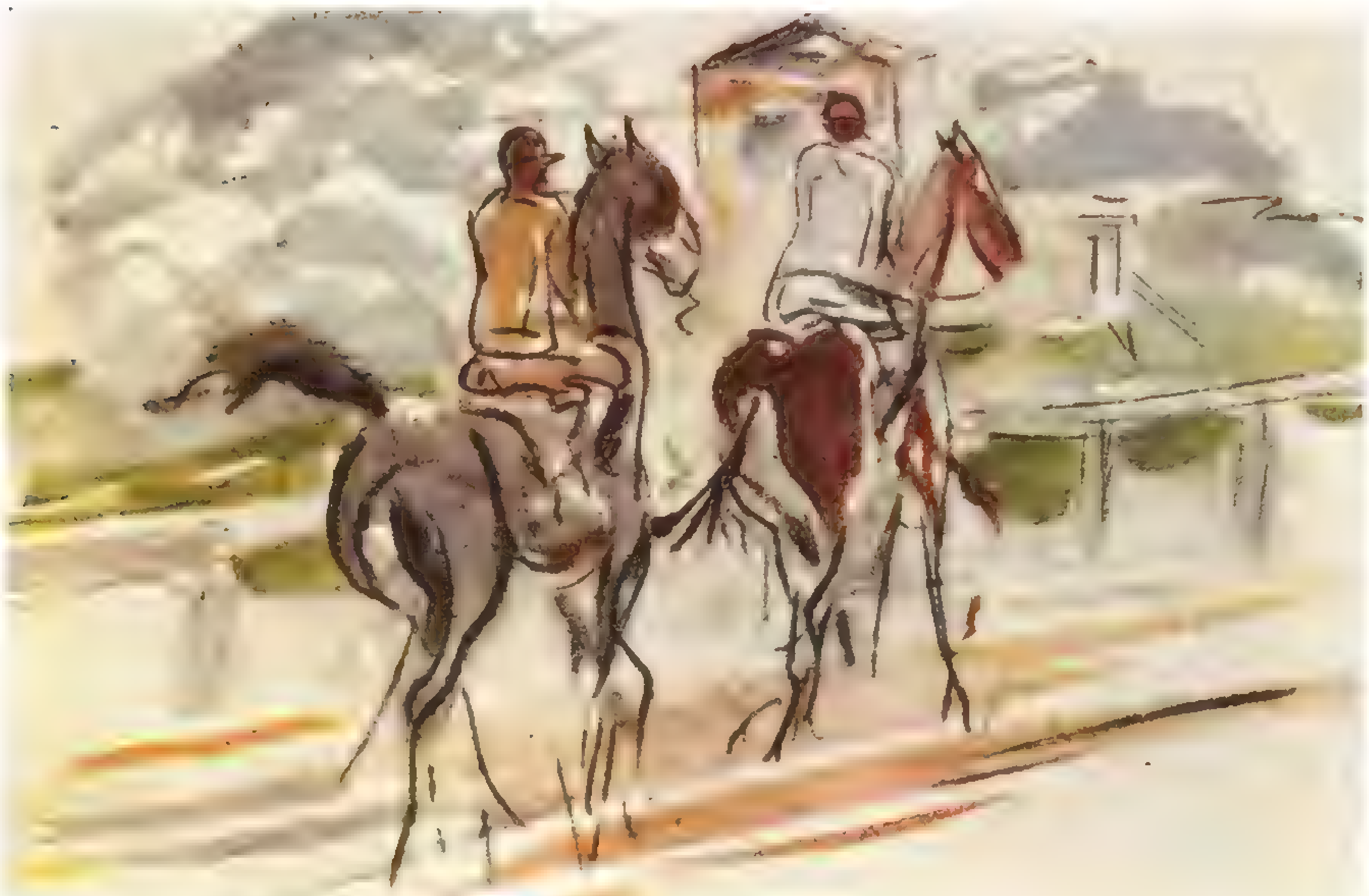




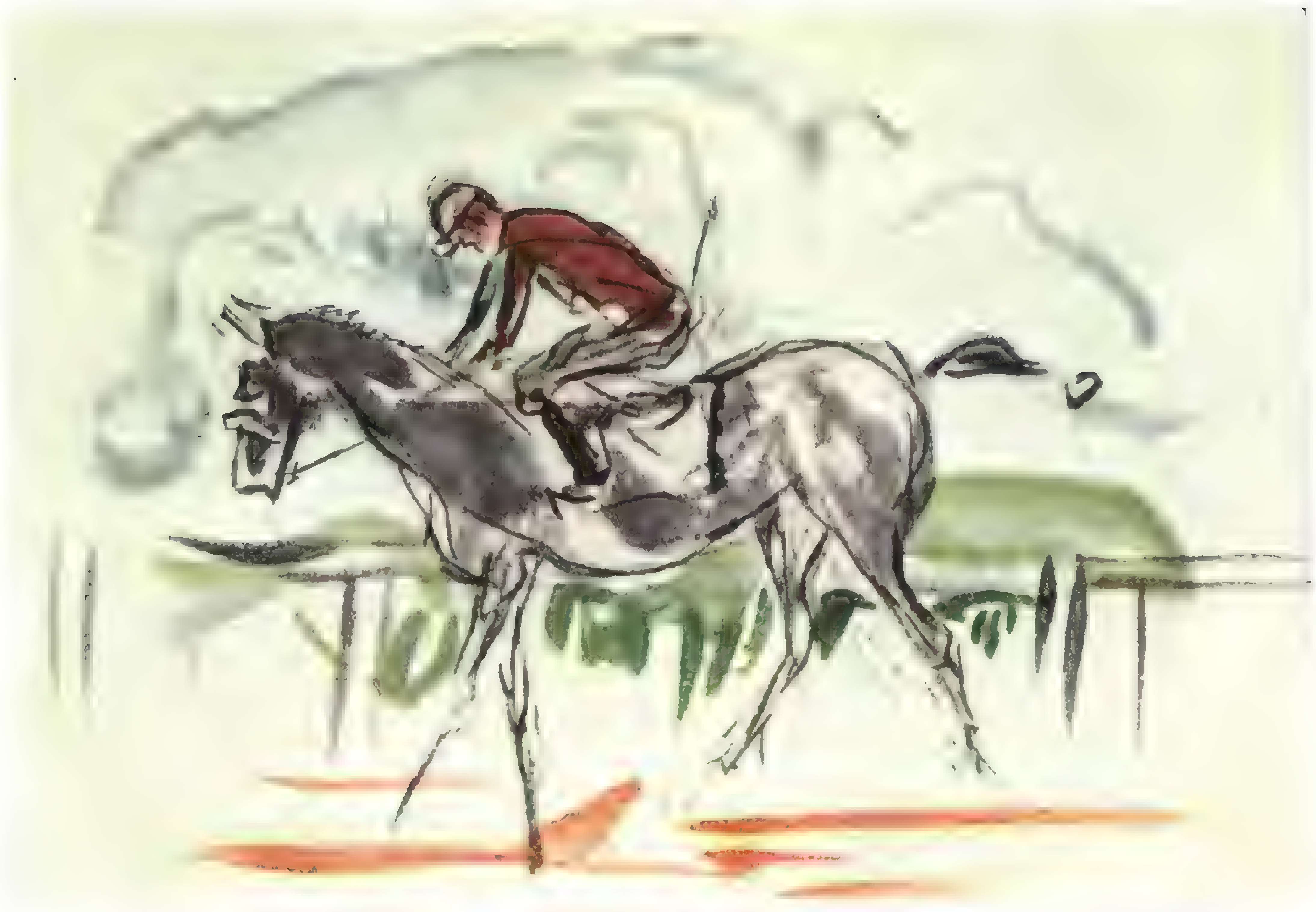


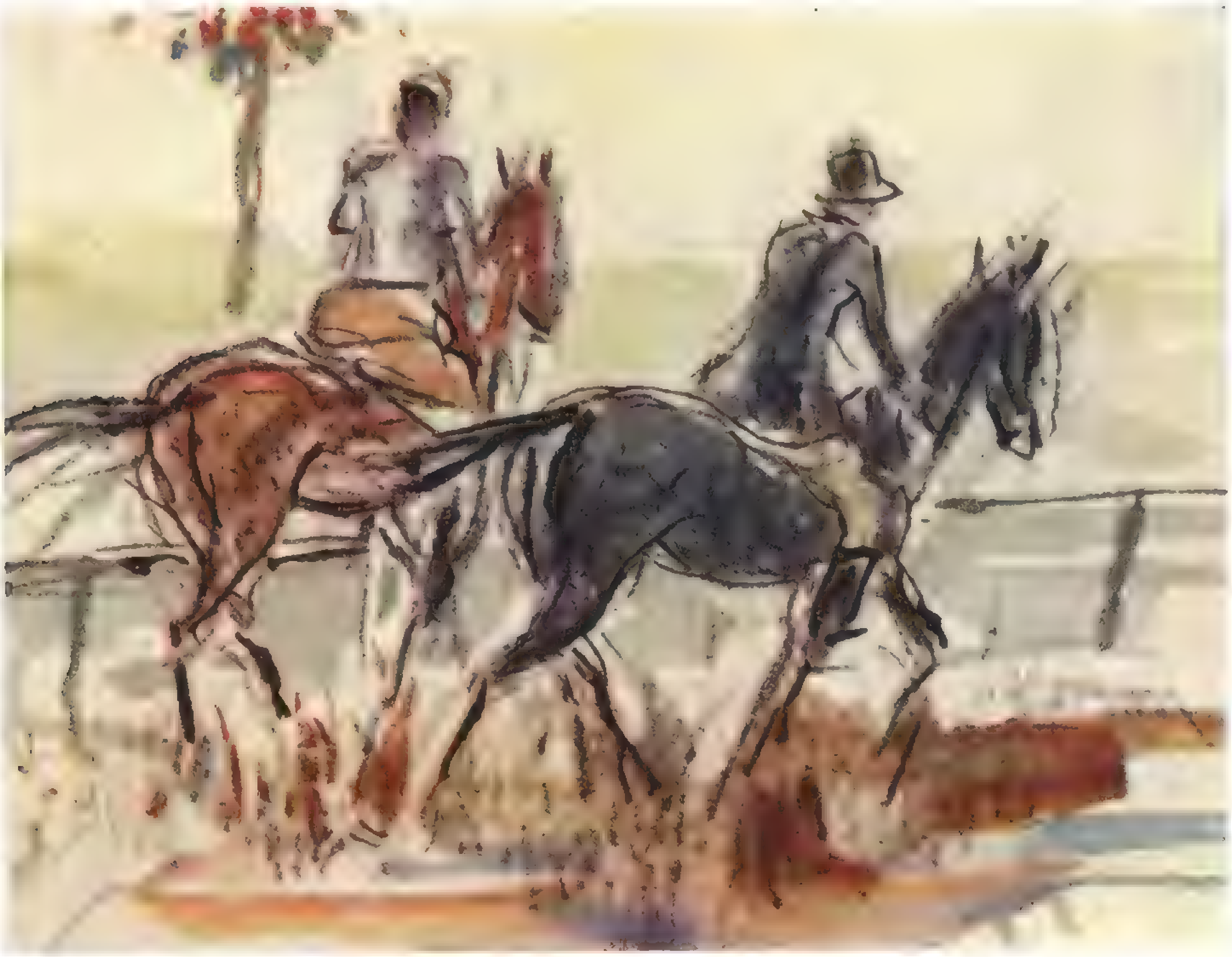


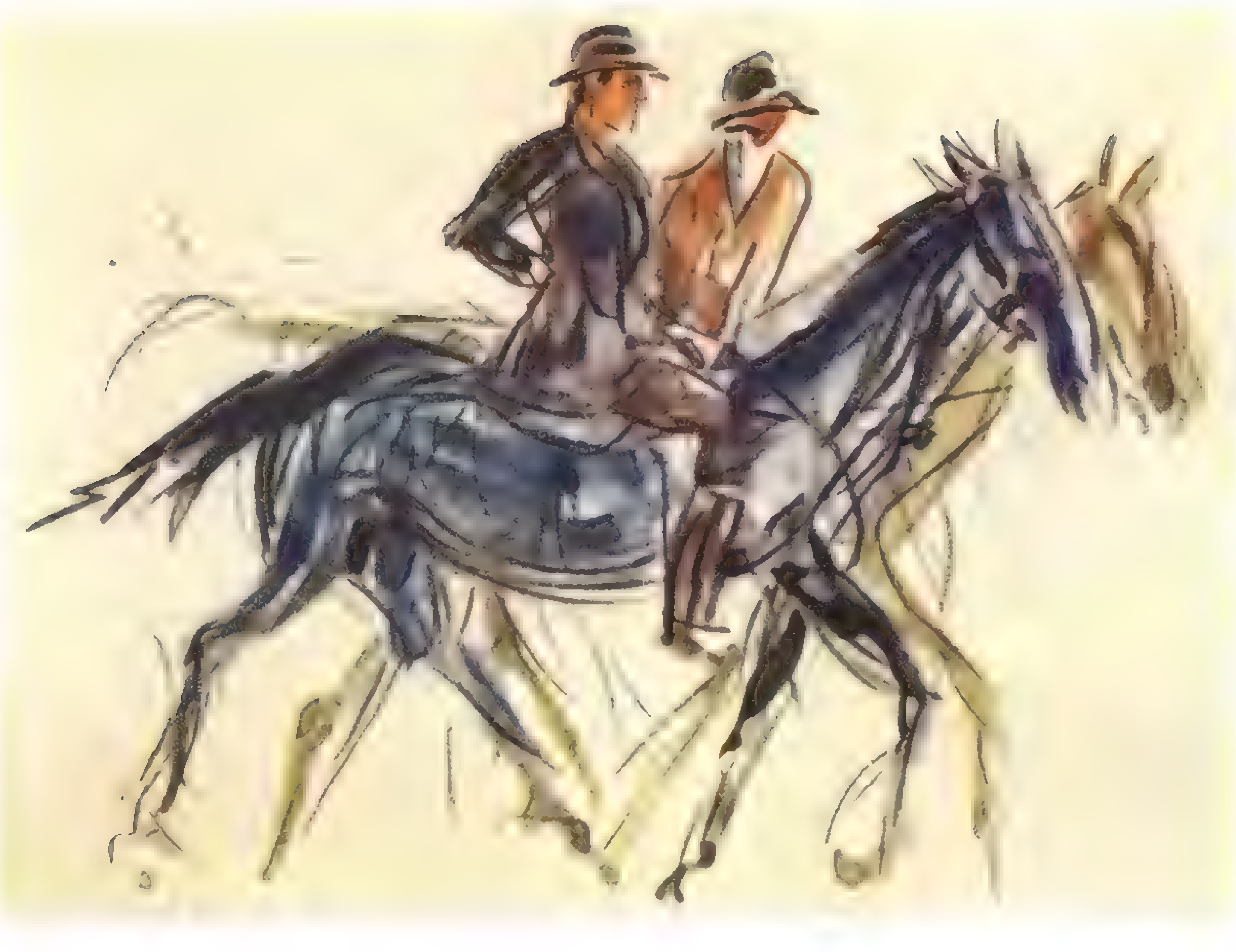




SKETCHES
***by* FRANK BOYD**







SKETCHES
by FRANK BOYD

Classics of the County-Seats

Trotting, the one form of horse racing in which the amateur may get his thrills at first-hand

by EVAN SHIPMAN

From June to November, all over the country, at County Fairs and at Grand Circuit meetings, at the fashionable Lexington track, at Goshen, and at little half-mile "down-east" meets through Aroostook County, Maine, where whole towns club together to buy a fast horse, the trotters and pacers still draw large and enthusiastic crowds. Crowds in which there are many country people who have never seen any other form of racing. To most of them a horse-jockey is the customary term for horse-dealer; in the races they know about, a horse is handled by a "driver," usually a tall, taciturn, gray-haired veteran, familiar to them since childhood.

Trotting is one sport that appeals to a pretty complete cross-section of the American public—once you leave the big cities. You don't need to be rich to own a trotter or pacer. Many of the men racing at the fairs own one-horse stables, and they call it a fine vacation when they can win a small purse or two. On the other hand, you have the wealthy owners of important Grand Circuit stables, men like E. Roland Harriman, Henry Oliver, W. N. Reynolds, and, in the past, C. K. G. Billings and A. H. Cosden, whose horses race for stakes worth many thousands. The great Kentucky breeding establishment which nominates a hundred or more foals to the trotting Futurities and the little Ohio or up-state New York farm which hopefully keeps a mare or two, both are actively in the same sport.

And unlike any other horse sport, both the millionaire and the farmer, even if they are getting on a little in years—putting on a bit of weight—can mount a sulky on race-day, drive their own horse in a heat with the professionals. They don't have to watch from the side-lines. Whether in the training miles or in actual competition, the amateur can get his fun at first-hand, with the thrill of stepping one a last quarter at a rate of speed that might seem tame in a car, but that perched two feet above the ground on nothing much more than a pair of bicycle wheels, with his horse's tail under him, and the pound of hooves in his ears—then thirty or thirty-five miles an hour is fast.

A few years ago at a Goshen Grand Circuit meeting, Mrs. Harriman came out with her fast pacer, Highland Scott, in an attempt to drive him a record mile—time-records mean a lot to the harness horse followers; practically all of them carry stop-watches, and when they clock a horse in a speed trial, a mile in two minutes or better is an event. Highland Scott had already raced to a mark of 1.59¾ as a member of the stable of the famous trainer, Tommy Murphy, and it hardly seemed possible that he could improve this time with an amateur driving. But Mrs. Harriman rated him perfectly, and he finished strongly in 1.59¼—for the fastest mile ever driven by a woman.

That same year, 1929, a California schoolteacher, Miss Helen Davis, brought to the races a horse that she had broken and trained herself, absolutely unaided by anyone. She drove him herself in all his engagements, against professional reinsmen, in the fastest classes on the California and Arizona tracks. And at the end of a short season she had won six races and had given the stallion, Palo Cres, a mark of 2.05¼. This was simply done as her hobby during the school holidays, just as Mrs. Whitney or Mrs. Regan McKinney might compete with professional horse-show riders at the Garden. The point is that though driving requires skill and long practice, a light hand on the bit and a quick eye to judge space, it is in no sense an acrobatic feat, in the way that riding running horses on the flat or over the jumps is for instance. The attributes of the fine reinsman are all perfectly normal and usual, sharpened by experience, it is true, but less special perhaps, than in any other sport.

I would not want this to be taken, however, as encouragement for amateurs to drive hoppled pacers on half-mile tracks. There, the drivers themselves, in their eagerness to snatch the rail, to cut across following horses, add a considerable element of danger. Pacers, especially those wearing the hopples, are apt to stumble, and the consequences of a fall in front of an oncoming field are worse than in a steeple-chase. When the sulkies begin to brush wheels, it is probably just as well for the amateur to take to the outside of the track.

There are trotting tracks everywhere in the United States and Canada; every county-seat that boasts a fair-grounds will have a few horses being trained during the off season, and in the summer there are between eight hundred and a thousand meetings, the number varying each year with the prosperity of the farming districts. There is a higher class of racing at the State Fairs, and then the most important trotting tracks, where the great stakes are raced, form a traditional group independent of the fairs, the Grand Circuit—the circuit being a twelve week tour from Ohio to New England and back West again with the final meet the last week of September at Lexington.

Two or three great sporting events on the Grand Circuit's annual program have become so well known that they draw a general public, a public that has as a rule been alienated by the stubborn conservatism of trotting. Once a year, for the $60,000 Hambletonian Stake, for the Kentucky Futurity, or the Transylvania, people not followers of the sport go to Goshen, New York, or to Lexington and overlook for an afternoon the tedious starting, the antiquated heat system of racing, and the drawn out pool-selling. I think that they often see a spectacle which more than compensates for these at any rate picturesque drawbacks. Because even to the barely tolerant stranger, there must be something not only of a colorful past but of actual drama in the formal, old-fashioned ceremonial surrounding these races giving way, as it does when the horses get the word at the wire, to contests where purity and elegance of gait, fine driving, and the controlled rhythm of the fast trot are the essentials. Even during the excitement of a whipping finish, one remembers as an extraordinary *tour de force* the contrast between the effort of the colts and the strict discipline of their gaits. I place emphasis on this because, aside from betting, it is, after all, as a spectacle that racing of any kind is interesting. And looked at coldly, thoroughbred racing is in comparison too often a confused scramble.

The trotting record for the mile is held by the Hanover Shoe Farm's Peter Manning in 1.56¾. This time is about twenty-two seconds slower than the running record, but there is one curious difference between a runner's mile and a trotter's. The runner breaks from the barrier at terrific speed, and then, like a top, runs down. His first quarter is always the fastest. The trotter goes an evenly rated mile, with his speed at his driver's command; he may be trotting the last quarter as fast as the runner runs his.

The time-record for trotters was gradually reduced during the last hundred years, with first the 2.10 and then the 2.00 mark seeming long an impossible goal; W. K. Vanderbilt's Maud S. was the first to trot in 2.10 back in the days of the high wheel sulky, and C. K. G. Billing's Lou Dillon, perhaps the greatest mare the trotting turf has ever known, went 2.00 at Readville, Mass. in 1903. Later she reduced that mark to 1.58½. The trotter like

Continued on page 98

Shooting at the Moon

Even a broken clock is right once a day, and even a stupid woman may make one good guess

by J. L. CAMPBELL

It was August. All the little chairs and tables before the cafés were filled. The women looked very cool, the men looked hot.

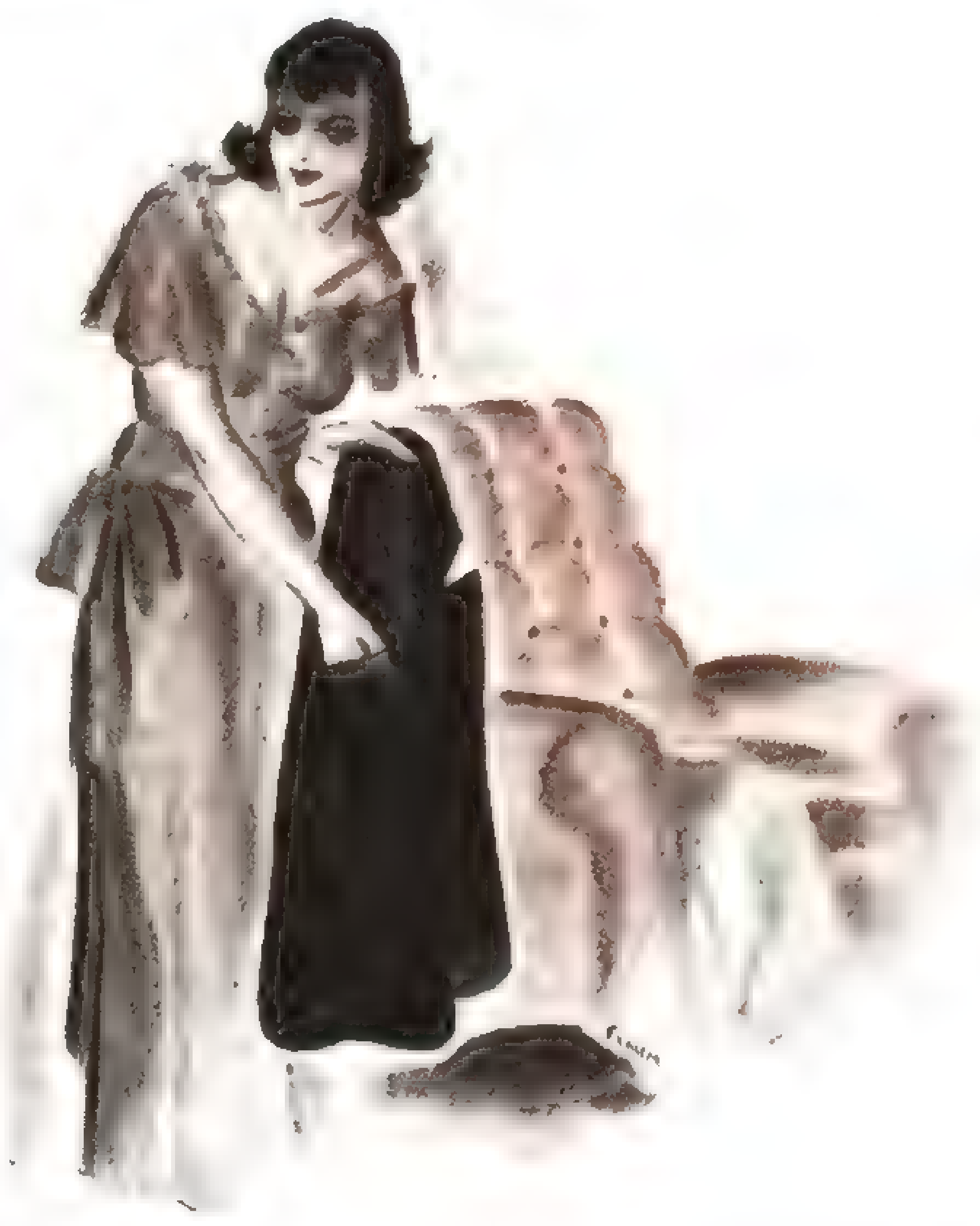
Louise Mona walked along the Rue Royal and turned into the Place de la Concorde. She walked slowly singing to herself. A sort of lackadaisical singing that was meant to show a carefree spirit. Nobody who heard her was deceived. She wore a green voile dress and a picture hat. Her black satin slippers had very high heels. They were not meant for walking. Three American men came out of the Hotel Crillon as she neared the door. She looked at them with intention. To her disgust two American women joined them, obviously ladies. The small one's cloak must have cost ten thousand francs. They all got into a large car and drove away. Louise resumed her walk and song. She was used to disappointments. My God it was hot!

The leaves on the trees were heavy and full. They made the wide gardens beside the Champs Elysées dark, mysterious and intimate. Couples strolled in the shadows, the benches were all occupied. Somewhere a band was playing The Beautiful Blue Danube. Louise walked up to the Arc de Triumph and then walked back again. At the Café Select she hesitated. But what was the use in going in there? Rows of young men lined the benches and drank cocktails at the bar. They were all very well dressed and laughed a great deal. Louise did not resent them. She walked through the Café Colisée but she did not sit down. Everybody was with somebody else and she did not want to run the risk of having to pay for her drink herself. If she had just had a little more money in her purse she would have taken a cab to Montmartre, even though it was only ten o'clock. My God it was hot!

At the Theatre Marigny she stopped and examined the posters before the entrance. She read each name over several times and looked at them a long time, though she knew each one by heart. She wished her left shoe did not pinch so much. How wonderful it would be to take a taxi whenever one felt like it. Sighing deeply she returned to the trees beside the Champs Elysées. The band was playing Couché dans le foin now. At last she found a bench that was not occupied. It was in the deep shadows, near the Restaurante des Ambassadeurs which was closed. She sat down.

Through a gap in the trees the moon looked small and silver. The air was filled with the smell of geraniums and heliotrope. The motors on the Champs Elysées purred softly in the distance. It was quiet and restful sitting there. Louise tucked her purse beneath her arm. She always held it very tightly whether there was money in it or not. Tonight it contained only one franc and eighty centimes. There was a step on the gravel beside her. Even in the dim light she could see that he was thickset and did not look very young. She wondered if she ought to get up and follow him. But she didn't. After all it wasn't so very late. My God it was hot!

The man turned and passed the bench again. He looked at her. He had a full black beard. Louise hummed to herself. She was glad she had remained seated. It is always better to be pursued than to pursue. She wondered where he came from. He did not look like a Parisian. He passed the bench again. She hoped he came from Lyons. Middle aged men from Lyons are nearly always rich. A group of men passed the bench talking to each other. Three minutes ago she would have regarded them as possibilities. Now she scarcely saw them. The man with the beard loomed into view again. This time he sat down at the opposite end of the bench. There were a few moments of pregnant silence. He did not look so very rich. Well, anything was better than nothing. She sighed deeply.



"You are sad, Mademoiselle?" He had a pleasant voice.

"Not at all. I often sigh when I think."

He leaned forward. He was really quite fat. "And what were you thinking—if I am not indiscreet?" He had a gold watch-chain. She could just see it glinting in the darkness. There was a heavy golden seal hanging from it too.

"I was thinking that you look very lonely, Monsieur."

He offered her a cigarette. He took it from a leather case. He held out a match for her. She leaned forward and smiled at him. It was a good cigarette. Maybe he would take her out to supper. A drive in the Bois to a restaurante beneath the trees would make a pleasant beginning.

"Does Monsieur like dancing?"

He shook his head. They smoked a moment in silence. The man seemed calm and nervous at the same time. He kept his head bent down so that no one passing could see his face.

"Monsieur lives in Paris?"

He did not reply. Louise moved nearer to him and crossed her knees. Experience had taught her never to pursue that type of question. He was probably a shopkeeper or a clerk having a night out. Maybe his family was in the country. How much could she ask him? His watch chain looked well off but the rest of him didn't. Well, anyway she wouldn't take less than fifty francs or perhaps forty. Fifty if he stayed all night, thirty-five if he didn't. An enquiring hand touched her knee. A clock struck eleven. My God, it was hot!

"You will come back with me?" She kissed him full on the lips. His beard smelled of cigars and scent, expensive scent. He ought to pay seventy-five francs, maybe a hundred. They drove to the Rue Vignon in a taxi. He insisted on having the top closed. Louise couldn't help laughing to herself. Who did he think would recognize him?

The room in the Rue Vignon was small. The walls were papered with pink wall paper. At night the stains on it did not show. The carpet was pink too and there was a great deal of furniture. An enormous pierrot doll lay sprawled exhausted among the cushions on the bed. Louise picked up the doll and kissed it and laughed. The man put his arms around her roughly. Why in hell did anybody wear a beard? My God, it was hot!

The man was still asleep when Louise slipped out of bed. She went and sat beside the window. It was too hot to share a bed with anybody. Outside, the early morning air was fresh. Inside, the room was filled with the heat of yesterday and the smell of powder, cigarettes and cheap scent. The man snored. Louise stretched her legs out and looked at them impersonally. They were too fat. She was too fat all over. Her body entirely filled the pink upholstered chair in which she sat. Little by little the room grew quite light. Sparrows twittered in the gutter. The first tram clanged along the Rue Tronchet. There was a cage containing a canary on the window sill across the court.

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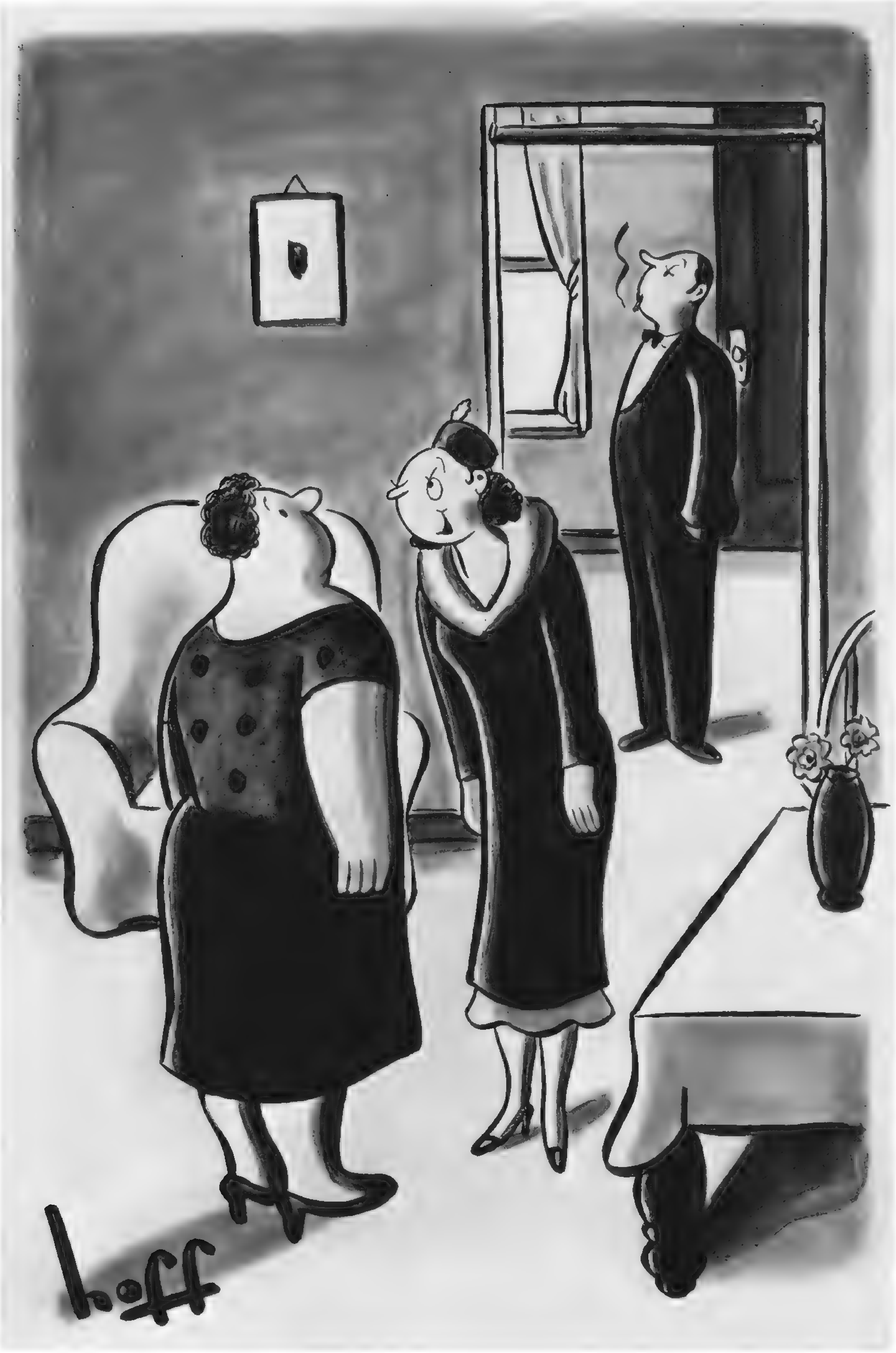

"He followed me ten blocks, ma. His name's Eddie"

When Your Wife Writes a Book

If papa writes a book, that's only an incident, but if mama writes a book, that's an event

ANONYMOUS

Most of my friends are business men, and they married very nice wives. They have had marital difficulties, but always of the canned variety—the kind you can look up in a text-book or read about in almost any of Mr. Bromfield's novels. My marriage problems have been different. They grow wild, and have been—so far as I am able to discover—practically unexplored.

When I met Miriam she was writing advertising copy for smart concerns that leave the capital letters out of their names. She was good at it, and I suspect that she was making considerably more money than I was. In any case, she was making more than she ever has since. But that is part of my story. The fact is that Miriam's course through life has been steadily upward. From the lowest forms of hack writing she has passed onward, through higher and higher planes of literature. She has, indeed, hitched her wagon to a star. But the hitch is, that the star is me, and the wagon is a ninety horsepower automobile.

In those days I was an "artist"; that is, I had notions about Goethe and Cézanne, with the result that my income was of the most unpredictable sort. A brilliant success here and there would be followed by years of composing epics, which nobody could print, let alone understand. It occurred to me that I could "lift" Miriam's talents into higher planes; and it not unnaturally occurred to her that she could teach me how to put my genius to more productive uses, in a practical way. Since we were in love anyway, we got married; and we decided to pool all our resources, whether literary or financial, and thus build up our careers on a splendid rationale of life.

All was at first very well, for we had many friends, and as yet Miriam was satisfied with our fundamental axiom that I had the genius and she had the talent. I was in the midst of a novel at the time, and finished it with some éclat, reading it aloud to her every night as it progressed. I got an $800 advance on it, which we spent in one month, and I still owe the publisher $326.52: so that, from Miriam's point of view at least, the book was not entirely a success, even though there were passages in it concerning which I received congratulations from as far away as Australia. My next literary product was a longish poem, for which I received $15. Since then my voice in literary circles has not been heard.

So much of my own affairs it is necessary to set forth, in order that the reader may fully appreciate the force of coming events. For this is really Miriam's story, not mine. Whether because she thought I had money hidden away in reserve, or whether I had indeed "lifted" her to a higher plane, she dropped the advertising business pretty soon after we were married and undertook to write for the magazines. She readily convinced me that advertising copy was a lower form of intellectual expression than even some magazines; and she made such rapid progress in the columns of the most fashionable ones that I was really very proud. Just why I was proud I can't say. I was too busy launching my great poem to give her any assistance, and I never read the magazines for which she was writing. Still, it was conveyed to me somehow that she had found a nobler medium for her talents, and I flattered myself that our marriage had so far been a success.

Successful or not, however, it soon had us on the rocks financially. There is a general law which all writers know, namely, that the "higher" the plane of creation, the lower the returns. This law *may* not hold, but it usually does—no doubt because what people call "high" is usually the bunk. At any rate, Miriam and I were faced squarely with the law of decreasing returns. The more intellectual her magazine articles became, the less money we had for food, and all those little necessities of a writer's life such as fur coats and golf-balls. Fortunately, we had a little capital, and with the insouciance of true artists we filched this out of our inconspicuous tin box and lugged it down to Wall Street. Even so, I flatter myself that we were wiser than many financiers of the time. For this was in 1929.

Now if I were writing a story about a male writer it might be possible to show how, as the depression settled down upon his affairs, he realized that at all costs it would be necessary to make a living. If he *had* any talent—which very few male writers have—he would not seek to intellectualize it, but to popularize it; he would sink to a lower plane for the nonce, and let his admiration of James Joyce and T. S. Eliot ride over till the N. R. A. But since this is an exposition of the female, it will not be difficult for the reader to predict that just the reverse occurred. For just the reverse did occur. I think it was on September 23, 1930, the day on which the failure of Pynchon & Co. was announced, that Miriam asked me for an interview. All her life, she said, had been a terrible struggle. As a little girl she had had to wear bands on her teeth, and she got appendicitis in college her freshman year. She had never had as much money as she could spend; she had never had enough applause from her husband; she was just a crude little city girl who had never had her chance, and she wasn't going to stand for it any more. Why, Nemesis had even visited her with a baby. It was unjust. Indeed, it was criminal.

It took a certain amount of probing to find out what the proposition was, and the reader may imagine my consternation when I learned that Miriam wished to take a year off to write a book. It was the more humiliating to reflect that I myself had been the instigator of this happy decision. We had been visiting an intellectual friend of mine in the country, and somehow or other an idea had emerged from the conversation. I remember that Miriam and I commented on it enthusiastically, after we retired to our room, and I said something to the effect that she ought to write a book about it—it was right up her alley. As I look back on the incident I cannot understand my incredible stupidity; but I suppose I have learned a lot since those days. It now never occurs to me to suggest an idea for a book, and if it does occur to me I never make the suggestion.

Not but that I put up quite a fight, that first time. It was, I argued, a highly inauspicious moment to choose for sustained creative work. Granted that the idea was a good one, how could we be sure that it would really sell? Granted that Miriam could write like a streak, how could we know—since she had never tried it before—that she could write a book like a streak? Or, even if she could, and even if the book sold like Eskimo pie, who was going to finance us between the time of beginning it and the time the first receipts became due—a period of perhaps two years? A publisher might well advance her $500 on being acquainted with the merits of the idea; but we were then spending $1,000 a month; and even Miriam admitted that she could not write the book in two weeks. Yet with all these able arguments I failed to carry my point. Miriam's ambition had taken fire. Like the American colonies, she felt herself to be oppressed; and like them, declared herself free and equal. So the book was to be written and I was to finance it somehow. At least, that was the compromise we reached.

Doubtless the reader who has had only a moderate experience along these lines will have failed to observe a very important omission in my account thus far. I have not explained what *kind* of book Miriam had chosen to write. For, let me assure the reader, there are different kinds of books that wives write, and each has a different effect upon the tone of the family hearth. I mean, for instance, there are family histories and genealogies, which require much delving into old family closets, causing a certain nervousness all along the line, from frugal Aunt Het to that Nineteenth Century daredevil, and roisterer, Uncle Herbert; but which, nevertheless, offer at least a partial reward of spicy stories at the dinner table and historical items of one kind or another. There are cook-books, text-books, children's stories, Bible studies, poems, each kind having its specific effect upon the husband's I. Q. (Internal Quiet). But the two worst kinds of book for a wife to write are biographies and novels. These are in a class by themselves, like the two famous groups of French wines; and like the famous bonviveurs who taste these wines, were a man to recount to me his marital troubles, I could infallibly tell him which kind of book his wife had undertaken.

Miriam, needless to say, had not chosen any of the easy kinds. *Her* natural metier was biography, and biography, moreover, of an eighteenth century figure that required her immediate departure for Europe. Having heard this decision, I took three of the very best bonds we had down to my banker, who somewhat reluctantly issued a letter of credit which I very reluctantly took home: and about a week later I had the pleasure of seeing my darling off on nothing less than the Bremen, which had just been launched, and on which she engaged a first class cabin with bath, in case she should be sea-sick and unable to write anywhere else without a bath. And it was that sad parting which brought me to my final decision. I must give up writing my poem—only a quarter of which was finally published—and devote myself to the more realistic occupation of looking for a job. As the reader may or may not remember, 1930-31 was one of the very best times in the history of the country to look for a job. Everybody was doing it. I did it very thoroughly, and was rather surprised to find one that paid about half of what we had been spending annually. I made a graceful bow to all my literary friends, and have scarcely seen any of them since.

BREME
FIRST CLASS

Now the peculiar thing about biography, when your wife writes it, is that she must necessarily fall in love with the hero. In the case of a male writer this falling in love may also occur, but men fall in and out of love more casually than women, without upsetting the entire household. When I say that my entire household was upset, I am not really exaggerating at all. Put aside such little incidents as that of the sage-green silk pyjamas, which I had purchased some years previously to make a good impression on my wedding trip. Miriam found, after her return from Europe, that these were the most comfortable things to work in. She wore them every single day while she was writing the book, and since it was a long book she wore them out. Put aside, also, the incident of the blue silk dressing-gown—the only item of really beautiful wearing apparel I owned. A careful review of all the Paris and New York couturiers had disclosed nothing so well suited for a wife's labors at a typewriter, so that this too became an essential link in Miriam's creative inspiration. When at last I protested, it was too late. Miriam said that she had become so accustomed to the dressing gown that she could not write without it. Put aside, even, the matter of the books, Miriam having arrived from Europe with practically every book ever written on her extremely contentious subject, and having deposited them in those shelves hitherto devoted to American history. I was reading American history at the time, but gave it up when, after a day's search, I found the Federalist in the nursery and the fourth volume of Daniel Webster's speeches in the guest-room hall. Put aside, I say, all such minor annoyances, including the moving of a typist's desk and a steel filing cabinet into our quiet living room, I can still truthfully say that my household was upset. My conversation for eighteen months was confined to the eighteenth century; I struggled with problems of fact and character which had never troubled me before; in the midst of Mr. Hoover's depression I was asked to pass judgment on Louis XV. Having launched into business, I had numerous social contacts to make, but if I invited anyone in for tea and cocktails they had to be ushered into a bedroom, or else interrupt Miriam composing a very ticklish passage in pyjamas and dressing gown. If they came to dinner, they had to eat with Miriam's prospective publicity manager. Of course her bridge slumped badly, and she gathered around her a group of recondite friends—specialists in realms I had never known—with whom she spent my evenings arguing dates and errata. Worst of all, having sat at her desk all day in sage-green pyjamas, she was simply raring to go out when evening fell; so that, when there were no specialists at hand, I perforce donned a tuxedo, hailed a taxi, and took the little girl out to the most expensive places in town.

FEDERALIST

These problems and set-backs, I might warn the inexperienced reader, would be typical of any wife writing any kind of a book. But as I said, a biography is something special for a husband, and this because it is practically a *sine qua non* that a wife

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Why You'll Always Lose

Reminder that inside information is never given without thought for its effect on the outsiders

by FRED C. KELLY

Customers' rooms in brokerage offices are crowded again. Regardless of the number of people who have lost fortunes through belief in their ability to outsmart the Wall Street racket, there are still plenty of matriculates for this school of bitter experience. "The game is very old; but the customers are always new."

All the warning one needs about this game is what brokers themselves say about recently proposed laws to regulate stock exchanges. "If the law requires a 60 per cent margin before one may buy stocks," indignantly shout the brokers, "then our total business will be cut in half."

Now, just what part of their present business are they going to lose by this raising of margin requirements? Surely they would have no fewer customers who invariably pay cash for what they buy—who can buy only what they can *afford*. Nor would more margin requirements reduce buying by those prepared to pay for a substantial part of the stocks they buy. No, it would affect only those operating on a shoestring—who are in the habit of buying at least three times as much stock as they can pay for. Those, obviously, are the very customers most likely to lose, for even a temporary drop of only one-third the price of their stocks wipes out their margin. Presumably, these are the people who *should* be saved from their folly: for their thin margin often represents their all. The very fact that they take such risks indicates that they are not wise people. Well, if they had to pay cash for what they buy, they could not buy so much and therefore would not be *quite* so wrong, or so disastrously wrong, as when they try to carry more stocks than they can pay for.

Whenever I see men seated before the big blackboard in a stock broker's office, I can't help thinking of the vanity they are exhibiting. It is as if they were saying: "Yes, I know statistics show that at least 97 out of every 100 who try this lose their money, but I'm smarter than most people. I'll win while nearly everybody else is losing!"

Each customer has right within himself all the material necessary to defeat his plans to win. His vanity alone is a formidable enemy. It is vanity which makes men take small profits but big losses. Statistical studies in brokerage offices have shown that a customer, in his completed transactions, sometimes has profits more often than losses and yet loses a fortune—simply because his winnings, no matter how numerous, are vastly less than the total of his losses. A speculator finds no affront to his vanity in a profit of only a small fraction of a point. He can say to himself: "See! I'm a smart fellow—sold for more than I paid." But a loss of even a few cents is a confession that his judgment in buying what he did, or when he did, was wrong. His vanity makes him reason in this way: "So smart a person as I am could hardly have been in error. This loss is only temporary. I'll wait until the price goes back up and shows me a profit."

When the margin clerk tells him to bring in more money to carry his stocks, he has his choice of taking a relatively small loss or waiting until the loss is much greater. His vanity says: "You're not going to let anybody make you sell, are you? Hang on and surely your judgment will be confirmed."

Frequently he goes even further. Not content with losing on what he has already bought, he buys more as prices recede. Not only does he buy more stock, but more of the same kind of stock in which he already has the biggest loss. He thinks to himself: "That little stock needn't think it can fool *me.*" His vanity blinds him to the fact that he was wrong in buying that particular stock in the first place, and in a falling market, he has no way of knowing just what the extent of the decline may be.

When compelled by margin requirements to sell something, he is almost certain to sell his better stocks in which perhaps he still has a small profit. As already explained, his vanity is not hurt by doing this, but it would be grievously injured if he confessed his poor judgment by accepting a loss of a substantial amount of his capital. Hence he sells only the better stocks that might pull him part way out of the hole, and keeps those more likely to plunge him into greater disaster.

It is easy for a man with a high percentage of vanity in his make up to think he is an insider. It seems plausible to him that wise men would give *him* important advance information they wouldn't give to everybody. Thus his vanity cooperates with another enemy that lies in wait for him—his credulity. He hears that an important operator is buying a certain stock. If he does likewise he will be a passenger on the same vehicle with other insiders. It does not occur to him that the success of the big operators lies in great secrecy—in doing all their buying before anybody suspects much merit in a stock. They do not tell even their dearest friends of forthcoming good news about that stock until they have accumulated all they can and are ready to *sell.* I have a friend who is an ideal pawn for professional market operators. He has enough vanity and credulity to make it easy for him to accept what he hears, but he also is a person of high integrity. He would not intentionally mislead anybody. All his acquaintances know he is honest and are therefore inclined to believe what he says whenever he has a plausible tale about great profits to be made in this or that stock. Thus he is a good instrument for the spreading of misinformation. When what he forecasts fails to come true, he does not question the source of his information, for he is sure nobody would try to fool *him.* He attributes his losses to unexpected and unpredictable shifts in great economic or social forces.

Few amateur market speculators have paused to observe that it is not always of much consequence whether the main trend of stock prices is upward or downward. Most people lose almost as readily in a rising as in a falling market. Indeed, even in a falling market average prices are rising just about *half the time.* The point is that whether one buys during a temporary rise in a falling market or is forced to sell during a temporary

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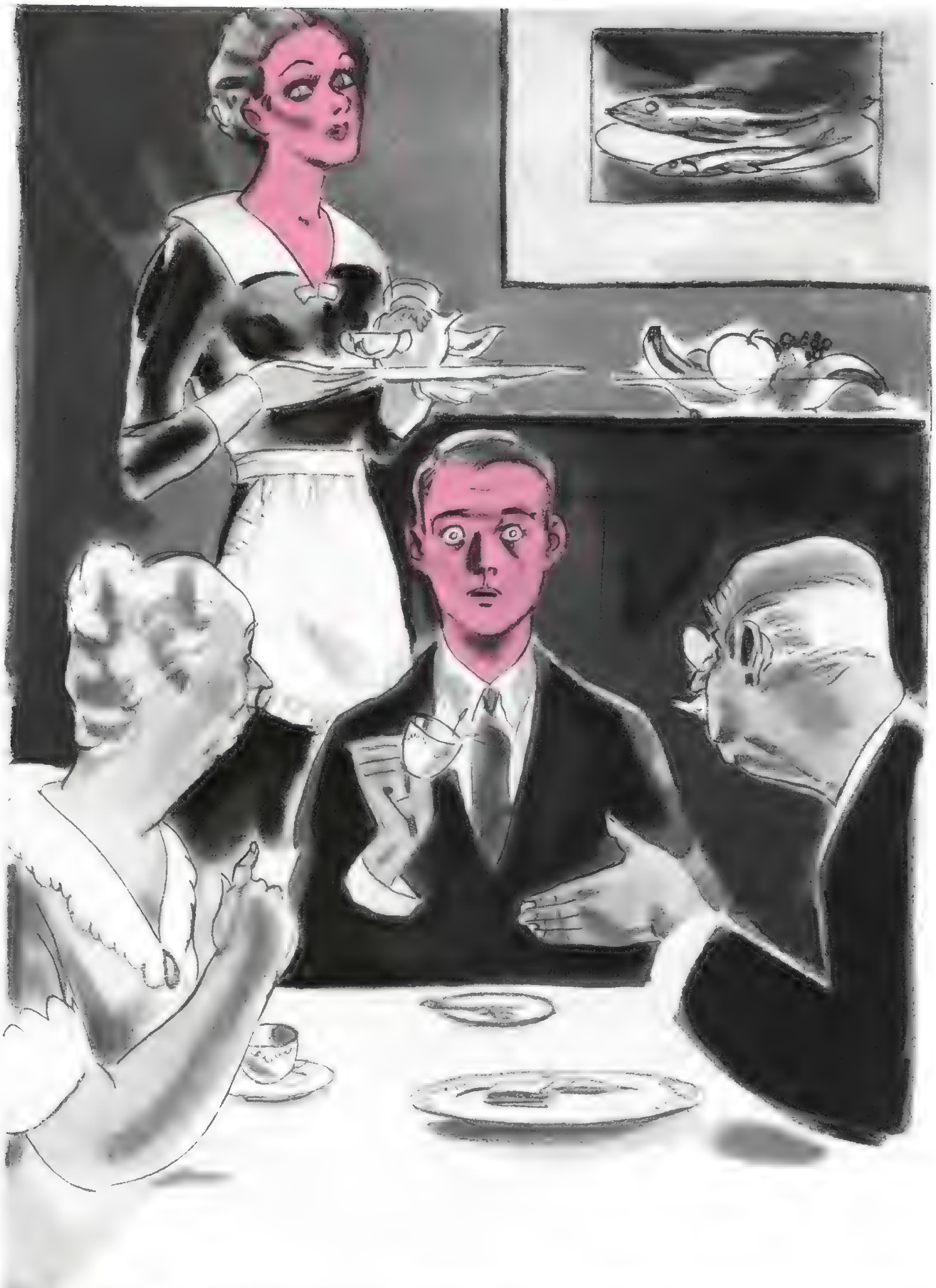

"But Gerald, dear, you might at least tell your parents whom you're going out with"

The Love Match

A story of strange intensity, recounting the life and death of one who married a chiseler

by FRANCIS FUHR

When Clarence Carver and Edna Ellis got married, sentimental people nodded approvingly and said that here was a true love match if there ever was one. This was correct as far as Clarence was concerned, but they were fooled about Edna. Edna was just a green-eyed, red-headed little chiseler. She took an awful shine to Clarence because he always had his pockets full of money, and was loose with it. He was a fat, blond, baby-faced traveling salesman for a hardware concern. He made pretty good money, and he was known out over his territory as a lucky stiff with cards or dice. Edna had never seen anything like him—all the home boys were either broke or tight as drums. Clarence was sort of a phenomenon like Aladdin's lamp—rub him the right way, make a wish, and he would shell out.

When they were going together Edna used to crawl around over his spacious lap, like an organ grinder's monkey, and she had a playful habit of fishing around in his pockets until she found a bill, then waving it kittenishly around in the air, exclaiming with mock surprise: "Oh, lookee what I found!"

Squinting her green eyes, she would examine the money with deep interest, read out loud all the printing on it, and comment pointedly how funny it was that just a tiny piece of paper could buy so many nice things. Presently she would pretend to get interested in something else, leaving the money carelessly lying about until Clarence was getting ready to go, then she would suddenly notice it, and exclaim: "Wait, honey! My goodness, don't forget your money!"

Clarence would tell her to go ahead and keep it. Edna would insist that she wouldn't think of such a thing, and make feeble attempts to slip it in one of his pockets. They would argue and wrestle around for awhile, with Edna finally giving in by throwing her arms around him, kissing him, and murmuring: "You're so good to me! You give me so much it makes me feel bad!"

It made Edna feel bad, but not too bad! Clarence was such a guileless easy-mark, and so ridiculously in love, that he got a kick out of it, and thought it was cute when she frisked his pockets.

The petty miserliness and greed of the female was abnormally developed in Edna, but she came by it honestly, as they say. Her mother was just like her. Edna's father was an osteopath, and her mother watched the office for the "Doctor," as they always called him. Her mother was a sly, furtive creature and she watched the office like a hungry fox watching a chicken yard. She also watched the "Doctor." He was a big heavy jowled man with a deep bass voice, and heavy bushy eyebrows which his wife thought made him so distinguished looking that all the ladies were out to seduce him. But she didn't have to worry, because her constant presence at the office limited his practice, as far as women patients were concerned, to fat, squashy, homely things, or brittle old ladies. When not eavesdropping at the door of the osteopath's private mauling room, his wife spent most of her time adding up how much people owed them, and the total was like a dagger to her greedy heart. If you were a prompt payer she gushed over you until you had to wade out of the office, but if you were slow pay, the atmosphere was so chilly you could skate out. On calls to the homes of bedridden patients, this good wife accompanied the doctor, waiting outside in the front seat of their old-time white Buick, as erect and alert as a watchdog. The only time the doctor ever had to himself was when he was in the bathroom, and, even then, most likely as not, she would startle him with an irritable knock and order him to get a move on, that she wanted in there.

At first Edna's mother objected strenuously to her daughter marrying Clarence. The idea of a husband traveling around loose all over the country was, to her way of thinking, pernicious. On the other hand she was anxious to reduce the family overhead by disposing of Edna to some good provider. She finally consented to Edna's marriage but indirectly advised her daughter to tie Clarence down right away with a baby.

However, Edna didn't need any advice on this point. One of her married friends, of whom she was very envious, had a new baby and a grand piano. Edna determined that she, too, must have a baby and a grand piano. Clarence generously took care of both of these matters promptly; so before they had been married a year she was tied.

Marriage didn't change Clarence's luck with cards; they still fell right for him. Now that he was married and had a baby son, he buttoned on his leather vest and took the boys out on the road for some real cleanings. Whenever he could find any victims, the lucky stiff hardly ever failed to come in off the road on Friday night with a donation of from $50 to $200 to buy the baby shoes. It nearly tickled Edna to death. Clarence was as exciting as playing a slot machine. She would greet him with a big squeeze, and inquire: "Well, how's my lucky, sweet daddy? Did you win anything this week?" Clarence would give a little gigglish chuckle, and pay off. Edna would count the chips with an elated whoop, then suddenly grow a trifle sad, murmuring with a conscience-stricken air: "It's sure nice to have such a lucky daddy, but I wish you wouldn't gamble. It isn't right!"

Clarence couldn't help but admire her highmindedness, but he would toss her a couple of twenties, and say gaily: "It's Ok, baby! If I'd lost they would have taken my money. We got to have money to buy baby's shoes, you know!"

Then they would go to bed and have such good times that Clarence would generally get up in the morning and give her the rest of his winnings.

Indirectly Edna began to encourage Clarence to play for higher and higher stakes. Every once in a while she would say wistfully: "Gee, honey, wouldn't it be wonderful if you would win $5,000 or $10,000 sometime."

Clarence was thinking the same way. They had a pretty nice bank account, but their expenses were growing. Their kid had started to school and it made Clarence realize that in a few years the boy would be wanting to go to college. Edna was dreadfully anxious to spend a winter in Los Angeles, because one of her friends was out there. It would be great to make a really big killing and send her in style. The more he thought about it the more determined he became to take a high flier in a big game and put himself on easy street. He had a hunch that his luck would hold.

Packing a big bankroll, Clarence landed in Tulsa one night and fell in with some oil men. They drove out to a big gambling house called Gleek's Green Gables. Big sums were changing hands so fast it made Clarence's head swim. Christ! if his luck would only hold he could carry away a pot full of dough! But his luck didn't hold! He tried the crap tables and got nicked for plenty. In an effort to recoup he tried his old standby, stud poker, but these buzzards around the table swooped down on him and ate his guts out. His roll was gone and they had him writing checks in a hand that shook like a leaf. Before dawn his life savings had

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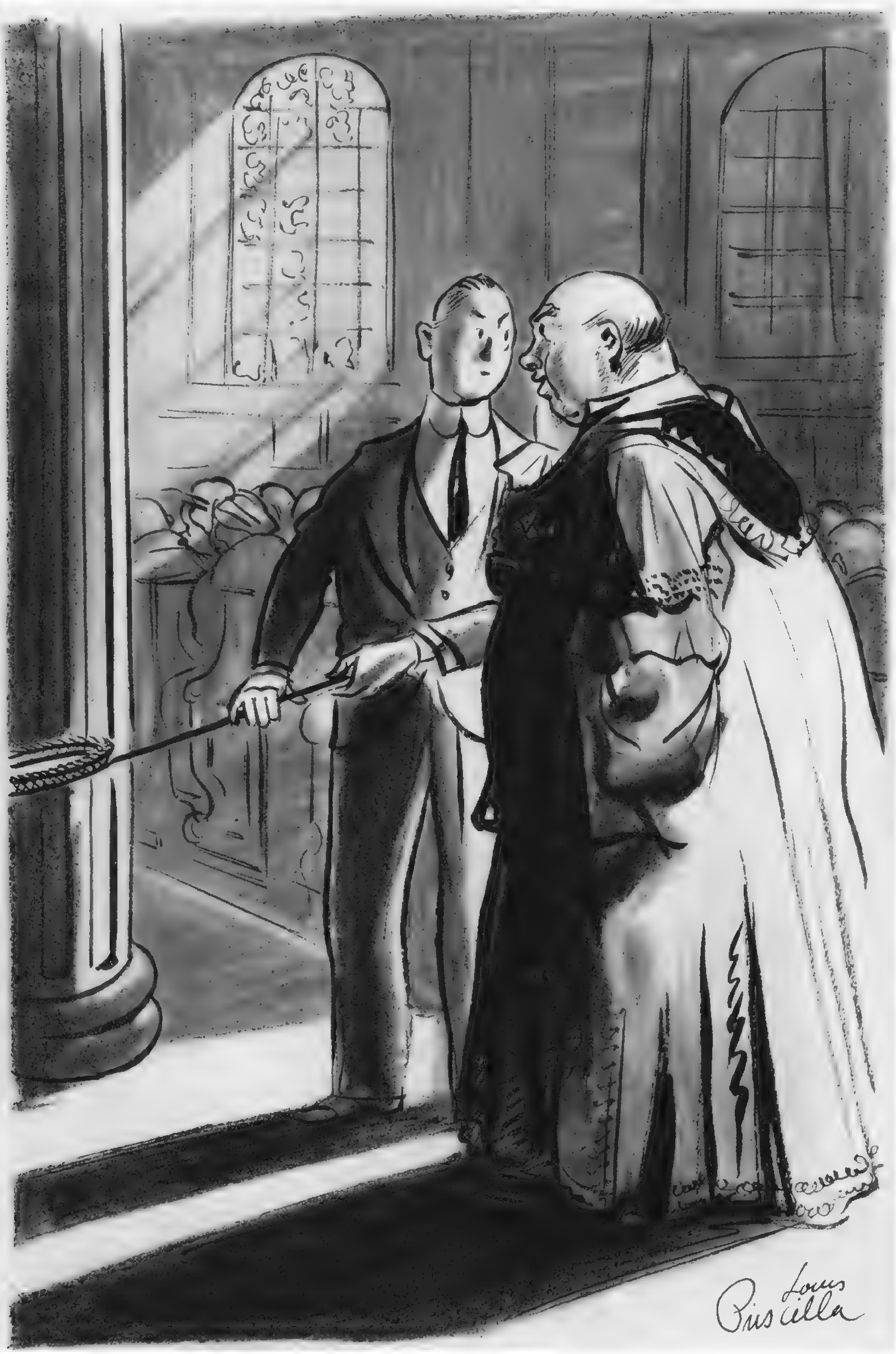


"You'd better put a quarter in it to encourage them"

Bendigo and William Caunt

The last of a series of four stories of English champions of the pre-Queensberry days

by LOUIS GOLDING

Phew! It's hot! Demme, it's hot! What a day I've had! But I don't care if it's as hot as Arabia or if it rains cats and dogs, I'm not going to miss today's great fight between Ben Caunt and Bendigo, though the deuce knows they've put me to a lot of bother to get here.

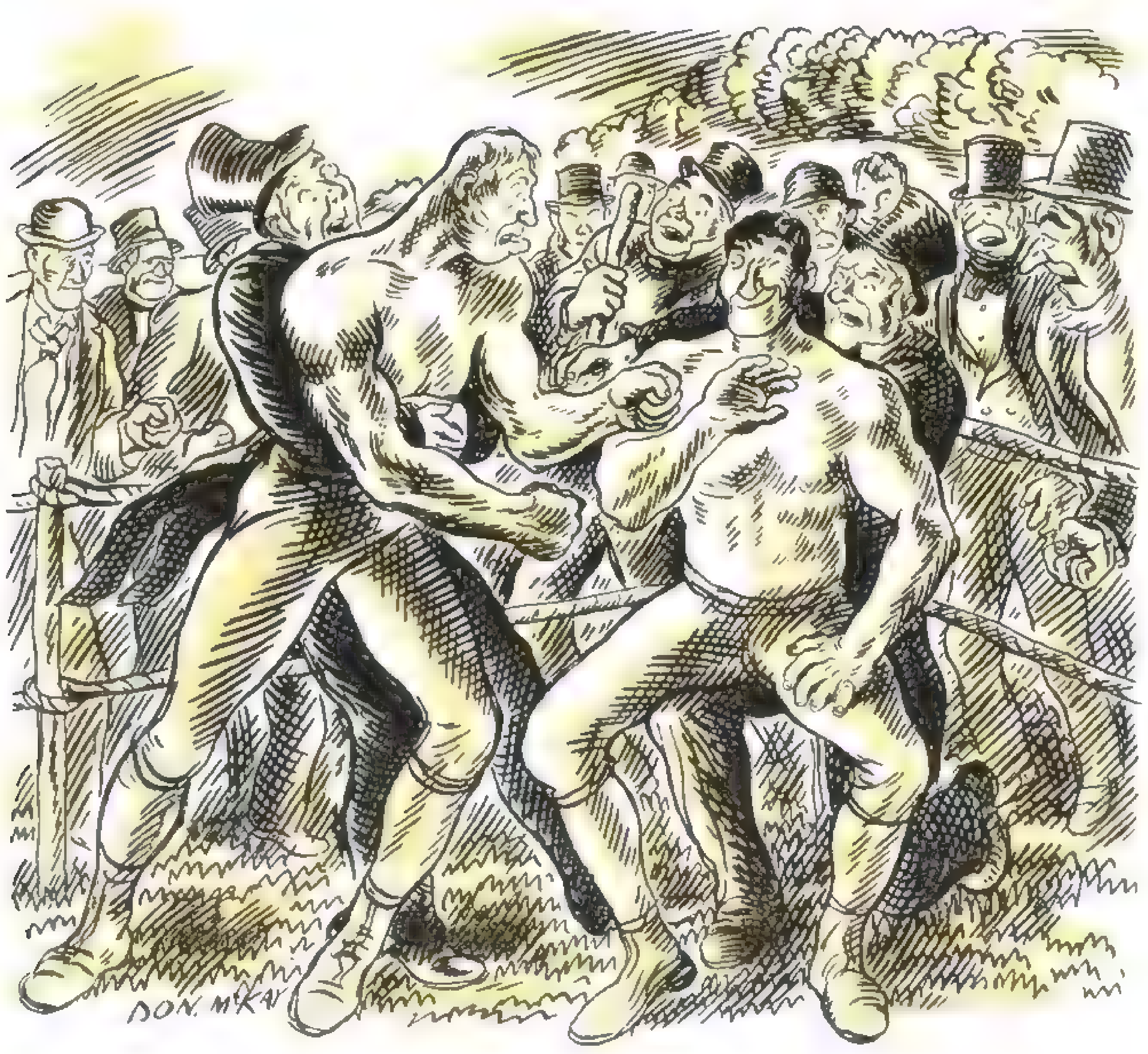
They're playing off the rubber today, they've had two bouts already, and I've been present at both. It's ten long years ago, in July 1835, since they fought the first bout on the meadow behind Appleby House. Do you know it? That old coaching-house well-nigh midway between Birmingham and Nottingham. To tell the truth they did have a little set-to with the gloves a year before that. But I'm pretty sure old Bendy didn't show all that he was good for, or Ben Caunt wouldn't have been so ready to take him on with the bare knuckles.

Yes, yes, it's bare knuckles now and a fight to the death! I'm no believer in this modern trumpery of padded gloves. Are you?

And yet Ben Caunt was such a Goliath to Bendy's David that doubtless he was pretty sure of himself. Ben Caunt stood 6 feet 2½ inches in his stockings and Bendy wasn't quite 5 feet 10 inches. There was a matter of three stone between them in their weights, and five years in their ages. And with fighting lads of the do-or-die kind, every pound counts and every month. So they got going.

I hadn't heard of the young men myself, at that time. I'd just gone down to Appleby House to witness a cocking-match. But when I heard that two game lads were going to step into the ring next day, you can lay your shirt on it, I wasn't going back home.

It wasn't a good fight; for Bendy was much too spry for the young giant. The way young Caunt bore down on Bendy you'd have thought he was going to eat him then and there. But he had about as much chance of nailing him as you have of picking up a trout from a mountain-stream in your fist. I didn't like the way Caunt held himself, either. Like a sack of flour. And he's never learned since then to hold himself any better. As for old Bendy—there's a bronze statue over in Rome that looks just like him. Bendy's a boxer and Caunt's a slugger, it's the old, old difference between art and brute force.



It was Bendy, of course, who tapped the ruby first. Caunt went in with a hefty half-round to the head. Bendy ducked. And before you could say Jack Robinson, there was Bendy's left hard as a sledge-hammer on poor Caunt's smeller. But the way Caunt took the blow (and I can tell you it was enough to floor an ox) made me feel that if that young man wasn't destined to wear the belt some day, or at least put up a demmed good fight for it, I was a Dutchman.

And I wasn't. For he not only put up a fight for that belt. He won it, and that was only three years later, too.

But he had a lot to learn in the meanwhile. The way Bendigo played ring o' roses round him that day in the meadow behind Appleby House was enough to make a cow sneeze. All Caunt wanted to do was to get hold of Bendy and squeeze him in his arms as if he was a long lost wife, and then throw him. But Bendy was too quick for any such hugging games. The moment Caunt had his fingers on him, down to the ground he slithered, like an eel. You should have seen the disgust on Caunt's face when he went puffing and grunting back to his second's knee, with the claret dripping steadily from his nostrils on to his huge chin.

It was almost as comical as the grin on Bendy's face, each time he went down to turf. He's a rare comic blade, is our old Bendy. And a tarnation good fighter, too. (Yes, you're right, I'm sporting Bendy's colours today, and I don't care who knows it.) So it went on for ten rounds, fifteen rounds, twenty rounds. At last, at the end of the twenty-second, the poor young giant could stand it no longer. Showing his teeth he went roaring across the ring to Bendy's corner.

"Wilt thou stand up and foight fair, thou damned hound?" bawled Bendy. I was there. I saw what happened then quite clearly. Bendy closed that right eye of his in a way Caunt didn't know how to. He winked. Yes, I suppose it was very provoking of Bendy. Perhaps he even intended to provoke Caunt into doing exactly what he then did; for he knew time hadn't been called yet and he knew he was as safe as the cliffs of Dover.

Bendy winked, I say. With a roar loud enough to loosen the stakes out of the ground, Caunt lifted his arm and with the back of it sent both Bendy and his second wallowing on the ground.

"Foul!" came the cry. "Foul!" And foul it was if ever one was known in the ring before.

First game in the rubber to William Thompson of Nottingham, christened Abednego, known to all the world as Bendigo. Ben Caunt was certain that it wasn't fists that had beaten him, so much as guile. And Ben Caunt was right. Fist against fist, there wasn't a pair of mawleys in the kingdom fit to set up against Ben's. And I suppose the second mill between them showed how right he was. At least that's what a number of my friends in the Fancy maintain. For my part I've said before, and I say again, fists are less than half the battle. The head counts more. And that's where the strapping baby from Hucknall Torkard is lacking. You'll see if I'm not right before this day's over.

I was at the second fight, of course. I've not missed one of Bendy's big fights since that grand day at Appleby House. I saw him make a fool of Brassey the year after, and put up Young Langan's shutters the year after that, till he was blind as a mole. That was a good set-to against Bill Looney, the same year. But I'm anxious to get on to the second game in the Bendigo-Caunt rubber.

It was a wet April in '48, and not very far from Doncaster. There was the usual amount of trouble from the magistrates. Call themselves Englishmen, do they, the mealy-mouthed squealers? I'd like to see some of 'em set upon in an entry by a gang of roughs some dark night. Then it might occur to them there's something in the grand old game of fisticuffs, after all; something that has made us Englishmen what we are, that has given us an Empire on which the sun never sets, and if any Frenchman or German—

Bless my heart and soul! My wits were wandering! Phew! It's damnation hot, I tell you! I say, you with the pail of water there! I'll give you a shilling if I can dip my kerchief in it! Thank you, boy, you're a sportsman!

Well, it was only after we crossed the Ouse by a bridge which divides the East and West Ridings, and walked some six miles beyond Selby to a quiet hayfield, that we got the stakes driven in and the ring made. Then all of a sudden there was a blare on a silver horn, a belling of hounds, a cry of Tally-ho! Tally-ho! The Badsworth Hunt had seen us from a long way across country. There was no more hunting the fox for them that day. They could hunt the fox the day after and the day after that. There'd be foxes enough in the coverts, but there wouldn't be any more bruisers in the hayfield. So it was Tally-ho! Tally-ho! with Ben Caunt and Bendy for quarry. (Though, dang me, you might call Bendy a fox, but you'd never call Caunt anything more delicate than a bullock). Oh, it did your eyes good to see the men in their scarlet coats and the ladies in their fine black habits, and the way the horses craned their necks to see what was going on. You'd have thought the horses, too, were wagering sacks of oats with one another on the result.

It was well after five before the fun actually started, for the police couldn't keep their noses out of it, even here. If it had been delayed much longer there'd have been a lot more blood flowing than poor Ben Caunt's, though he lost enough to last a regiment. None the less, if I'd have had the managing of it, I wouldn't have let the curtain go up, even then. For the fact was that Bendy wasn't properly fitted out. His spiked shoes were missing, and Bendy fights a good deal on his feet, you know. Young Langan was in charge of his fighting kit, including his spiked shoes. And somehow or other Young Langan had gone astray with all this chivvying about up and down the place. (You remember that Bendy had licked Young Langan into a batter pudding a year ago, and I don't find it too hard to believe that Young Langan found it worth his while not to turn up with Bendy's shoes. It would be all of a piece with the way he behaved when he was put up against Deaf Burke and, the night before the battle, he got himself arrested for assaulting the police. Well, it may have been his Irish blood boiling up in him. We'll leave it at that.)

"No, Bendy, no!" I shouted. "Don't you think of getting into the ring before you get those spiked shoes on!" In my excitement I tried to make my way to the ring, but a handful of Caunt's supporters—who call themselves gentlemen, I don't doubt—so drubbed me and rubbed me with their elbows and so shrieked and howled that there was nothing for me but to get to my place again.

But I was right. It wasn't Ben Caunt's fists that won the fight for him. It was Bendigo's spiked shoes that he wasn't wearing. That sounds a bit Irish, does it? Well, the sun's so fierce today I'm surprised I'm not talking Hottentot!

So the boys got going. Or at least Bendy got going, though I must say Ben Caunt had learned a thing or two since their last meeting three years ago. He wouldn't move an inch. Like a sack of potatoes he stood there, all hunched up and leaning over. Bendy was doing more dancing than fighting. He'd had a taste of Ben's fists, and he thought a horse's hind hoofs were a little more human. Then he got tired of the ballet. He realized this wasn't Covent Garden. So he went in, feinted with the right and drove a beauty with the left straight into Caunt's eye.

That was what Caunt was waiting for. Bellowing like a bull, he hurled his arms around Bendy's shoulders the moment he came within reach, and started squeezing him. He squeezed hard enough to bring the blood out of his nostrils. Then Bendy got hold of himself and shrank into himself. It was uncanny, the way he slipped out of the Big One's embraces and dropped to earth. And so he finished off the round.

Bendy had to do a good deal of slipping and slithering, I can tell you. For Ben Caunt meant murder, judging from that look in his eye. Heaven knows what would have happened to Bendy's face if Ben had got home with one of those swinging smashes. But he didn't, and it was Bendy, not Ben, who first tapped the claret. It was like Moses touching the boulder with his rod, the way the fountain gushed forth. It was a grand sight, you take my word.

Ben Caunt got angrier and angrier, for Bendy ran in and just ripped away at his face with the sharp edges of his knuckles, till it hung down in tatters. And then it was that Ben Caunt brought off his famous gorilla squeeze. I never saw anything like it in the ring all the years I've been one of the Fancy. For Ben suddenly broke through the hail of blows as if it were nothing more than a rainstorm, caught Bendy by the middle and lifted him over to the ropes as if he were a lady's work-basket. Then he pressed him up against the stake with the whole weight of his giant's body and brought his fingers up to his throat and squeezed and squeezed, till Ben's neck lay over the ropes and his face was as purple as a blackberry tart with cream.

"Thou big ugly tooad!" cried Bendy's boys. "Dost thou call that foightin'? Doan't tha see? Tha'st brought the blud out of 'is ears! Let him go, tha fat tooad, or by God, we'll maake thee!"

And they did. They rushed the ring, and sent the referee and umpires scattering. But the ringkeepers got together and lay about them with stones and sticks till they got the ring clear at last. And even then they couldn't repair the ring properly, so when the heroes got at it again, it all lay open at one side.

But the delay meant one good thing at least. Bendy had had time to get a little air down his windpipe again. I never saw a man like Bendy for picking himself up within a few minutes of having the life choked out of him. The fight went on for sixty, seventy, seventy-five rounds. The noise that was going on among the crowds was enough to uproot the oak trees. The Corinthians were shrieking as hoarsely as the Nottingham roughs. Time after time Bendy got home with his piston-rod blows. The giant couldn't get near him. He was beginning to look yellow. He was beginning to sag at the knees a little.

And then all of a sudden—in the seventy-fifth round this was—what I'd been afraid of all along happened. Even at the top of the excitement I'd never quite been able to forget that Bendy was fighting at a disadvantage. *He was not wearing his spiked shoes.* And sooner or later a man not wearing spiked shoes in the ring is bound to slip.

Old Bendy slipped. He had not had a finger laid on him. And he slipped. Quick as lightning, Young Molyneaux, the boxing nigger from Virginia who was seconding Ben Caunt, jumped up and claimed a foul. The welkin darkened with oaths and howls. Ben's men didn't wait for it to clear up again. They didn't even wait to consult the umpires. They bundled Ben off in a carriage, as fast as they could move. Bendy was black with rage. "The dirty old chawbacon!" he cried. "I'll give him foul! Let me get at him! Let me get at him!"

But it was no good. The umpires upheld the decision. Ben Caunt was champion of England!

Ben Caunt was champion of England, I say. He's been champion of England all these seven years. If Bendy hadn't been so much of a bounding goat in between then and now, he could have won the belt back seven times over since then. He's always up to some lark or another. You remember how he did his famous somersault coming back from the military steeplechase, and promptly smashed his kneecap? No wonder Ben Caunt's been able to wear that belt all this time.

But he won't be wearing it tonight, I vow. If he does, I'll chew my head, by my body and soul I will!

It's been an awful day! How much longer are they going to keep us, I wonder? My cravat's simply soaked with sweat! We've been on the move since early this morning traipsing about from pillar to post. First they said the venue would be Lillingstone Level, then we all went grinding off to Whaddon. Then the police hove up again, and back we plodded to Lillingstone Level through the baking afternoon. I'll tell you, you've to be a man of rare bottom to show any active interest in pugilism these days.

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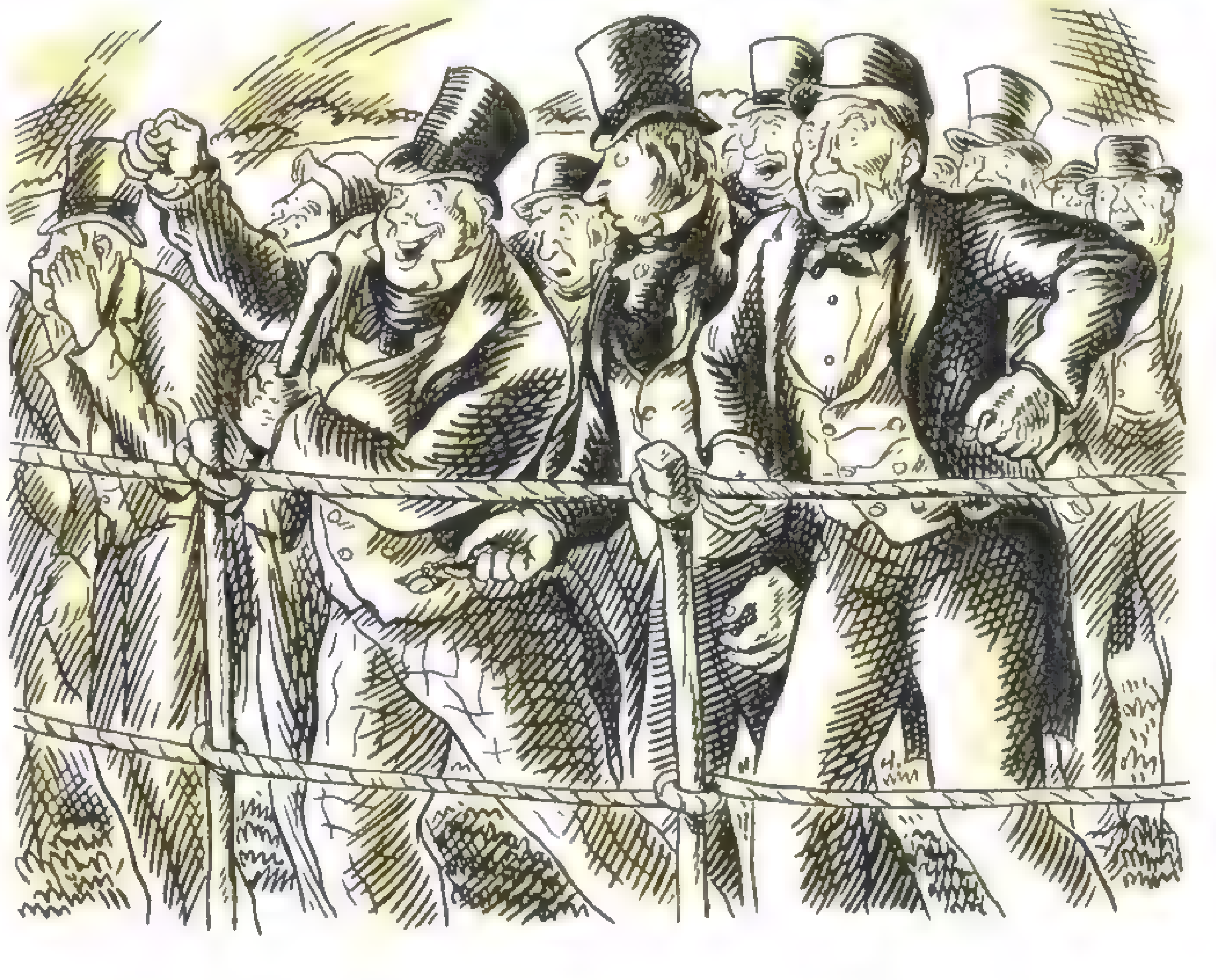


Going the Whole Way

A short story concerning two American showgirls, in Europe to try out a noble experiment

by DAVID CORNEL DeJONG

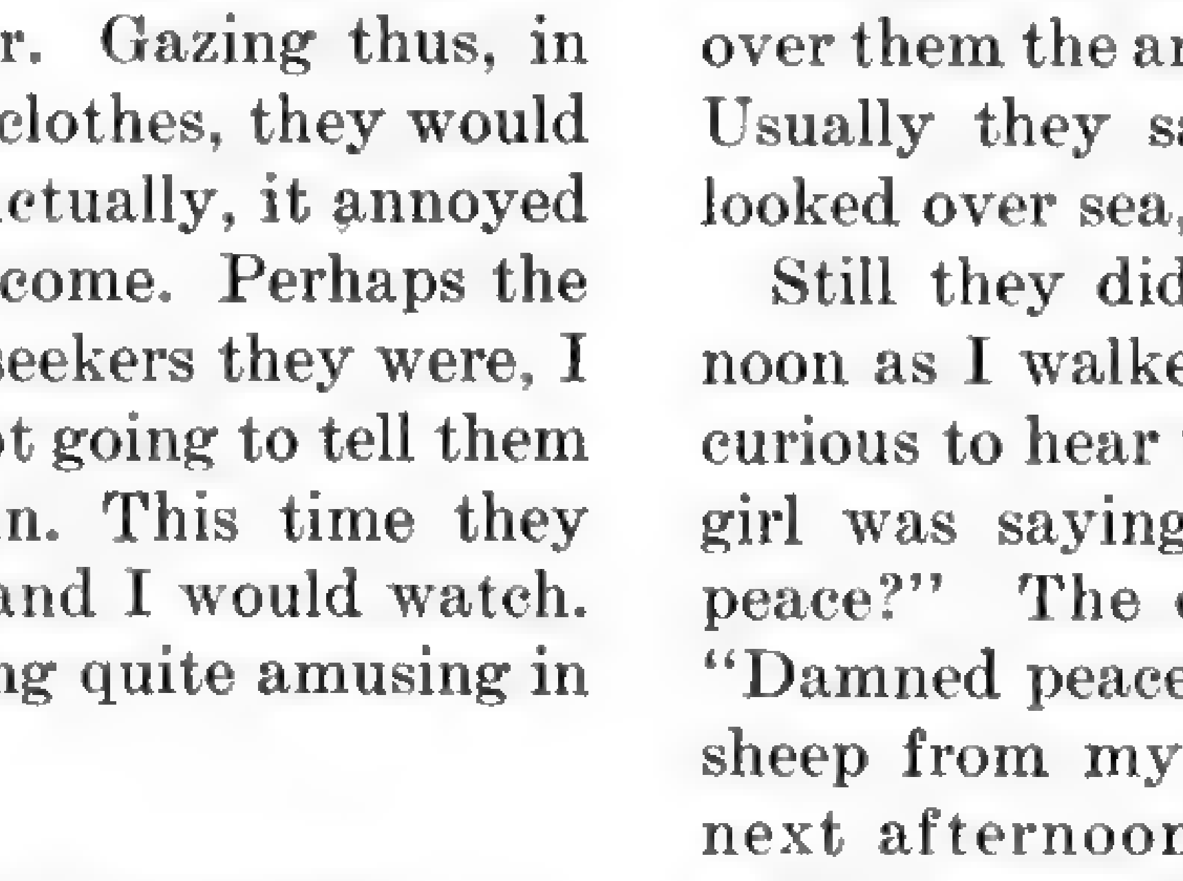
Tourists, especially American tourists, simply did not come to the village. Neither was this expected of them, in fact, no one had ever gone on record as imagining anything of the kind. The stumped grey tower stood perpetually by the long green dike, along which slow sheep grazed and rested, and against which the tide bubbled and sidled up at set intervals, accompanied by plaintive gull cries. The villagers fished or knitted, according to sex, the children played and willows drooped languidly along the canals. That was all. That was enough.

Everybody bicycles in Holland. That June evening when I returned on my bicycle to the village from a long ride over very level roads—Holland roads are for bicycles—past horses who gazed deeply into canal water and cows tall and white on green meadows, I heard alien sounds. The last wagon had rumbled over the bridge and silence should have followed, but I heard sounds, thin sounds, gay and ribald, musical, nervously hasty. I pedalled on very slowly, wondering, greeting two old men behind their fuming pipes, seeing no others to greet. The music grew in the stillness. When I rounded the corner, I saw the villagers in the market place, nearly all of them. First there was an outer circle of black dressed robust women, then a layer of men, and then children, some tapping their feet, some stolid, others wagging yellow heads or staccato arms. And suddenly I recognized Just A Cheerful Little Earful, and saw one platinum bobbed head and one brown, and one orange dress and one pale green, and wide eyes and red lips and sound white teeth. Americans had come.

There were two of them, two girls. Perhaps they were a little over twenty, a very little. In front of the inn door stood a chair and on it their portable phonograph. The record scoured to an end and was drowned in loud applause. The girls smiled gratefully. Immediately the blond put another record on the machine, the children drew back, and the two girls started to dance something expertly and wildly, which to my poorly informed mind resembled the black bottom in some of its agitations. There was more applause, but before that had died down I saw the girls link hands, swaying arms rhythmically, while they started on "Night and Day." The hearers stood mute, the voices blended to a nostalgic sweetness, and I imagined that I saw all the laughter disappear from the girls' eyes. Something akin to restlessness, but inexplicably sad, seemed to rise in my throat, until the old tower shook down eight long clangs. Eight o'clock. The song was over. They bowed again to the applause which followed. "That is all," said the brown haired girl in unmistakable American. They turned and disappeared in the inn. Men and women left the square, but the children played on, at first somewhat furtively, then more boldly, dancing in circles. Beneath the old poplars near the graveyard wall, an old man explained to me, "Two Americans. They just come. They're staying at the inn." While he slurred off slowly on his wooden shoes, the American girls came outside again to watch the children who were starting to perform for them, singing some homely songs about lost lambs and ships at sea. The girls sat and smiled, looked from the children to the old tower and back to the children again. Later they leaned back peacefully and gazed and gazed.

I wondered about them. Rather furtively, feeling just a little foolish, I watched them from beneath the poplar. Gazing thus, in spite of my nondescript clothes, they would take me for a villager. Actually, it annoyed me that Americans had come. Perhaps the usual blatant sensation seekers they were, I assured myself. I was not going to tell them that I was an American. This time they could be the curiosities and I would watch. There might be something quite amusing in that.

Three weeks later they were still with us. Derk, the innkeeper, who knew some English, had told me that they had plenty of money, that they paid for everything generously and promptly, and that they had come to the village to forget. It did not matter to him what they were trying to forget, for beyond the three facts he told me his interest and inquisitiveness had not proceeded. They were Americans, with money, and that was enough. The villagers had accepted them wholeheartedly. They dined in their houses, they were conducted through the cemetery, were treated to fish at all hours, sailed with them in their canal boats, while in turn the villagers listened repeatedly to their favorite, "Night and Day," perhaps for the melancholy lilt of the girls' voices, a lilt not unlike that of the sea gulls and terns swooping above the dike. Once Derk had tried to tell them about me—as the only American around for miles—but they had hardly shown interest, and soon thereafter when the gulls had come shrieking ahead of the tide, they had run off to the dike.



But June is a busy month. With the men at sea, women and children had to go to till the soil, and only very old women remained behind to sit in the sun and watch very small children. When the village bells tolled in the evening, the villagers streamed back from the fields, tired and in need of sleep, so that soon the singing of the girls lost its novelty. But still they remained, though obviously they were starting to feel at a loss without spectators. Day after day I saw them, sometimes coddling little babies as if they were puppies, but most of the time seated on the sea side of the dike, waiting for floodtide with its frantic gulls, or ebbtide with the return of awkward crabs on the wet sand and weasels between the basalt stones. They sat in the very green grass while around them sheep grazed, rid again of their lambs, and over them the ancient tower tocked its clock. Usually they sat very close together and looked over sea, as quietly as sheep.

Still they did not know me. One afternoon as I walked along the dike, childishly curious to hear them talk, the brown haired girl was saying, "Did you ever see such peace?" The other nodded vehemently, "Damned peaceful." I shooed the too slow sheep from my path and walked on. The next afternoon while the tide ribboned whitely toward shore, she said, "Lord, what a place. We couldn't have done better." The blond answered, "It's the best we could have picked. Pretty near as good as a nunnery." After that I passed each sunny day and listened. When they talked it seemed nearly always about the peace and quiet and getting away from things. They seemed to be convincing each other. I wondered, but continued my eavesdropping.

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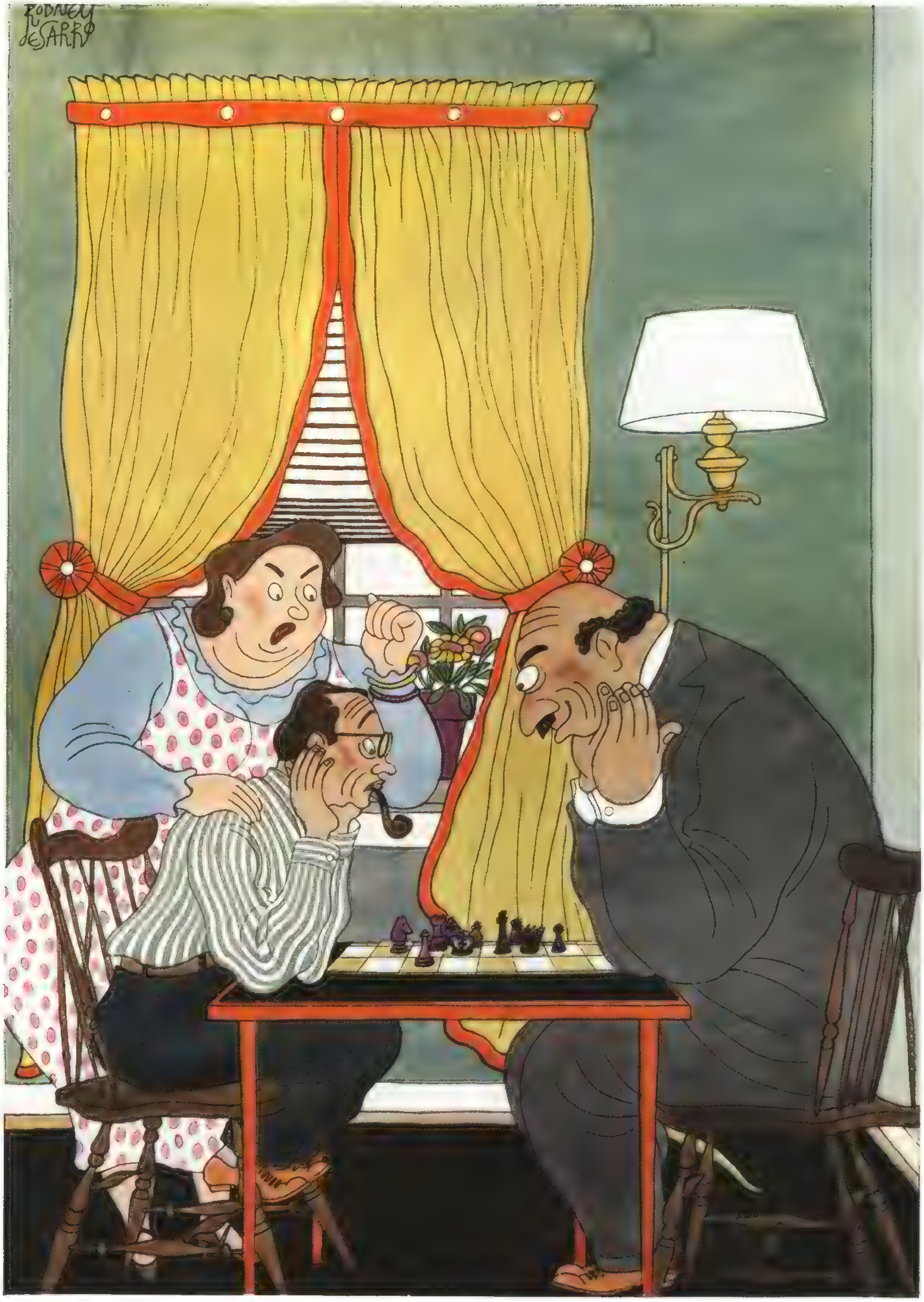
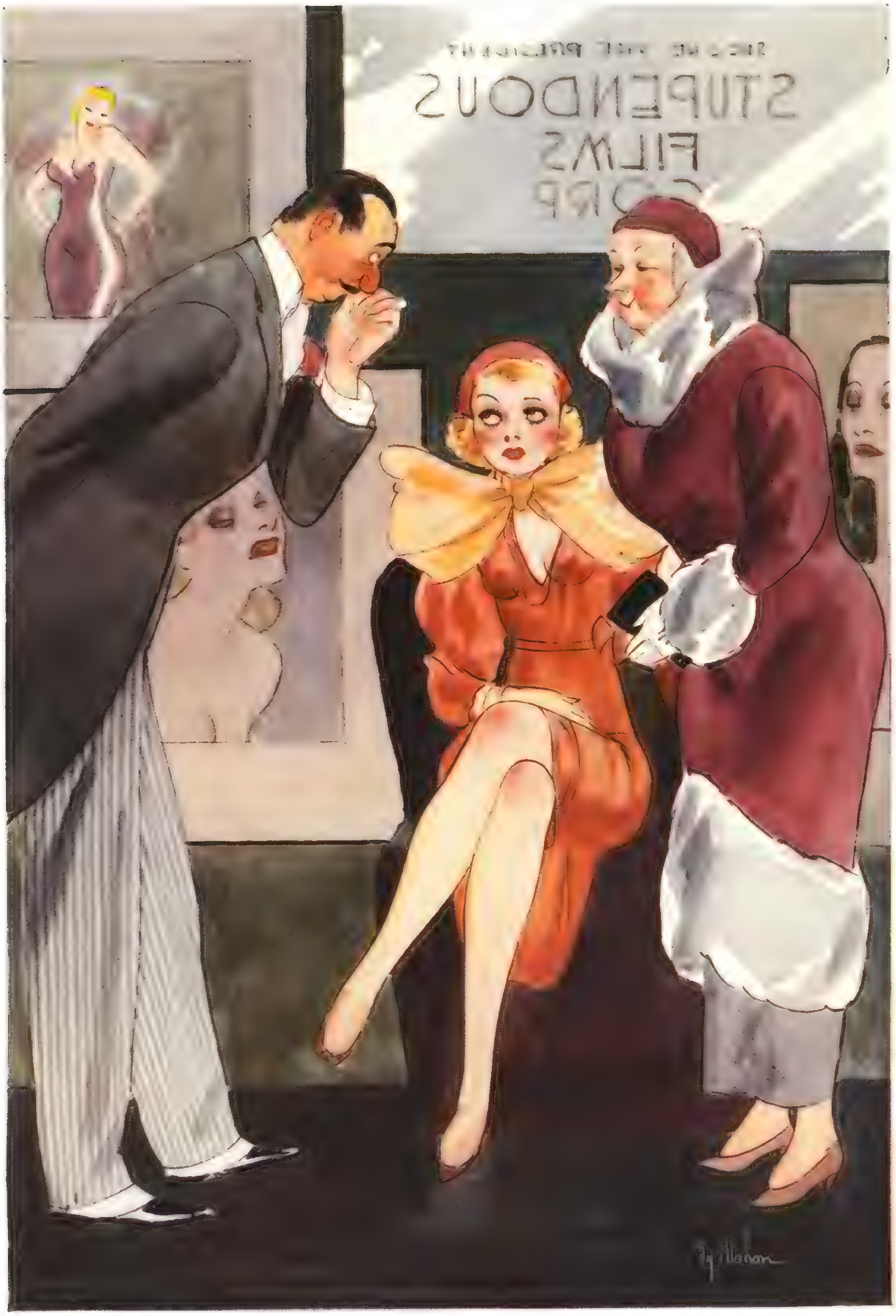


RODNEY deSARRO

"Fight, Ludwig, fight!"


STUPENDOUS
FILMS
CORP

"So you really think you could do something for my little girl?"

Picture Executive

An article about one of the less widely publicized aspects of the motion picture business

by JACK KOFOED

From a selling viewpoint, the motion picture business is the most competitive in the world. Probably gentlemen who are in motor cars, shoes, oil or ladies' wear will turn up their noses at that statement and say competition couldn't possibly be any keener than in their lines, but it really is true.

Pictures are unique, because they deal in exaggeration; live, as you might say, on a diet of superlatives. They concern unusual phases of life . . . are made and marketed in unusual ways. The producers find no lesser adjectives to describe them than "colossal" . . . "terrific" . . . "epic."

Occasionally one may deserve the florid phrasing the publicity department gives to all . . . but very rarely. The average picture is good enough entertainment, but when a sales manager's campaign book holds no more than reasonably good ones he has enough worry ahead to make his hair grey and his nights sleepless.

Here is one reason. The 1934 production plans of the major film companies include the making of the following pictures:

Paramount	60
Warner Bros.	60
M. G. M.	52
R. K. O.	52
Fox	52
Universal	42
Columbia	32
United Artists	22
20th Century	22

To this can be added sixty more by independent companies. The list comprises only features, you understand, and does not include shorts, news-reels and novelties.

More than four hundred and fifty pictures to sell!

Perhaps that may not seem extraordinary to those outside the business . . . but actually it is vast over-production. If you are a fairly consistent patron of the movies you may see two features a week. That means you can't catch even twenty-five per cent of those put on the screen. The average picture house changes its bill every three days. If it happens that there are only one or two theatres in a town it is not hard to understand how hard the salesman must fight to get *his* product into it.

If a salesman sells a carload of groceries or a hundred automobiles or a quarter peck of green peas he argues quality and price. He has no headaches about "Protection," "The Right to Buy," "Block Booking" or "Overbuying." These are probably only cant words to you. They are headaches and a pain in the neck to us.

There is the matter of protection, for example. A theatre owner agrees to take our line for the coming year if we will not allow any other movie house within a radius of a specified number of miles to show those films until thirty or sixty days after he has finished with them. He charges a fifty cent admission, we'll say, and naturally feels that if a fifteen cent house nearby can show the same pictures the following week his patrons will wait and save the difference.

It sounds reasonable . . . but on the other hand the little fellow claims discrimination, and swears he can't make a living if he has to wait until interest in the feature is dead.

Through the heated days of last August, Washington was crammed with motion picture executives and theatre owners. There was a code to be framed, and this matter of protection provoked bitter argument . . . with no one willing to concede even a part of his own particular rights.

An exhibitor in a small town about twenty-five miles from a metropolitan center, met President Roosevelt at a time when he could unburden his soul of the load of unfairness that harrassed him. It appeared that the chain theatre owners in the city bought their pictures with the stipulation that they were not to be shown within thirty miles until two months had elapsed. Naturally, our friend could not get the films he wanted.

Mr. Roosevelt took a personal interest in this man, who seemed to epitomize the problems of the small theatre owner. He suggested that he would like to see the matter settled. It *was* settled . . . and then do you know what happened?

The favored one demanded a "protection" clause in *his* contract, imposing the same limitation he had cried over on all small town theatres within fifteen miles of him!

Well, I guess it's human nature, but it *is* aggravating.

There is the equally stubborn problem of the "right to buy" . . . which is the old, old story of the fight between the individual and the great corporation.

Let me illustrate again:

The Gigantic Pictures Corporation owns the two leading theatres in Hohokus Falls and four in a nearby metropolis. John Jones also runs a place in Hohokus, where he does a good, steady business day in and day out. Jones wants our product, and we want him to have it, but . . .

The Gigantic people say: "If you sell that fellow you can't sell us. We've got six theatres. He owns one. Of course, we're not telling you how to run your business. Just use your own judgment."

Jones claims the right to buy . . . but what can we do? We're between the devil and the deep blue sea. We can't afford to lose the big fellow as a customer no matter how fair we want to be to the little one, because there are twelve changes a week for one, and only two for the other.

Yet we *do* try to protect the small exhibitor, and from this perfectly natural instinct on our part has developed the system of "overbuying." The chains will take more features than they need, or can use, just to prevent comparatively insignificant rivals from getting them. In some cities they open down-at-the-heels theatres and put in first run pictures for a ten cent admission to strangle competition. There is nothing the sales manager or sales department can do about this. The problem can only be settled by the adoption of a code of ethics that would prevent such unfair practices.

Block booking is another focal point of argument. When we sell an exhibitor we try to sell him not one picture or five, but our entire season's output. Naturally all our productions are not going to be super-specials. Some will probably be pretty bad, no matter what adjectives we plaster on them. The theatre owner wants the right to cancel whatever pictures he doesn't like. Everything in this game of selling motion pictures is a compromise. We compromise on the cancellation clause, allowing him to turn thumbs down on say ten per cent of what we offer him. We compromise on price; getting a flat rate for half the pictures, and working on a percentage of the house for the other half.

Price! There's another reason why the selling of motion pictures offers a problem seen in no other industry. There is no set price for a feature, such as there would be for a standard brand of any other commodity. If we have developed a horse trader's complex, it is because the nature of the business demanded it.

In the Northwest, Brown and Rubin control a chain of theatres. When a salesman goes to see the partners, he quotes a figure he hopes to get.

Rubin looks at him with a queer little smile, and says: "Cut it in half and I'll make you an offer!"

And that, you may be sure, has become a stock quotation among the exhibitors.

It takes salesmanship to handle such problems . . . and more than that, personal contact and knowledge of the buyer and his needs. There isn't a director of distribution who hasn't worked himself up from the bottom. He has to have an intimate knowledge of the men with whom he deals. Jimmy Grainger, of Universal, for instance, has traveled across the width and length of the country a hundred times. He knows thousands upon thousands of theatre owners by their first names and can talk intelligently to them of the troubles peculiar to their locality.

In the old days this building up of good

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"Horses, Horses, Horses"

The Reminiscences of a Gentleman Rider

by RAYMOND KNIGHT

M. F. H. Piping Down Hunt Club, President Foals and Fillies Club of America, Author "What Every Young Horse Should Know" and "Gelding the Lily"

Together with a dissertation on the comparative methods of English and American hunts

A HORSE'S man!

That's what they call me down in the Blue Grass region and I suppose it's true. Ever since I was foaled, I've either been on a horse or under one. A rein in my hand and a saddle between my knees and ten to one there's a horse somewhere around!

Tug o' War—Raymond Knight Up.

Do you know what the smell of a stable means to me? Probably the same as it does to you. Give me the whinny of a sensitive, high-strung mare or the clatter of hoofs on a dirt track, and I'll not ask for a millionaire's gold. And what's more I wouldn't get it.

The Knights of old Kentucky have always been racing men. Colonel Cadwallader (Stonewall) Knight who was one of Morgan's men in the Civil War always rode a horse in a Confederate cavalry charge. His wife, Virginia Mason Dixon Knight, who was one of Morgan's women, covered an incredible number of laps in her life. On the other hand, Major Thaddeus Tertius Knight, who went through the war in a Union suit often felt very silly about it, especially by 1864 when all the buttons were gone.

Then there was General Fitzhugh Langhorne Knight who escaped from Libbey prison in disguise . . . in dis guy's coat and dat guy's hat. There was Captain Throckmorton Knight, an uncle on my mother's side (on her left side, she was deaf in the right ear), who lost all his fortune in the Spanish War and was financially ruined, but he led his men up San Juan Hill, had three horses shot from under him and got back on his feet.

There were two Knights whose ponies carried them through the Indian wars, there were four Knights whose ponies carried them through their Latin classes in college, and on Armistice Day in war-torn France, there were ten Knights in a barroom.

And then, of course, speaking of bare-back riding there was Lady Godiva—born Agnes Knight. . . . But I could go on like this for hours.* Suffice it to say that in the brightest pages of history wherever a horse is mentioned, there you will find a Knight. Let me begin my story at the day of my birth at the old manse when I was ushered into the world, crying "Tally-ho, yoicks and away!" at the top of my lungs, fortissimo. Or, as a contemporary author has put it, "Life Begins at Forté."

I was born with a silver bit in my mouth and I remember the look of pleasure in Mother's face as she first saw me. Mother was giving a hunt tea the afternoon of my natal day and she paused only long enough to slip out of her riding habit, which *was* rather tight, and into a flowery peignoire which was more appropriate for the occasion. That was Mother's one feminine trait . . . she *did* have children! There were eight of us boys, but when Mother had enough for two polo teams she stopped. She said Father was rated as an eight goal man and she was going to let well enough alone.

My early training began at five A. M. which was too early if you ask me. As a matter of fact it was too early, even if you don't mention it. At the age of three I received my first riding lesson, being placed on a steady-going mare named Fiddler's B. and led around the paddock by an old colored retainer named Frelinghausen. "Massa Ray," said old Frelinghausen, his white teeth flashing in the sun, "you is gwine grow up and be jest like yo' daddy." I kicked him right in the face for that and his teeth stopped flashing. After that we were great friends. Frelinghausen is still in my service. He is a great lover of horseflesh and he adores me.

I can still remember that freezing December day when I fell off my horse into a snowdrift and Frelinghausen ran into the house, shouting for aid. "Where's the young Master?" called Mother. "Massa's in de cold, cold ground," yelled Frelinghausen, and Mother, thinking the old darky wanted to sing, sat down at the melodeon and together they went through the "Book of 100 Favorite Songs." By the time I was rescued, however, my anger and the rest of me had cooled off, and I freely forgave Frelinghausen and Mother for their little whimsy.

The next step in my education was to leave the riding ring and take to the open country. The whole family, including Father, was gathered on the portico of the Old Manse as I started out on my initial solo ride and as I disappeared into the blue grass I looked back and saw the Old Man's portico standing out above all else.

"Remember, Massa," cried old Frelinghausen, "keep yo' knees firm." "I'll take care of my knees, if you'll take care of my 'knephew,'" I parried, and with that Fannie and I dashed up the road at a walk. Fannie was the bay mare Father had given me for my fifth birthday and a present which delighted me. No sooner were we around the corner than I slipped out of the saddle and ran around to look at Fannie's teeth. And then I was happy—I had finally looked a gift horse in the mouth!

Father promised me that at the age of fifteen, I could ride to hounds, and on my fifteenth birthday I went to the dogs. It was a cool, frosty morning in October and the Oversex Hunt gathered on the driveway of Dew Drop Inn, our old Virginia homestead, for the event. Colonel Battersby Bixby, a true southern gentleman if there ever was one*, was M. F. H. that year and the course was a stiff one. We had our first stirrup cup as the sun peeped over the eastern horizon, and we had our last one as it sank in the west. Finally, as with true southern courtesy the hunt members exhausted our cellar, the stirring notes of the bugle rang out—"To horse!" With one motion the pink-coated men and the derby-hatted women vaulted to

Raymond Knight—Tug o' War Up.

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*Editor's Note: *Not in Esquire, you can't.*

*Editor's Note: *As if there never was.*

the saddle, and with one motion they landed on the ground on the other side. As Colonel Bixby remarked with a twinkle in his good eye—"The landed gentry egad!"

Those were thrilling days in old South Carolina! Breakfast in the saddle, luncheon in the saddle, and dinner at the mantelpiece. Ah, those hunt dinners! How we searched for food in the great old kitchen at Akimbo Arms, our Maryland family seat—and how we were always unsuccessful.

Technique of the Hunt—"To Horse."
(Correct Position.)

And so I grew to manhood with my hands attuned to the feel of the reins, and my legs bowed to the curve of the saddle. And then, at twenty-one, love came to me! She was a northern girl, from up New Jersey way, named Marigold, and that morning as she came around the corner of the copse at a full gallop, she rode right into my heart and, incidentally, into me. I was out having a go at a bit of hawking, mounted on Fanny, and in the collision Fanny fell squarely atop me or vice versa. As we picked ourselves up out of the tangle of horses, I looked into her eyes and knew that, here indeed, was a woman who would bear me strong horsemen! But alas, the romance was short-lived, for Father, hearing that Fanny had broken a leg, came up on the run with his old derringer, and, being near-sighted, he shot Marigold instead of Fanny.

I forgave him, for it was a mistake any man might have made, but somehow I never felt the same toward him after that. Before long he drifted away from us—in an old rowboat—and we never saw him again. It was just as well, because he had an English saddle that I had always coveted, and, as I soon found out, I never knew my own strength.

Technique of the Hunt—"The Coup de Grace."
(The fox may be seen leering out of the underbrush.)

That year, at the invitation of the Duke of Melton-Mowbray, I went to England for my first hunt. It was held at Tottering-Towers-on-Thames, Melton-Mowbray's ancestral castle, and I found that the cream of British hunting society had gathered there for a week's sport.

Now fox-hunting in England differs from fox-hunting in America, only in that Englishmen begin the hunt by saying—"Tally-ho!" while Americans say—"For gawd's sake, Giddap!" The general idea is the same, however, and so is the liquor and before the hunt was well under way, so was I.

Melton-Mowbray had assigned Major Calthrop-Calthrop to show me the ropes, and in company with General Byng-Byng and Captain Heatherstone-Heatherstone and Colonel Fye-Fye we went over the course the day before the hunt, in order to get the lay of the land. By nightfall I had a good idea of the course. The barbed wire fence at the second jump, in particular, had made a deep impression on me.

Major Calthrop-Calthrop, whose moustache, by the way, has appeared in Ripley's "Believe It or Not," was a huntsman of the first water. He had ridden with every hunt from the Loch-Steppe Hunt in Scotland to the Taj-Mahalitosis Hunt in India, and he helped me out no end—what?

Technique of the Hunt—"To Horse."
(Incorrect Position.)

The baying of the hounds at my bay-window awakened me the next morning, and at the sound of the bugle there was a mad rush, not for the stables, but for the single bathroom which the castle boasted. Liveried servants passed up and down the line with dishes of hot tea and consoling words, and in a short two hours the company descended to the panelled dining room, there to partake of bloaters, crumpets, jam and dishes of hot tea. This done we all descended to the courtyard where the vicar, according to custom, was to bless the hounds.

The vicar was a jolly little, hard-riding churchman, and he made a picturesque sight as he stood in the middle of the yelping pack, with upraised hand. At this point, one of the hounds, for a reason known only to himself, bit the vicar neatly in the left calf. But nobody noticed the act, as the vicar continued the blessing, simply using the same words only in a different order.

Then came the cry "Tally-ho," and sure enough a large one drove up with seats for all of us. After a cheering dish of hot tea all around, we vaulted into the seats where steaming dishes of hot tea awaited us and we were off over the green English countryside in search of "Master Reynard."

At every farm house there were ruddy-faced yokels waiting for us, pulling their forelocks with one hand and offering us welcome dishes of hot tea with the other. "Tally-ho," we would all shout together. "Thar she blows," each yokel would reply, pointing east or west as his fancy dictated, and with a crack of the whip and a gay "tantivy" from the red-coated tantivyers, we were off to the next hole, there to partake of fragrant dishes of hot tea which the smiling tea-caddies served to us.

Technique of the Hunt—"Tally Ho" or "Thar She Blows." (Master Reynard is sighted — Master Knight is near-sighted.)

Finally, after a delicious luncheon of bloaters, crumpets, jam and hot tea, we were off on the chase again. Ever anon we would pause and jest with the gaping rustics, inquiring with a sly dig "How's crops?" After watching us ride for a bit, however, the rustics neatly turned the question by saying to us, "How's croppers?" for indeed we came many a one. It was near the close of that glorious English afternoon that the disgraceful incident occurred which forced Winston Churchill-Churchill out of the cabinet and caused Melton-Mowbray to resign from His Majesty's Service.

Technique of the Hunt — "Nimrod Triumphant."
("Well done!" cried the hunt. The fox was unresponsive.)

We had just paused for a dish of hot tea with Lady Fotherington-Fotherington, who had a delightful little villa at John O'Groats, Lands End, Hants, Warwick, Deeping, Vauxhall, Hertfordshire, period. We had only been there a scant two hours when a

Continued on page 154

Manners without Etiquette

Listing of a few of the more absurd conventions—with an eye to the chances of reform

by STUART HOWE

While it is obvious that the rules of our etiquette have grown out of custom, it does not necessarily follow that all of these ancient *mores* have any sound application in modern life. Without going in, save in the most elementary sense, for anthropological details, one may point out once again that the custom of raising one's hat upon meeting a lady originated with the lifting of visors by armed men who wished to indicate peaceful intent. Why, then, has this courtesy, pleasant enough in itself, been permitted to degenerate to the point where its interpretation is dependent upon the type and even the sub-type of milieu involved? Let me illustrate: It is customary, in this country, to salute a woman-acquaintance by raising one's hat. It is customary, also, to remove one's hat upon entering an elevator, in which there are one or more women, in either a department store or an apartment house. It is not customary similarly to bare the head in the elevator of an office building, even though the conveyance be packed with women—the same women, for that matter, who accepted the courtesy as their due in the earlier-listed lifts. I do not pretend to know the reason for this hair-splitting, but raise the point merely to suggest that the whole subject of modern etiquette could bear investigation and reform, a revision which, perhaps, would entirely discard the term "etiquette" with all of its stuffy implications, substituting "manners," manners in keeping with the spirit of the times.

I am sure that anyone who stops to think about it at all can list a dozen incongruities similar to the one I have mentioned, hangovers from a useful past which have become distorted through that curious illogic which seems to govern anachronisms. A peculiarly irksome convention that comes to mind is the thank-you or bread-and-butter letter which one is required to write one's hostess after having accepted hospitality. These cursed notes, so difficult to remember, so awkward to write, serve no useful purpose whatever and are simply the outgrowth of an ancient custom among primitive peoples requiring the traveler to pay for hospitality and protection with a suitable gift in goods. Now as it is usual to embark bearing gifts upon all of one's ventures as a house guest (thus preserving the symbol), I cannot see the necessity for the secondary gesture—particularly as you may be sure that your hostess would never have dreamed of asking you to stay at her house had there not been some good reason for it.

How many of you, regardless of proficient footwork, have not stumbled in attempting to pass gracefully behind the woman with whom you happened to be walking, in order to place yourself on the outside? That this custom originated in the days when there were no sidewalks and the outside position was essential for the woman's protection, has no present significance whatever, yet its observation persists.

In listing these few instances of absurd conventions and in suggesting reform, I do not mean to imply the abolition of good manners in favor of extreme informality. Manners, however, should be consistent, should have logical reasons for being, and should be noticeable only in the breech, never in the observance.

One of the easiest things to be awkward about is the matter of introductions. Not so long ago I sat at luncheon in a public restaurant with a feminine companion. Our table was in a sort of booth, making it difficult to rise with any ease without pushing the table about and stepping into the aisle. It chanced that another young woman of my acquaintance passed up the aisle, greeted me, dropped a few casual sentences, and walked on. Instead of scrambling from my bench, I remained seated and replied pleasantly, only to be rebuked a moment later by my companion for not having performed an introduction. Now this, manifestly, was absurd. It is seldom necessary or even desirable to introduce people casually encountered in public places, and under no circumstances is it advisable if the introduction involves scrambling about and making everyone concerned uncomfortable. It would, it seems to me, be preferable by far to journey through life anonymous.

In most Eastern cities the business of introducing people has been treated with refreshing common sense. Only at house parties, at small dinner parties and similar functions is it considered essential, and then the introduction is made in the simplest possible form. All of the "May I presents" have gone by the board in favor of the more laconic but wholly courteous, "Mr. Arbuthnot, Miss Struthers."

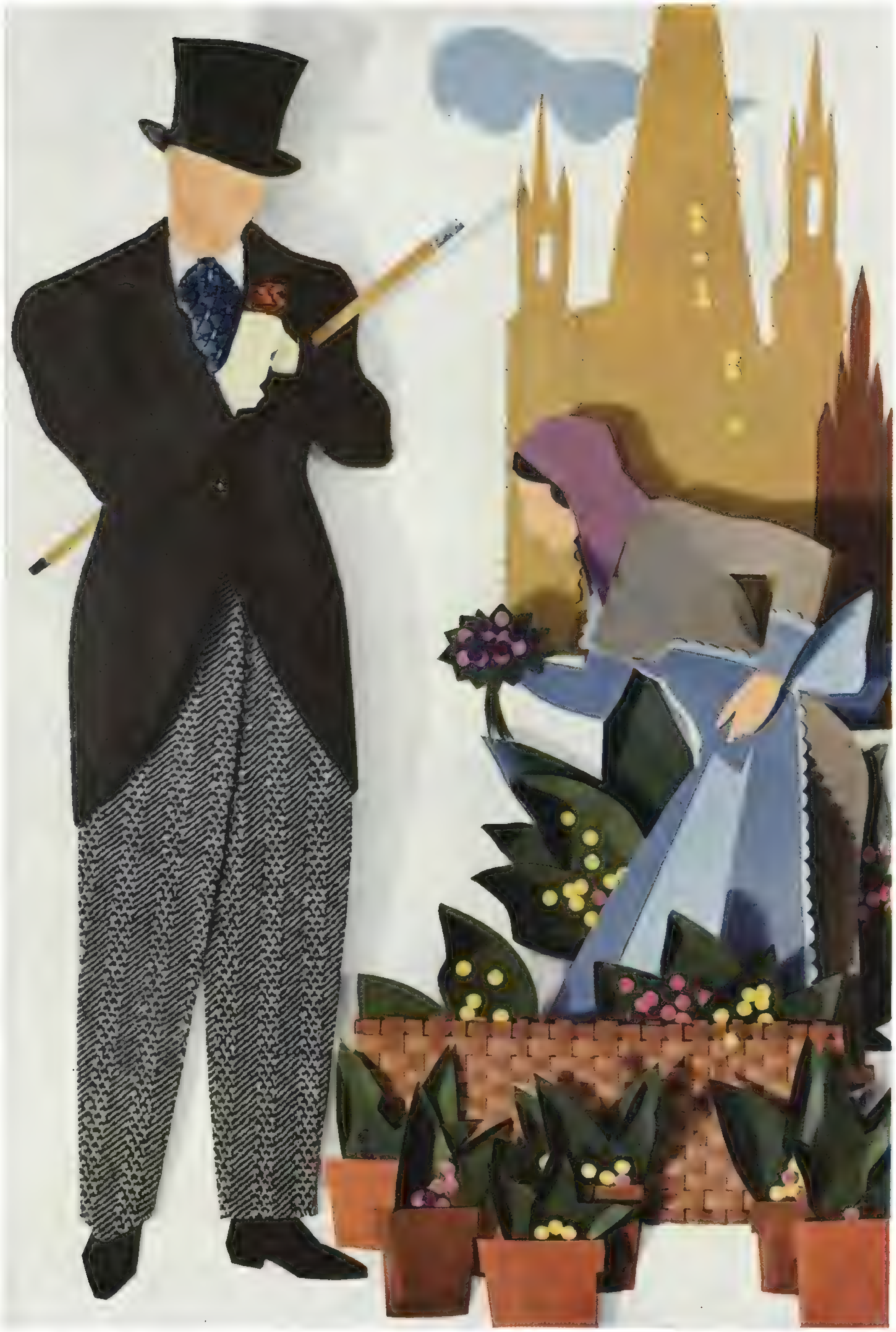
The matter of issuing formal invitations is another bugbear. Purveyors of engraving have fostered the idea that we should announce, in courtly language and suitable, hand-cut typography, the most casual of celebrations, the most ordinary of comings or goings. As a matter of fact, the engraved invitation is nothing but a nuisance and may be dispensed with for anything short of weddings, large dances or gargantuan dinner parties. For less formal entertaining, upon the part of a man, the engraved calling card may be used with the nature of the occasion simply written in the corner in longhand.

In this case no reply is indicated. Should there, however, in the case of a small dinner or dance have been an R. S. V. P., the form is equally simple. Just grasp one of your own cards and, writing in the date for which you have been invited, add a phrase like "With pleasure."

The occasions upon which a man really requires manners, and upon which manners actually evidence themselves, oftentimes have to do with entertaining women who, for one reason or another, are on their own, without immediate background. A well-chaperoned young woman may ask you in for a night cap, whereas a girl living by herself should not be similarly importuned by you. It may all seem very unreasonable but experience will teach you that there's a great deal to be gained in the long run out of walking softly.

Here, again, if you chance to be going about with a girl who is in business, it is easy to say "Meet me at Tony's at six," but much more the way of courtesy to ask if you may call for her. After all, in a world where men are popularly supposed to spend their waking hours in devising new methods of making illicit overtures—God knows when they work!—it is a sound idea to employ what manners you can marshall, be your intentions never so overt. If, on the other hand, you are completely innocent of anything beyond a desire to dine in pleasant company, decent manners will save you the trouble of spending valuable time in allaying unfounded suspicion.

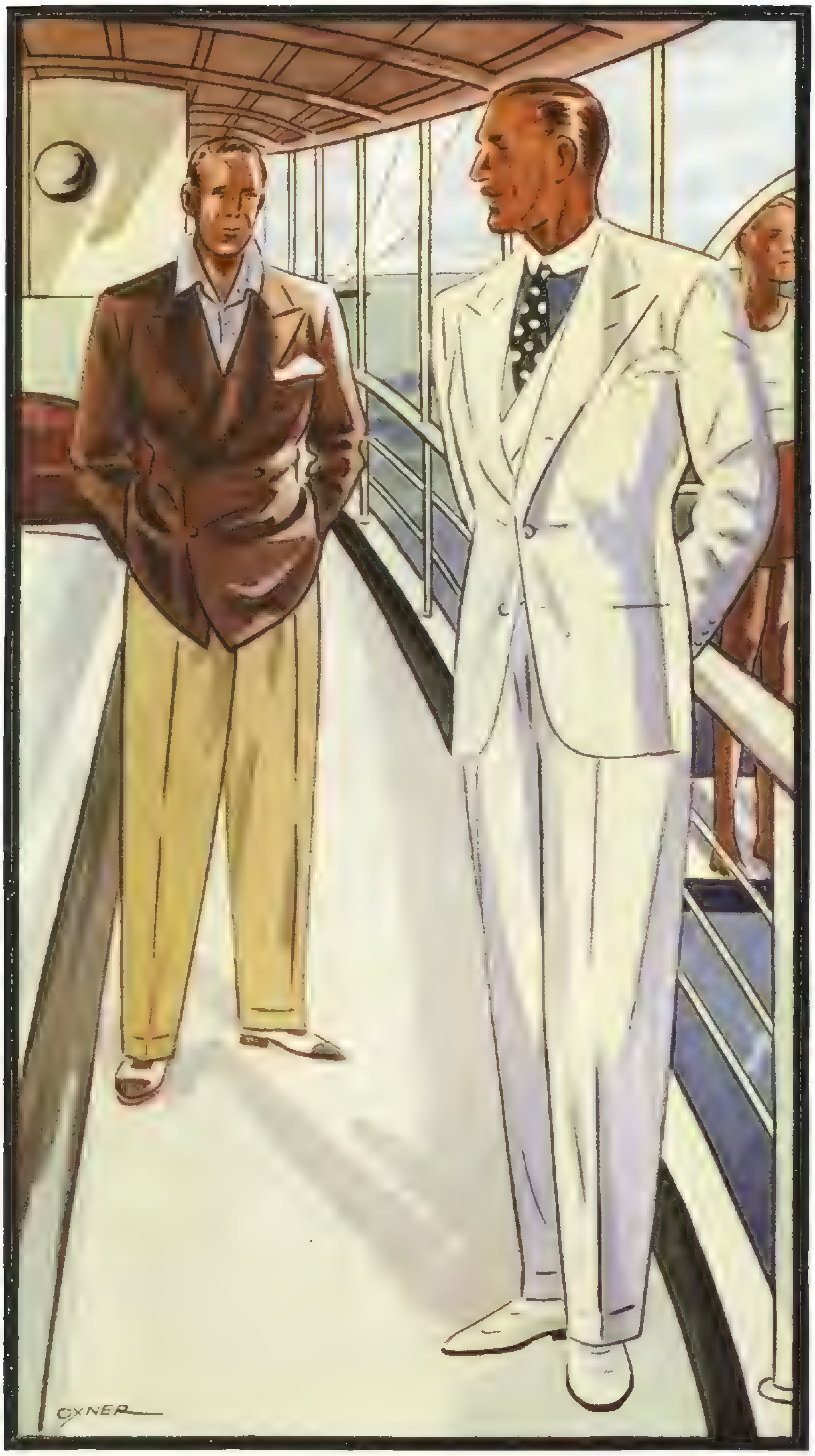
As my constant readers may have gathered, I entertain an enormous sympathy for the bachelor—and in this category I include the divorcee, the widower and the man who, for any reason, finds himself temporarily or permanently unprotected. These men, in times so unsettled as ours, need practical manners as never they have been needed before. It is no small thing for them to know how to refuse the guileless invitations to family dinners (the families in question invariably contain at least one unmarried woman), theatre parties and whatever, of which they are the more or less continual recipients. It is easy enough to mail regrets, but to turn down a verbal offer of hospitality requires a mental adroitness that is not a part of the equipment of the average male. My most practical suggestion, I fear, is either to have a secretary who may be trusted to be firm without giving offense or to cancel one's contract with the telephone company. For the telephone, after all, is the most unmannerly device yet produced by our materialistic civilization; it will continue in its unenviable position as chief destroyer of our privacy until television has been made practical.

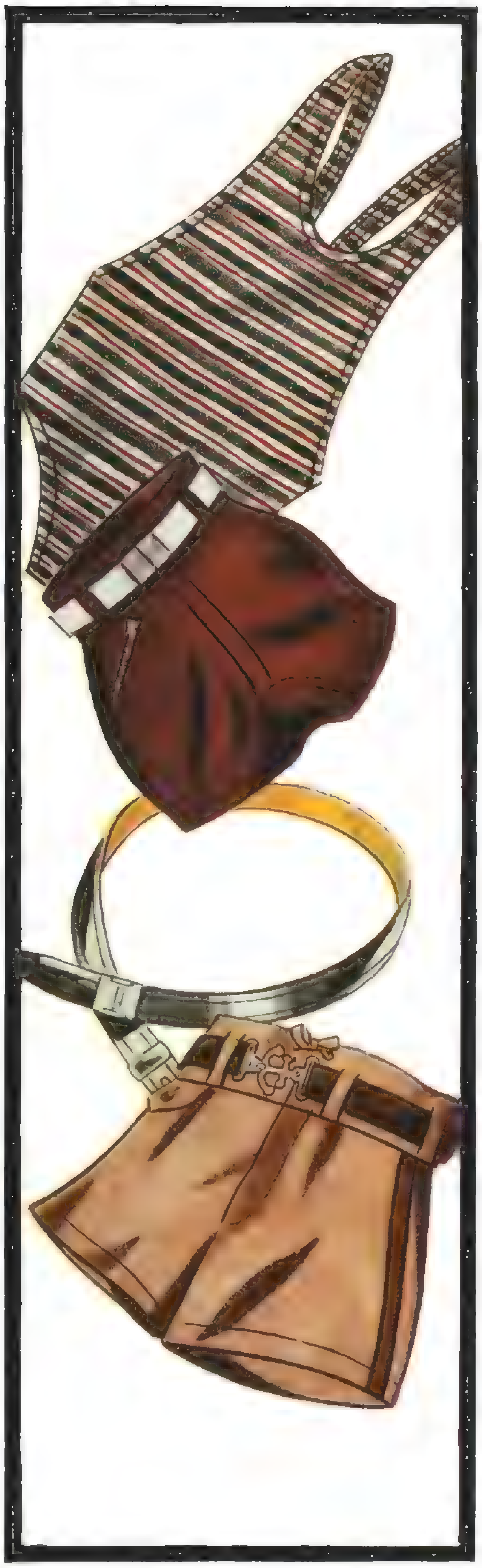


EXECUTED IN FABRICS BY COUTRÉ ERMAN

DIRECT COLOR PROCESS BY ROSENOW

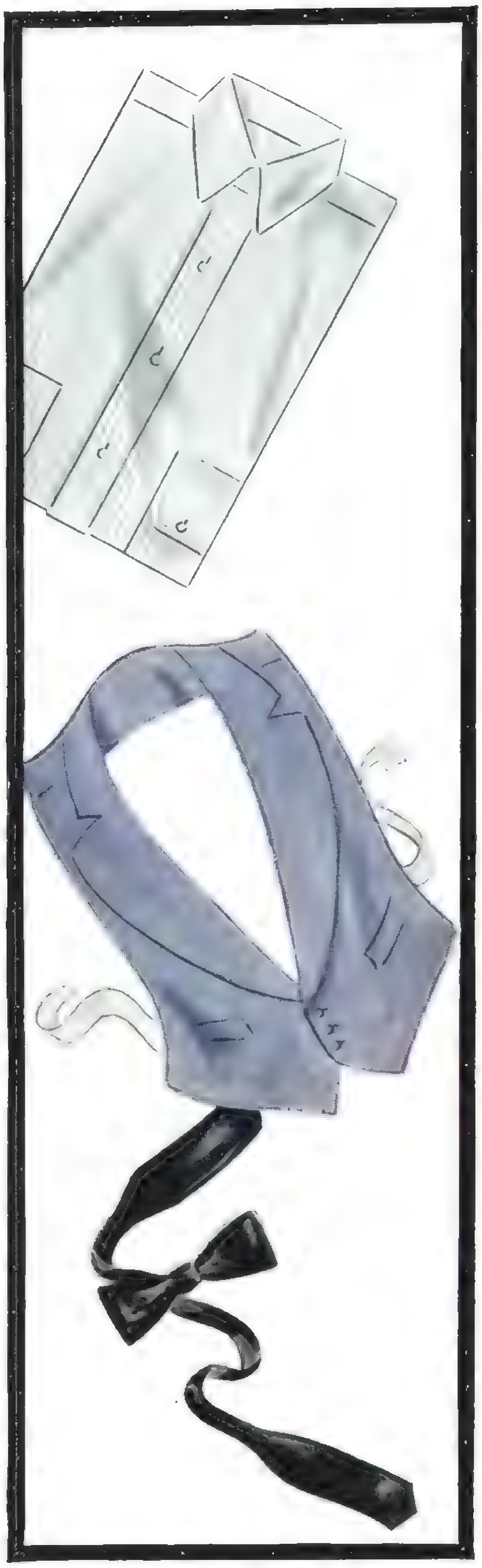
THE FABRIC PICTURE FOR FORMAL DAY WEAR

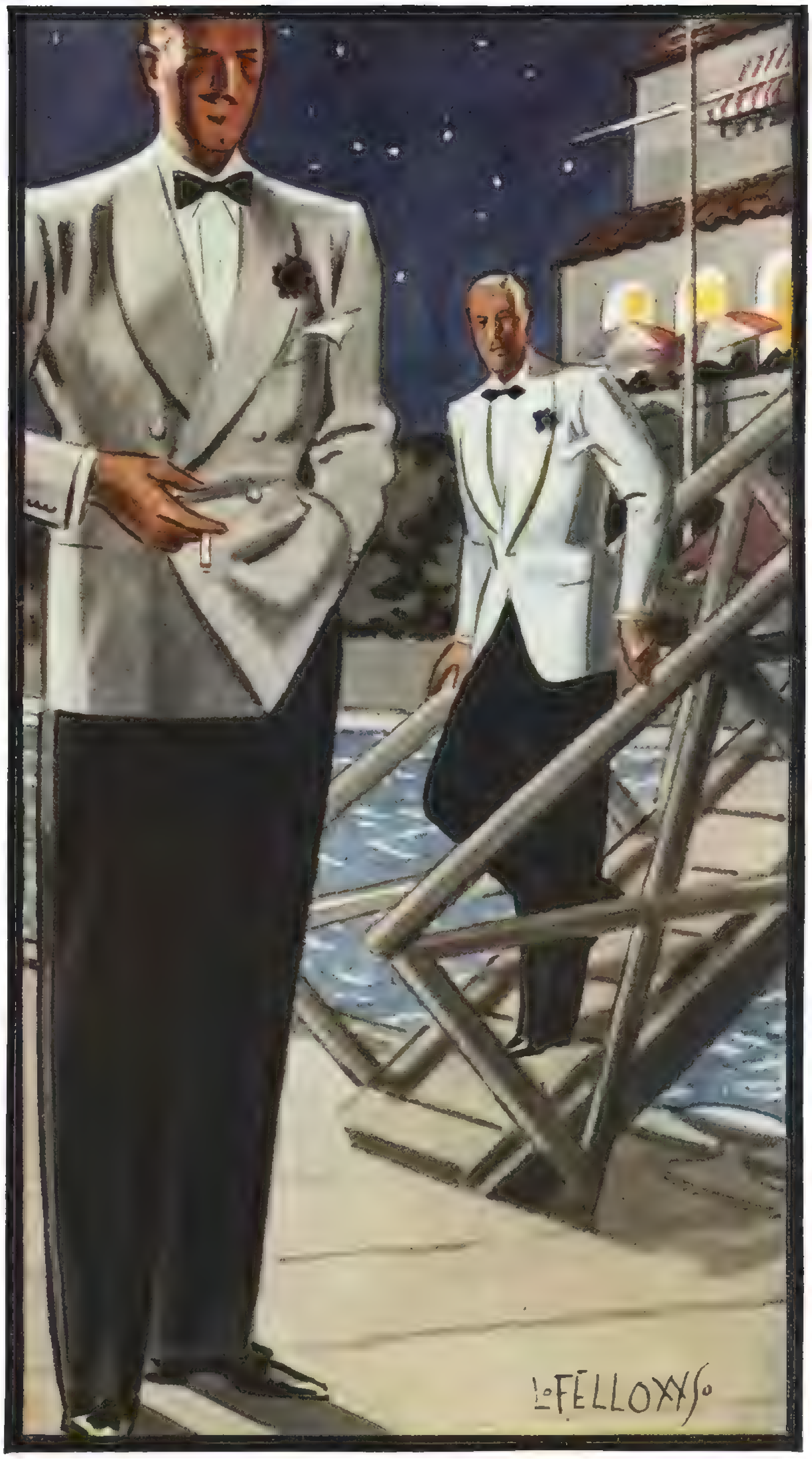




TWO VERSIONS OF DAYTIME COMFORT FOR SUMMER WEAR

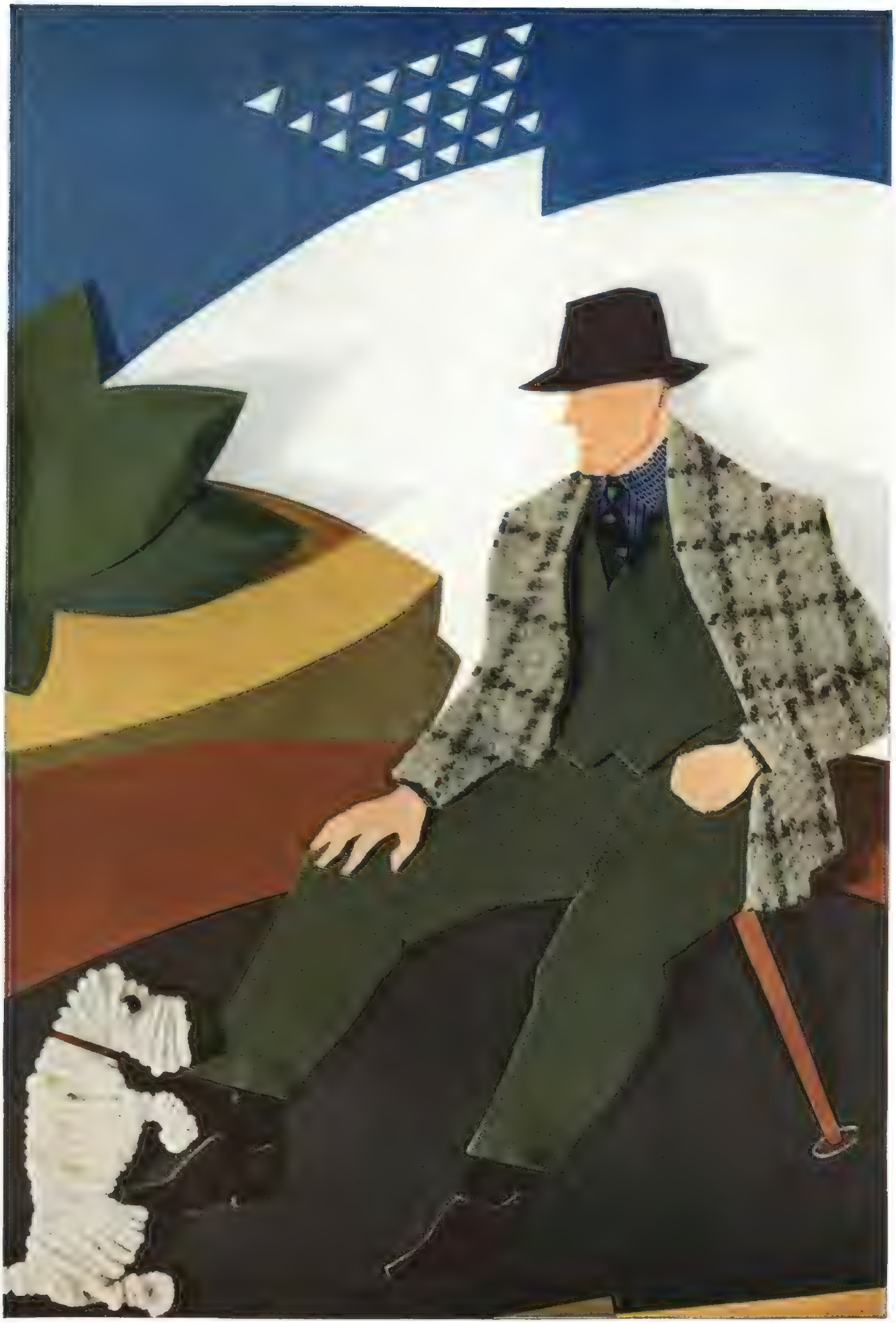
There never is an open season for downright sloppiness, and the day has long since passed when summer suits were expected to be shapeless, but there is a wide latitude between the permissible extremes of formality in summer outfits. Both figures in this sketch are smartly dressed for warm weather, yet one looks as dressed up as the other doesn't. Both outfits are recommended, with preference being a matter to be determined largely by type. Either you're the kind of man who never feels comfortable unless he looks like something just out of the bandbox, or you're the kind that rejoices in opportunities to go in for the carefully careless. The outfit at the left consists of a double-breasted brown gabardine jacket, a light blue knitted polo shirt, and tan cotton trousers that could really almost be called yellow. Obviously, this one is very informal. The one at the right represents a summer time adaptation of a type of suit that is usually executed in dressy, hard finished fabrics. It is the three-button peaked lapel model with the very English double-breasted waistcoat. It marks something of a departure from the old-fashioned patch pocketed models that used to be considered the only suitable form in which to make up summer fabrics. With it is worn a deep blue shirt with either plain or pleated bosom, with white cuffs and white detached collar. The collar may be laundered or soft, although the former is more in keeping with the general tone of the outfit. If the thought of a stiff collar in summertime scares you, we can only say that in the new light weights, a lot of men find them more comfortable than soft collars, the theory being that air can get in between the collar and your neck.





MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM OF COMFORT IN EVENING CLOTHES

There are many late spring and summer functions, such as Saturday night parties at country clubs, where the women are comfortable in evening dresses that bulk up to little more than nothing and the male population perspires in an evening kit or the combination of odd jacket and flannels. The white mess jacket was last summer's answer, but smart men have abandoned it because it became a universal jazz band uniform. This year, the big swing is to single or double-breasted dinner jackets, made of light weight white cotton, linen or Palm Beach cloth, with shawl collar and self lapel facings. These are worn with tropical worsted dress trousers, patent leather oxfords or pumps, a white, soft shirt with either soft or laundered collar and a black dress tie. Midnight blue, calculated to look blacker than black after nightfall, is also an acceptable shade for the trousers. For that matter, trousers of the same material as the jacket are also correct. Sketched in the panel at the left is a light weight summer dress shirt, with collar attached, with a stripe that gives the effect of a wide rib pique, suitable for informal evening wear during the warm weather. The blue waistcoat is a warm weather adaptation of the colored silk waistcoat idea which, despite the head shaking of the conservative element who felt that men would never depart from the traditional black and white for evening wear, has been a conspicuous item at smart gatherings during the past winter season. They may be worn with the single-breasted white dinner jacket. The floral decoration in the lapel is another permissible touch of color. Wear either a deep red carnation or a blue cornflower.



EXECUTED IN FABRICS BY COUTRÉ ERMAN

DIRECT COLOR PROCESS BY ROSENOW

THE FABRIC PICTURE FOR GENERAL COUNTRY WEAR

L'Affaire Cooky

From a bright little kitchen in Buffalo there came a dark threat to international peace

by JOSEPH SCHRANK

CHARLIE HARRIS had been in Paris only a few weeks and had settled down to a good working routine in his charming studio in the *rue Notre Dame des Champs* when he received a letter from his mother in Buffalo. She wrote him all the local news she thought might interest him, told him all the girls were pining for him, warned him to wear his rubbers on rainy days and ended up by saying she was sending him some of those shortbread cookies he liked so much.

Charlie was pleased. Paris had its pressed duck with oranges, kidneys with wine, crepes Suzette, pâte de fois gras—gastronomical achievements galore—but only that bright little kitchen in Buffalo could produce those tiny, delightful, scallop edged cookies that vanished so airily on the tongue, leaving a subtle, tantalizing taste spur that goaded one on to repeat the process again and again. The mere thought of it started his gastric juices gently flowing.

That was in the middle of December.

Charlie never learned what forms his mother had to fill out or what declarations she had to make to the United States government in order to be allowed to send him those cookies. But it must have been fairly simple, for a month later another letter came, asking how he had enjoyed the cookies and why he hadn't acknowledged them.

Charlie took a bus over to the American Express Company which was handling his mail. A clerk looked into a record book and cheerfully announced that there was no package for him. When he got back to the studio, Charlie thoughtfully wrote his mother a letter thanking her for the cookies and saying they were more delicious than ever.

That was in the middle of January.

About two weeks later, he stepped into the American Express office again and asked for a package. The same clerk looked into the same book and, as cheerfully as the last time, gave him the same answer.

"There *must* be a package," declared Charlie.

"Nope," said the clerk, "nothing for Harris."

Charlie insisted on looking over the names for himself. About two pages back, he discovered the following entry: "Dec. 23—1 pkg.—Charles Hahreez."

"Here!" exclaimed Charlie, "where did this name come from?"

"It was sent over from the customs house," said the clerk.

"That must be my name."

The clerk looked at the name, then at Charlie. "That ain't Harris," he stated

"Ain't it?" asked Charlie.

"No."

"How long have you been in Paris?"

"Not so long."

"That's what I thought," said Charlie. "Let me see that package."

"Oh, we ain't got it here," replied the clerk "It's in the customs house."

"You find out whether that package came from Buffalo. If it did it's mine—see?" said Charlie.

"Yes sir," replied the clerk, a little alarmed over a certain ominous calm that had come into Charlie's voice.

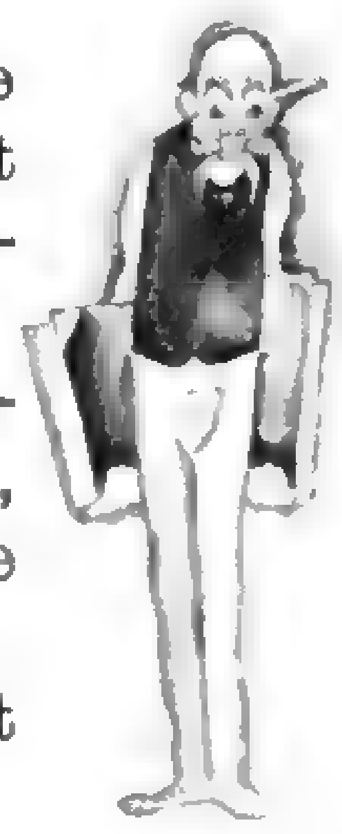
Some ten days later while Charlie was hard at work with a new model, the concierge shoved a letter under the door. It was from the American Express Company, informing him that a package was being held for him at the customs house and that they would be glad to obtain it for him upon payment of the following sums:

Storage	27 francs
Stamp	1 franc
Duty	12 francs
Stamp	1 franc
Commission	15 francs
Total	56 francs

Charlie stared at the letter blankly a minute and slowly put it down. The model looked at him curiously. Charlie mixed some colors on his palette with a far away, abstracted air. The model said, "Does monsieur wish to continue now?" Charlie picked up the letter and read it through again very slowly. He laughed—a perfectly mirthless laugh.

"Good news, monsieur?" inquired the model.

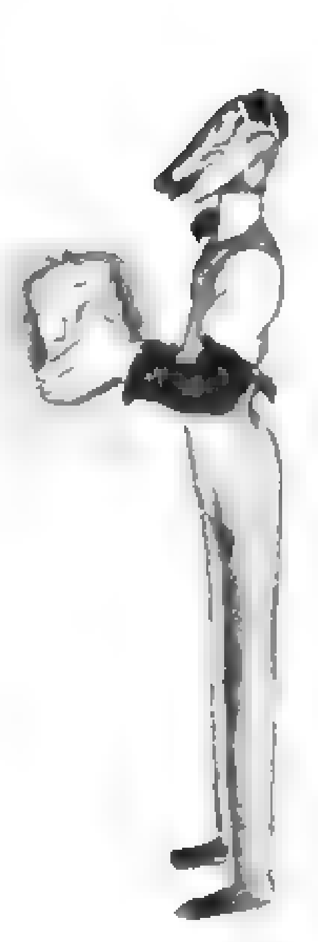
"Wonderful," replied Charlie. "My mother has sent me some cookies."



"Ah! but that is charming!" she exclaimed. "Monsieur must get them at once, before they become too stale!"

"Yes, that's true," said Charlie, "I must get them right away, ha-ha-ha—before they become too stale!"

He grabbed his hat and went out.



The manager at the express office spoke in a buttered voice. He explained that the express company had nothing to do with those charges. They were all made by the French government. There was nothing to be done about it. That's the way the government was. The other European governments were that way too—tariff walls all over Europe. Why ever since the treaty of Versailles—

"Wait a minute," interrupted Charlie. "What about that commission of fifteen francs? Who gets that and why?"

"Ah—that," replied the manager, "*we* get that. It's for getting the package out of the customs house for you."

"I can walk over to the customs house and get it myself, can't I?" demanded Charlie.

"Yes . . ." replied the manager slowly, "you *could* do that . . ."

"*That'll* save me fifteen francs. And then I certainly don't intend to pay twenty seven francs for storage. That's ridiculous! I can protest that charge!"

"Yes . . ." said the manager, still more slowly, "you could do that too . . ."

"What's the matter?" Charlie demanded. "You don't seem to be so sure about it."

'Well . . ." the manager said, "there's just one thing . . . er—have you got plenty of time on your hands?"

"Certainly not," Charlie replied. "But how long do you think it ought to take me to go over to the customs house and get a package?"

A peculiar light came into the manager's eyes. "Well . . ." he said at last, rubbing his chin and looking at Charlie reflectively, "I don't know. Sometimes a day, sometimes a week—sometimes years."

"That's pretty funny," said Charlie, "but not much of a help."

"I am trying to be your friend," said the manager, putting his hand in a friendly way on Charlie's shoulder. "I am an old man—old before my time. I have dealt with the French customs officials for years. Take my advice—pay the extra fifteen francs and let us get the package for you. You will find it is a very, very small price to pay."

Charlie glared at him and left.

The customs house was a grim fortress of grey stone occupying about two square blocks. Charlie looked it over a little uneasily. Somewhere in that pile of masonry lay the little package of cookies from his mother. Taking a deep breath, he plunged into one of the entrances and was brought up short immediately by two gendarmes. They asked him what he wanted.

"A package," said Charlie.

They looked him over suspiciously. "Have you papers?" asked one.

Charlie waved the notice the express company had given him.

"Good," said the gendarme. "Advance!"

Charlie advanced along a dim, interminable, windswept passageway which finally emerged into an office that smelled of very old paper, burnt chicken feathers and stale buttermilk. The first smell came from the thousands of yellowing documents crammed into pigeon holes that lined the walls from floor to ceiling. The other smells puzzled Charlie at first. They were explained later when he got close to the clerks. There were three of them, sitting in attitudes of resignation like symbolic figures in an ancient drama, behind three barred windows marked 1, 2 and 3.

By the time Charlie had finished at windows 1 and 2, he was hoarse from answering questions, amazed at the extent to which he had been able to refresh his mind concerning his family history, and aware that the documentation in the case of his mother's cookies was enormous.

But the end was not yet. The genii behind window number three wore a pair of long, drooping mustaches like creeper vines and eye glasses with very thick lenses. He stamped all the documents over again, pulled out a brand new form and without asking any questions at all began to fill it in, consulting a huge ledger. As he was very near sighted, he had to bend very close to the paper when he wrote and every time he did so Charlie's heart leapt into his mouth for again and again the ends of that mustache narrowly missed dipping into the ink pot. The new document stamped and attached to the others, the clerk shoved the papers across and announced tonelessly, impersonally, "Twenty-eight francs, monsieur."

"For what, monsieur?" inquired Charlie.

"For storage and the stamp, monsieur," replied the official.

This was the moment Charlie had been waiting for. He let go with all the French he had, which unfortunately wasn't very much at the time. He said it was an outrage—robbery—he was an American citizen—he had a passport and could prove it—there was such a thing as a person's rights—the ambassador would hear of this—it was a crime. The clerk stared at Charlie in mild surprise and a little amusement. "Your French, monsieur," he remarked, "is not very exact."

This stung Charlie into a fresh outburst. He stormed and spluttered and mauled the French language manfully. He sank to unheard-of linguistic depths. The clerk listened a while until Charlie became completely incoherent and was brought up short gasping for a word. Then, shaking his head slowly, the clerk remarked, "It is a veritable tragedy—your French, monsieur," and reaching up, pulled down an iron shutter, cutting off all further communication.

As Charlie stared at the iron shutter he suddenly thought of Max. Max worked on the Paris Herald and knew everything. He would know what to do about the cookies. Besides, Max talked French like a native and got along perfectly with French people. Charlie took the metro over to the left bank and found Max, at the aperitif hour, warming his usual chair in the Cafe Dôme.

"Max," began Charlie, "I'm in trouble."

"Sit down," Max said. "Forget about her."

"You've got me wrong," said Charlie. "It's not a female. It's my mother's cookies."

"Huh?" said Max. He called the waiter. "What'll you have?"

"Cognac."

"Before dinner? Barbarian!" said Max and ordered two. "All right, what's the gag?"

"This is serious, Max," said Charlie and laid the case before him, telling him what happened at the express office and the customs house and showing him the documents.

"Well Charlie, my boy," said Max, "you're in very bad over at the customs house. You did two terrible things—you hollered at a government employee and a Frenchman at that—and you made mistakes in French. Either one of those things is bad enough—but both together—to bawl out a Frenchman in bad French—my God!"

Max shook his head hopelessly.

Charlie began to ply Max with cognacs. As they drank, he talked to Max about his home life in Buffalo. He described the house, the spotless little kitchen, his silver haired mother. By the sixth cognac, Max began to sniff a little. Charlie gained momentum. He ordered more cognacs. He took out his mother's letter about the cookies and read it to Max. A tear slid down one of Max's cheeks and dropped into his cognac. By the tenth cognac, Max was weeping unashamedly. "Think of it, Max," said Charlie, his voice breaking, "my mother's cookies waiting there—waiting in the customs house for—for—for her dear boy to come back home."

"Stop, stop," cried Max. "I can't stand it. You're breaking my heart. I'll—I'll go with you. Together we'll fight side by side."

"You mean united, Max?" exclaimed Charlie.

"I mean like one," said Max, throwing his arms around Charlie and overturning the eleventh cognac.

The three clerks were sitting behind their barred windows in just about the same positions Charlie had left them the day before. Charlie whispered to Max and they went over to window number three.

"Bonjour, monsieur," Max called out cheerfully, with a broad smile.

The clerk with the long mustaches looked at Max coldly and said, "You desire, monsieur?"

Max pulled out Charlie's documents and launched an explanation in smooth, flowing French. His friend, he said, nodding toward Charlie, was a little impetuous. He is an artist, you understand, and the artistic temperament — well — monsieur understands! Max shrugged just like a Frenchman. The clerk nodded. Now then, Max went on, what his friend would like to know is the reason for this great charge on the package—this charge of twenty-eight francs for storage—was it not excessive?

"Not at all," the clerk replied. "The package has been in storage for six weeks."

"But Monsieur Ha-rees was only notified yesterday that a package awaited him," Max said.

"That," replied the clerk, "is not our fault. The notification was sent promptly to the American Express Company."

"The package," Max went on, "must be a very large one to warrant such a large charge."

"Tell him we want to *see* the package," whispered Charlie.

Max transmitted the request. The clerk slipped off his stool, came out of his cell and conducted them to another office where sat an official and an assistant who at the moment was assisting him in doing nothing. The clerk apologized for the intrusion anyway and explained the situation. The official and the assistant got up and with the clerk, Charlie and Max in tow, they entered a vast, glass roofed shed filled with crates, barrels, packing cases and bundles. A couple of gendarmes standing guard joined the group and all seven went over to an attendant who after a good deal of rummaging around, produced the package from Charlie's mother.

It was a pathetically small package, the size and shape of a coffee can. As a matter of fact the cookies *were* packed in a coffee can. The eight men looked at it in the hands of the attendant. A wave of tenderness and pity swept through Charlie at the sight of it.

"And for that," exclaimed Max dramatically, "you wish to charge twenty-eight francs storage!"

"Twenty-seven francs, monsieur," corrected the official. "One franc is for the stamp."

'Very well—twenty-seven francs. My friend will not pay it," Max announced.

The official murmured his regrets and said in that case the package would have to remain. Max, his voice trembling with emotion, said, "My friend Monsieur Ha-rees has shed his blood for France—" Charlie looked at him startled but Max went right on—"on the field of honor at Chateau-Thierry he shed his blood for la belle France! And now—now you wish to hold from him what is rightfully his!"

The Frenchmen all looked at Charlie very sympathetically. The official asked what was in the package.

"Little cakes—very little cakes from his old mother," replied Max sadly.

A tender light came into the eyes of the official, his assistant, the two gendarmes, the attendant and even the clerk. Max caught that light.

"Baked by her own hands, messieurs," he continued, "the hands of the mother that sent him off years ago to fight for France, the hands that now, years after the glorious victory, old and trembling, baked him these cookies—*petits fours* for her son far away in beautiful France . . ."

The Frenchmen looked at the package, then at Charlie, then back again at the package and murmured little phrases of sympathy.

"And now the son," murmured Max, his left cheek beginning to twitch a little, and glancing at Charlie, "a poor but great artist cannot have his cakes and eat them . . ."

"It's an impasse," said the official, much moved.

"Max!" said Charlie, "tell them I've got an idea! Let's open the box and all of us eat the cookies right now!"

Everyone thought this a charming idea. But the official shook his head. "With infinite regret, monsieur, I must inform you that it is against the law."

"In that case, Max, I give up," said Charlie. "I'm sick of it. Tell him I donate the cookies to the customs house officials."

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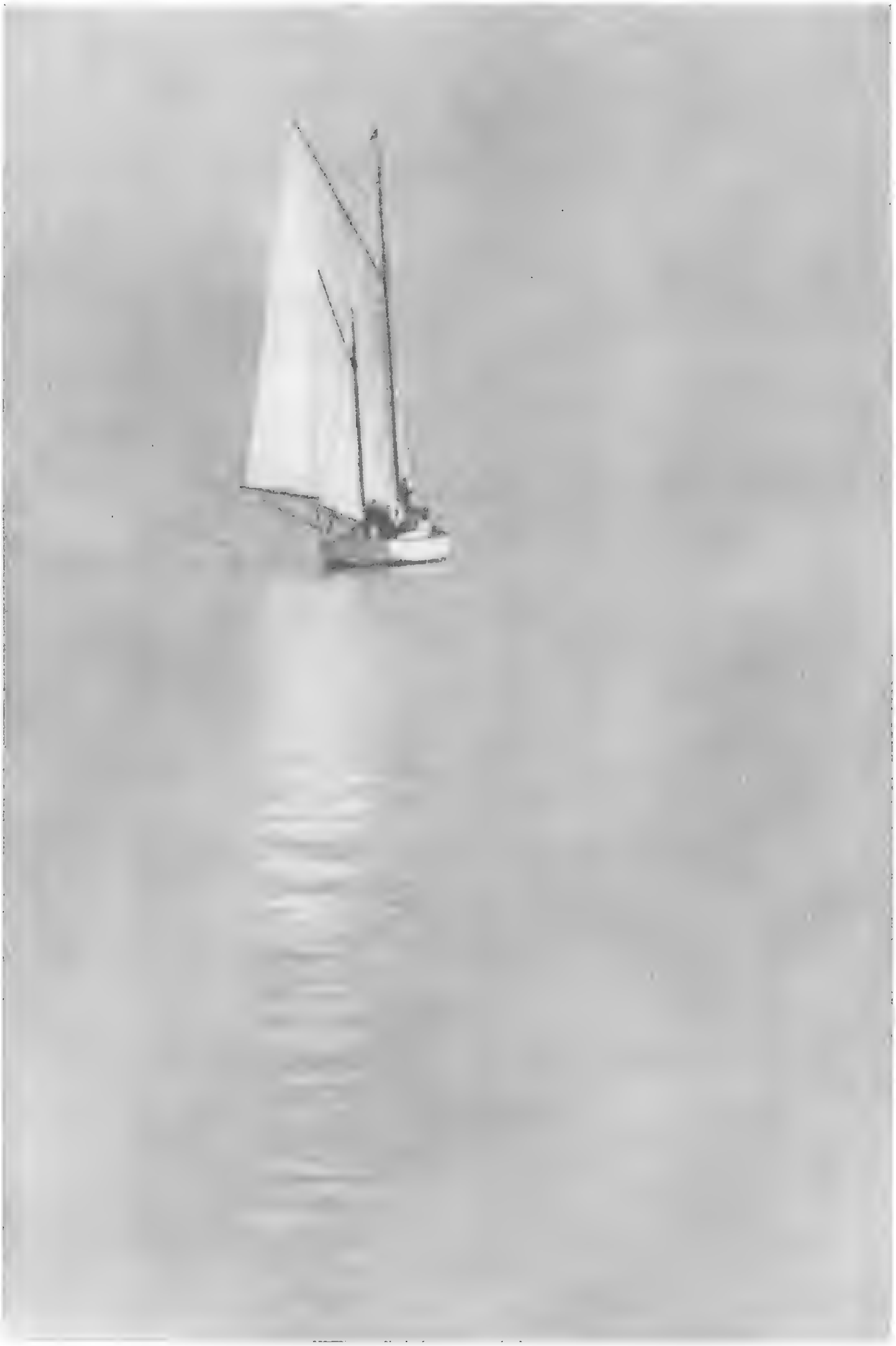

CALM OFF BELMONT HARBOR

***by* DUDLEY LEE**

A picture made not in charcoal as you might guess at first glance, nor on a grey day, as you will probably insist, but on a bright day at high noon, with a tiny candid camera. A paper negative print in very high key from an original negative the approximate size of a postage stamp.

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Devoted almost entirely, this month, to two books that have social-economic significance

by BURTON RASCOE

A very sprite of a girl, so tiny, so doll-like and so helpless-looking that the almost uncontrollable masculine impulse is to pick her up and stuff her into an overcoat pocket, has written a book displaying a terrifying sort of courage. Hers seems to be the bravery of the innocent—the old "integer vitae scelerisque purus—" *; for this child (as you want to call her when you look at that appealing thimbleful of concentrated nerve) went to live among the miners in a squalid, famine-stricken Pennsylvania coal town and emerged to write a book about her experiences which is one of the great masterpieces of reporting. And when I say "great," I mean "great." It is an adjective I don't like to toss about lightly.

The book is called *I Went to Pit College* (Viking $2.50) and the girl is Lauren Gilfillan. The title comes from a joke current among the miners. The University of Pittsburgh, founded and sustained by families who have drawn their wealth from the mines, is locally called "Pitt." And it is the sardonic jest of the young men who earn their living with pick and shovel in the mines down there to say they are attending Pit College.

Miss Gilfillan was born in the slums of Washington, D. C., as a daughter of social workers. She took her degree at Smith, probably earning her way. On what appears to have been a wild but determined impulse she dropped off a bus, almost penniless in a mining town where a strike was in progress and made herself perfectly at home in the household of immigrants, stuck it out through famine and terror and returned to write of her experiences in so detached a fashion that her report is a sheer marvel of objectivity. I read the book twice, first because of what the author had written and second to observe how she had written it. There is not a line of editorializing in it. It is a frank and graphic statement of what happened.

The book, indeed, is one of the most extraordinary literary feats I ever encountered. It is too bad that more history isn't written that way. We don't get much true history, of course, not even in the columns of the newspapers because it is very hard to give news without expressing views. A reporter's slant on life and his attitude toward what he reports almost invariably show through the very manner in which he writes.

After I had read *I Went to Pit College* a second time I reached the conclusion that the unique thing about it is that it doesn't express any point of view. I doubt that five years from now Miss Gilfillan could write like that. Her book has a quality at once child-like and superb. In page after page she tells of situations about which she seems to have no emotions whatever. Grief, suffering and death are phenomena which children witness objectively, aware of every surface detail connected with these phenomena but without experiencing any of the conventional adult reactions to them. Miss Gilfillan writes like a highly articulate child.

The experiences Miss Gilfillan underwent were in no sense a lark. She had almost no money when she went into the mining town and, in fact, she apparently never has had any money to speak of until recently. She slept on floors and in dirty beds, took her place in the picket line, begged money for miners' relief in the streets of Pittsburgh, starved like the miners in whose homes she lived, braved the dangers of insanitation and, disguised as a boy, slung a pick until her strength gave out as a helper in a coal tunnel. She identified herself with the people among whom she lived and she was accepted by them as one of their kind.

I said a moment ago that she brought back from her experiences no conclusion. She brought back one. It is a momentous conclusion. It is that people often say things and think things without knowing what they are talking about. Perhaps you yourself (I hope you aren't that kind; but let us assume you might be, for there are plenty of such people around) have been guilty of saying that, if the poor can't do anything else, they might at least keep clean.

Well, as Miss Gilfillan makes poignantly clear to us, the poor want to keep clean just as well as you do. You may say that a bar of soap costs only five cents. But to a miner five cents is five cents and a very scarce benison. When commodities were distributed among the miners by a relief organization, what was the article most clamored for? Chocolate? Beans? Cast-off clothing? Bread?

No. The thing the miners wanted was soap. Soot and grime encompass them. It is in the air they breathe. It hangs above them in the clouds, shutting off the sun. It descends in flakes upon their door-sill. Go into a mine and you emerge barnacled, a Stygian caricature of a human being. Food there may be awaiting you—of an unappetizing and under-nourishing kind—but at the sink there is no soap to wash the grime off. You remove the easily removable flecks of it with cold water and you sit down at table wearing a mask you would like to doff—if you had five cents to buy a cake of soap.

While she was writing her unique masterpiece, Miss Gilfillan's efforts to find a job which would keep her in food and shelter were so generally unsuccessful that she had to avail herself, for a time, of the free dinners provided impoverished artists and writers by a charitable organization in New York. That one balanced-meal a day, according to her own testimony at a luncheon given in her honor, was the providential blessing which kept her alive.

She did not tell at this luncheon about the acceptance of her manuscript. It had been read in the office of the Viking Press with that sort of jubilation which occurs in an editorial office when something extremely readable comes in among so many tons of stuff that is not, and when the sales manager, after reading the script, gets that glittering of the eyes which portends large orders on his ledger. Miss Gilfillan was notified she was about to become a published author and was asked to come in to arrange terms. The head of the editorial department, upon interviewing her, allowed that maybe Miss Gilfillan would be wanting, like other authors, something in the nature of an advance against unearned royalties. Just how much would she be demanding? Miss Gilfillan, with that entire innocence of the ways of this world which makes her book so unusual, thought for a half minute, recalled that she owed a borrowed half dollar here and there and that she had just been served an eviction notice by her landlady, asked timorously, "Would ten dollars be too much?"

She was given a check for $1,000.

What happened when she saw that piece of paper, I have not heard. But I have my surmises. Of course, she will earn much more (as the tenderer of the check jolly well knew) because the book was chosen by the Literary Guild and, on its own account, leaped immediately into the best selling class.

There is just the slightest suggestion (and perhaps not so very slight at that) about *The New Dealers* (Simon & Schuster, $3.00) that the anonymous author of this book about the official and semi-official advisors of the President and about the President himself and his family, is easing himself (or hoping to) into a position of trust and emolument in the Democratic administration and that the book is an earnest plea that the said administration be allowed to continue in office. But, nevertheless, you will learn a lot by reading this book and you will be considerably instructed while you are being entertained.

While I was reading *The New Dealers* I found my admiration for the political sagacity of Franklin D. Roosevelt go up by leaps

Continued on page 125

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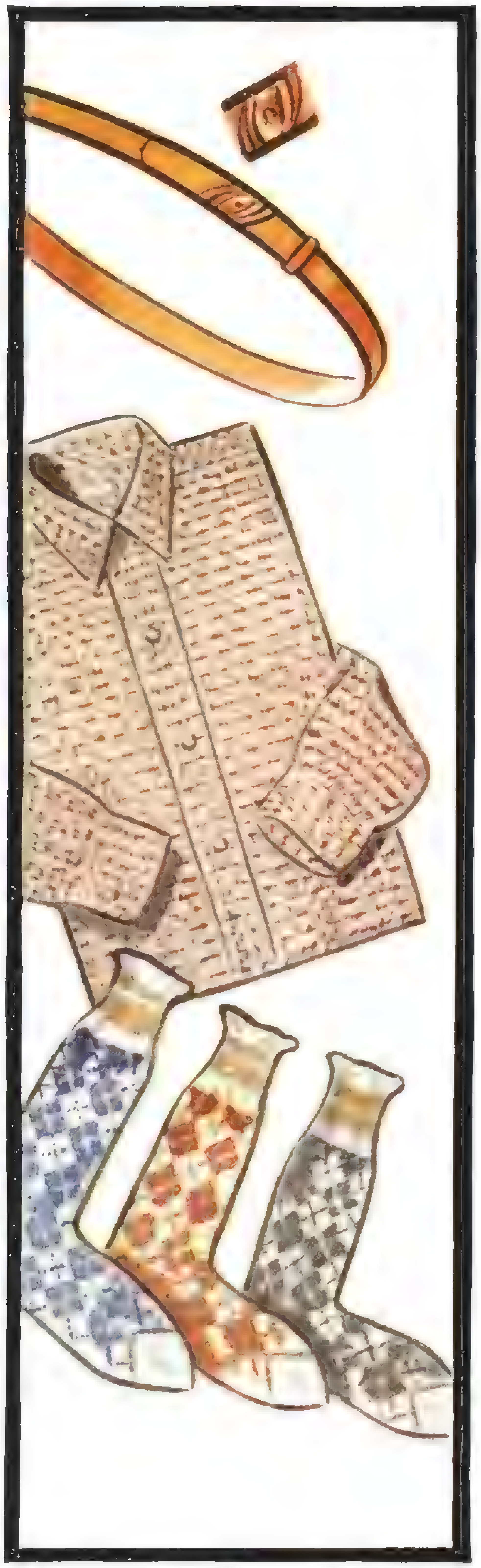
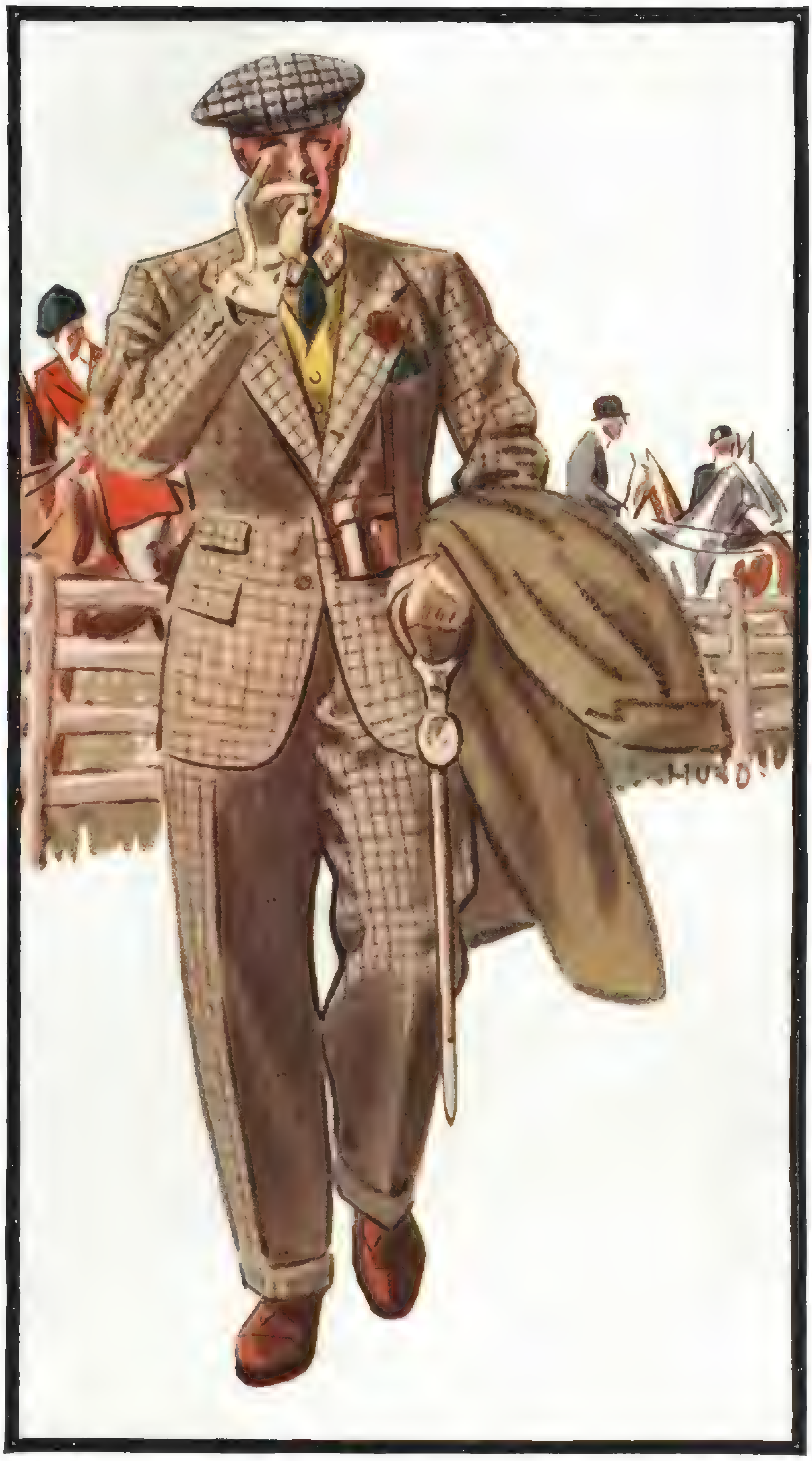
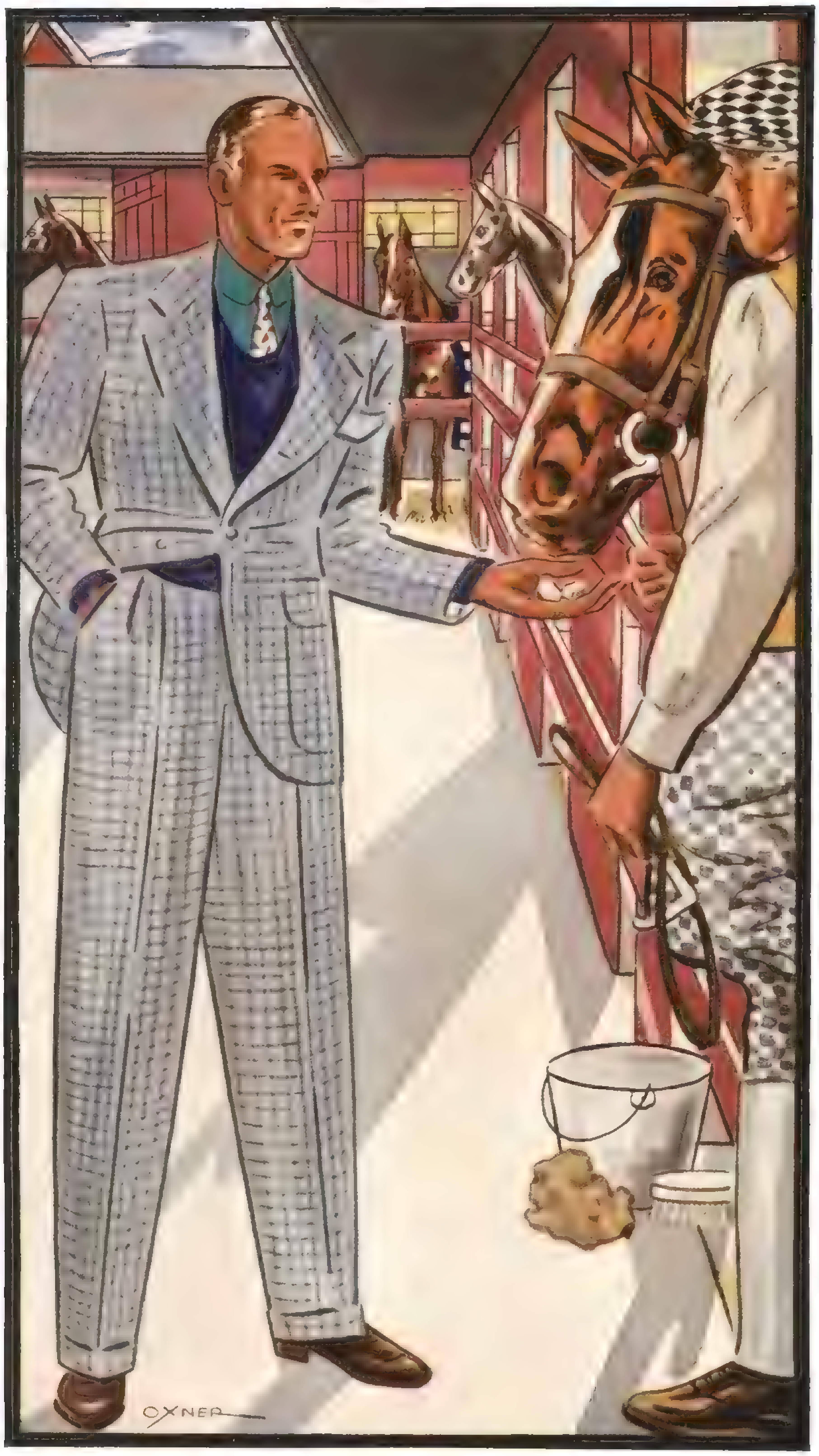
*See page 182 Bohn's *Dictionary of Classical Quotations* or the back of the unabridged.

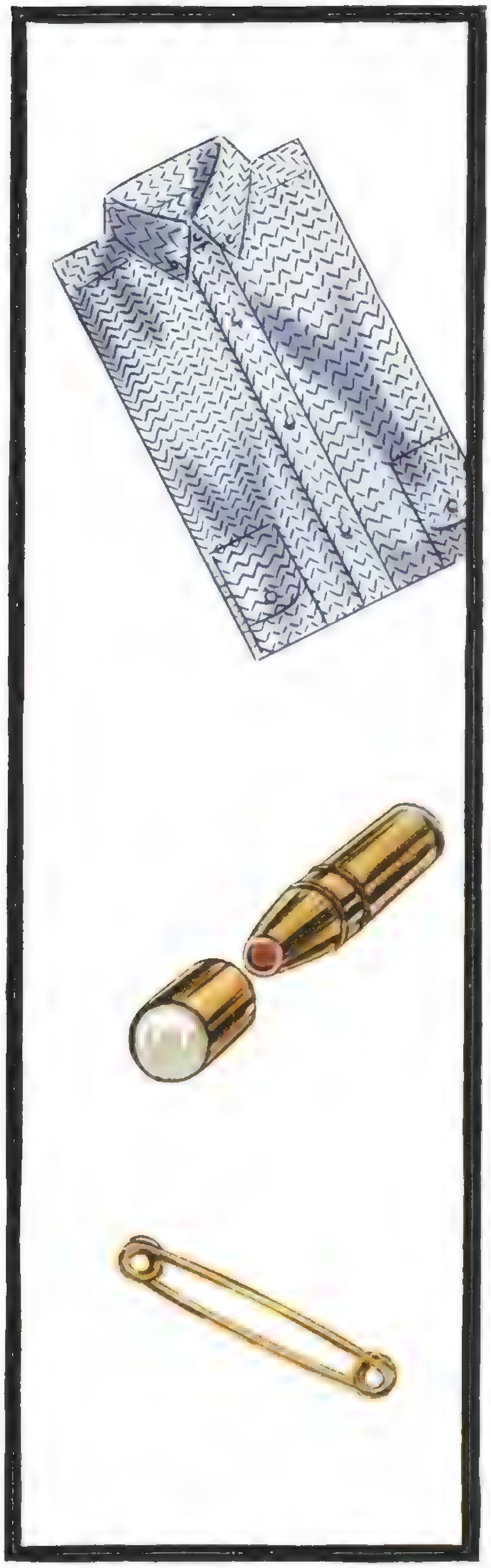




RECOMMENDED FOR MOST SPECTATOR SPORTS PURPOSES

For spectator sports usage and for general country wear, plaids and checks are a very safe bet. They may be overdone, of course, and there's no way to be sure that their present peak of popularity will be maintained forever, but they're very good right now as they have been for many months. This suit is of checked Shetland, still the first ranking fabric for country clothes, with easy lines in keeping with the soft handling cloth. It is a three-button model with a soft rolling front and an outside cash or ticket pocket. The trousers, by the way, have a natural turnup instead of a fixed and permanent cuff. The waistcoat is yellow flannel (an item which also may be used as a part of a riding kit) and the shirt is a tan cotton blend plaid. The knitted tie is a natural accompaniment for clothes of this character, and the same is true of the black and gray gun club check cap. The latter is of the accepted one-piece top model. The topcoat may be either covert cloth or tweed. The shoes are full brogue brown buckskin. Sketched in the panel at the left is a new shape and a new idea in belt buckles—featuring a quick fastener which permits easy adjustment and holds securely. The shirt is a new weave of oxford cloth, giving a texture that suggests burlap. It is effective in the colorings of the current woolen tweed patterns and goes very well with rough finished country clothes. The Argyle plaid hose give those who like to go garterless a chance to do it fashionably, as they feature an elastic top which obviates the necessity for garters. With the general popularity of plaids and checks, these traditional patterns on white grounds are very much favored for use in wool hose for country wear.





A CHECKED TWEED SUIT FOR GENERAL KNOCKABOUT WEAR

Wherever you find racing and polo stables and country and paddock life you'll find tweed suits in overchecks and plaids. They follow as the day follows the night. This blue and grey tweed with its bold pattern is of the type of clothing seen at fashionable horsey circles throughout the country. It isn't limited to that, though, for you can wear the parts of this suit as odd jacket, odd slacks or with a sweater or Tattersall waistcoat. With this particular suit is worn a navy blue pullover sweater of cashmere, and a pair of heavy, brown brogue shoes. A proper hat would be one of the rough felts, while oxford and flannel shirts are indicated. Everything that follows the masculine trend toward roughness fits into this fashion sketch: tweed hats, heavy sweaters, hard leather and string gloves, knitted ties, tweed topcoats and, in fact, anything that combines with loose drapy clothing. The jacket has three buttons and carries patch pockets. The buttoned-down collar-attached shirt, sketched in the panel at the left, is a favorite model with sportsmen and university men. It is usually made up in oxford cloth, either in solid colors or in stripes, but a new version, particularly well adapted for wear with the type of clothes shown here, is a herringbone print. It looks rough and heavy, but it is actually of extremely light weight, the material being a fine count printed percale. This is in line with what seems to be a very definite trend for the warm months ahead—clothes that resemble the winter weight fabrics in everything but weight. The heavy gold safety pin, originally used to hold the riding stock in place, is now the smartest type of collar pin for use with the short pointed soft collars.

The Folks at Home

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a bit like Thais. What is it you want the music to give you? What do you want of me? . . . This is Hopkinsville, Missouri . . . Look at all those brown girls back there in the crowd of Negroes, leaning toward me and the music. First time most of them ever saw a man in evening clothes, black or white. First time most of them ever heard the *Meditation from Thais*. First time they ever had one of their own race come home from abroad playing a violin. See them looking proud at me and music over the heads of the white folks in the first rows, over the head of the white woman in the cheap coat and red hat who knows what music's all about . . . Who are you, lady?

6.

When the concert was over, even some of the white folks shook Roy's hand and said it was wonderful. The colored folks said, "Boy, you sure can play!" Roy was shaking a little and his eyes burned and he wanted terribly to cough. Pain shot across his shoulders. But he smiled his concert-jazz-band smile that the gold-spending ladies of the European night-clubs had liked so much. And he held out a feverish hand to everybody. The woman in the red hat waited at the edge of the crowd.

When people thinned out a little from the pulpit, she came to Roy and shook his hand. She spoke of symphony concerts in St. Louis, of the fact that she was a teacher of music, of piano and violin, but that she had no pupils like Roy, that never in the town of Hopkinsville had anyone else played so beautifully. Roy looked into her thin, freckled face and was glad she knew what it was all about. He was glad she liked music.

"That's Miss Reese," his mother told him after she had gone. "An old maid musicianer at the white high school."

"Yes'm," said Roy. "She understands music."

7.

The next time Roy saw Miss Reese was at the white high school shortly after it opened for the fall session. One morning a note had come asking him if he would play for her Senior class in Music Appreciation some day. She would accompany him if he would bring his music. It seems that one of Miss Reese's duties was the raising of musical standards in Hopkinsville; she had been telling her students about Bach and Mozart, and she would so appreciate it if Roy would come to the school and play those two great masters for her young people. She wrote a nice note on clean white paper.

Roy went. His mother thought it was a great honor for the white high school to send for her colored son to play for them. "That Miss Reese's a right nice woman," Sister Williams said to her boy. "Sendin' for you to play up there at de school. First time I ever knowed 'em to have a Negro in there for anything but cleanin' up, and I been in Hopkinsville a long time. Go and play for 'em, son, to de glory of God!"

Roy played. But it was one of those days when his throat was hot and dry, and his eyes burned. He had been coughing all morning and, as he played, his breath left him and he stood covered with a damp sweat. He played badly.

But Miss Reese was more than kind to him. She accompanied him at the piano. And when he had finished, she turned to the assembled class sprawled in their seats and said, "This is art, my dear young people, this is true art!"

The students went home that afternoon and told their parents that a dressed-up nigger had come to school with a violin and played a lot of funny pieces nobody but Miss Reese liked. They went on to say that Miss Reese had grinned all over herself and cried, "Wonderful!" And had even bowed to the nigger when he went out!

Roy went home to bed. He was up and down these days, thinner and thinner all the time, weaker and weaker. Sometimes not practicing any more. Often not eating the food his mother cooked for him, or that his sister brought from where she worked. Sometimes being restless and hot in the night and getting up and dressing, even to spats and yellow gloves, and walking the streets of the little town at ten and eleven o'clock after nearly everyone else had gone to bed. Midnight was late in Hopkinsville. But for years Roy had worked at night. It was hard for him to sleep before morning now.

But one night he walked out of the house for the last time. The moon had risen and Roy scarcely needed to light the oil lamp to dress by when he got up. The moon shone into his little room, across the white counterpane of his bed, down onto the bags with the bright stickers piled against the wall. It glistened on the array of medicine bottles on the side table. But Roy lighted the light, the better to see himself in the warped mirror of the dresser. Ashy pale his face was, that had once been brown. His cheeks were sunken. Trembling, he put on his suit and spats and his yellow gloves and soft felt hat. He got into an overcoat. He took a cane that he carried lately from

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Shooting at the Moon

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The man stirred. The thick hair on his chest was grey. Louise wondered if he dyed his beard. She could hear voices in the street now, water being sloshed before the doors, dustbins being dragged across the pavement. She lay back in the chair and closed her eyes. Through her mind wandered vague pictures of the past. The main street in Brantôme, a schoolroom filled with little girls in black, an old nun with ugly teeth, dusty skirts and kindly eyes, cows being driven in to market. Sitting in front of the door knitting. Jean whirling past on his bicycle. He worked for the butcher and wore a white apron tied over one shoulder. She could almost hear her mother talking to the other concierges. A wheatfield. Jean lying beside her. There were red poppies in the grain and the sky was very blue above the yellow stalks. Then service in Paris, then Madame Rey's and then the streets. What a life, a life without a future.

A good smell of bread baking and pastry came up from the bakery next door. Louise got up and put on a kimono. She did not want the man to wake and find her naked. She felt hungry too. There was a gas ring on the floor beside the washstand. She put on some coffee to boil. The pink wall paper, the pink carpet and the pink chair looked dingy in the bright sunlight. Clothes, her green dress, his black suit, stockings, shoes, underwear and socks littered the floor. While the coffee boiled Louise tidied up. The man's coat was of very good material, his socks were silk, so were his drawers and undervest. She could not make out the letters in the monogram on the undervest. She never had been able to decipher monograms. He must be very rich. Five hundred francs, maybe he would pay five hundred francs for the night. Hope rose like a rocket in her breast. He was still sound asleep. She tiptoed to the side of the bed and looked at him. No, he was not pretending, he was really sound asleep. She returned to the heap of clothes. Quietly and swiftly she searched the pockets. It might be useful to know his name and address. She did not want to rob him.

The trouser pockets were empty except for a ring of keys. He had a white linen handkerchief with the same undecipherable monogram. In his wallet there were two one hundred franc notes and a wad of five and ten franc notes. She did not count them. His watch was heavy and round and golden. There were no letters, no cards, nothing by which she could identify him. The coffee began to simmer gently. Suddenly her hand touched something rough sewn inside one pocket. She turned back the cloth and looked at it, and then her heart stood still. No, it couldn't be true, it just couldn't be true! On the tag was written the name of the tailor and the man for whom the suit was made. She read it over and over. Her hand trembled slightly. She forgot the heat. The pink room swam before her eyes. Surely there could not be two people with that name? My God, what should she ask him? How much? To think that he should be in her room, in her bed! The grey hair on his chest looked noble now, the long black beard a mark of distinction. The name she had read was a household word. It was the name of one of the greatest bankers in all the world. She sat with clasped hands. The coat had fallen to the floor at her feet. Here were millions between her sheets. What should she do? What should she do?

She ran down to the bakery and bought two hot croissants. The mules on her bare feet clicked excitedly. She bought fresh butter at the creamery and some milk. The sun looked beautiful, the baker looked beautiful, the sparrows scrambling in the gutter might

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The Folks at Home

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weakness rather than from style. And he went out into the autumn moonlight.

Tiptoeing through the parlor, he heard his mother snoring on the couch there. (She had given up her room to him.) The front door was still unlocked. His brothers, Roy thought, were out with their girl friends. His sister had gone to bed.

In the streets it was very quiet. Misty with moonlight, the trees stood half clad in autumn leaves. Roy walked under the dry falling leaves toward the center of the town, breathing in the moonlight air and swinging his cane. Night and the streets always made him feel better. He remembered the boulevards of Paris and the Unter den Linden. He remembered Tauber singing *Wien, Du Stadt Meiner Traume.* His mind went back to the lights and the music of the cities of Europe. How like a dream that he had ever been in Europe at all, he thought. Ma never had any money. Her kids had barely managed to get through the grade school. There was no higher school for Negroes in Hopkinsville. For him there had been only a minstrel show to run away with for further education. Then that chance with a jazz band going to Berlin. And his violin for a mistress all the time—with the best teachers his earnings could pay for abroad. Jazz at night and the classics in the morning. Hard work and hard practice, until his violin sang like nobody's business. Music, real music! Then he began to cough in Berlin.

Roy was passing lots of people now in the brightness of the main street, but he saw none of them. He saw only dreams and memories, and heard music. Some of the people stopped to stare and grin at the flare of the European coat on his slender brown body. Spats and a cane on a young nigger in Hopkinsville, Missouri! What's the big idea, heh? A little white boy or two catcalled, "Hey, coon!" But everything might have been all right, folks might only have laughed or commented and cussed, had not a rather faded woman in a cheap coat and a red hat, a white woman, stepping out of the drug store just as Roy passed, bowed pleasantly to him, "Good evening."

Roy started, bowed, nodded, "Good evening, Miss Reese," and was glad to see her. Forgetting he wasn't in Europe, he took off his hat and his gloves, and held out his hand to this lady who understood music. They smiled at one another, the sick young colored man and the aging music teacher in the light of the main street. Then she asked him if he was still working on the Sarasate.

"Yes," Roy said. "It's lovely."

"And have you heard that marvelous Heifetz record of it?" Miss Reese inquired.

Roy opened his mouth to reply when he saw the woman's face suddenly grow pale with horror. Before he could turn around to learn what her eyes had seen, he felt a fist like a ton of bricks strike his jaw. There was a flash of lightning in his brain as his head hit the edge of the plate glass window of the drug store. Miss Reese screamed. The sidewalk filled with white young ruffians with red-necks, open sweaters, and fists doubled up to strike. The movies had just let out and the crowd, passing by and seeing, objected to a Negro talking to a white woman—insulting a White Woman—attacking a WHITE woman—RAPING A WHITE WOMAN. They saw Roy remove his gloves and bow. When Miss Reese screamed after Roy had been struck, they were sure he had been making love to her. And before the story got beyond the rim of the crowd, Roy had been trying to rape her, right there on the main street in front of the brightly-lighted windows of the drug store. Yes, he did, too!

So they knocked Roy down. They trampled on his hat and cane and gloves as a dozen men tried to get to him to pick him up — so someone else could have the pleasure of knocking him down again. They struggled over the privilege of knocking him down.

Roy looked up from the sidewalk at the white mob around him. His mouth was full of blood and his eyes burned. His clothes were dirty. He wondered why Miss Reese had stopped to ask him about Sarasate. He knew he would never get home to his mother now.

Someone jerked him to his feet. Someone spat in his face. It looked like his old playmate, Charlie Mumford. Somebody cussed him for being a nigger, and another kicked him from behind. And all the men and boys in the lighted street began to yell and scream like mad people, and to snarl like dogs, and to pull at the little Negro in spats they were dragging through the town towards the woods.

The little Negro whose name was Roy Williams began to choke on the blood in his mouth. And the roar of their voices and the scuff of their feet were split by the moonlight into a thousand notes like a Beethoven sonata. And when the white folks left his brown body, stark naked, strung from a tree at the edge of town, it hung there all night, like a violin for the wind to play.

Shooting at the Moon

Continued from page 93

have been rare birds of paradise. Oh, what would the concierge say if she knew who lay asleep upstairs? What would Lotty say? Rosie? Madame Rey?

The concierge peeped out of her musty loge. If Mademoiselle could buy croissants she could pay her rent. Louise climbed the dark stairs clutching her parcels to her breast. She opened her door gently. Her room was holy, filled with the wonder of this great presence. He was still asleep. His hands were thick, his fingers short and stubby. The canary across the courtyard sang and sang and sang. Louise made the room look neat and tidy.

When the man opened his eyes she went over and kissed him. She brought him his breakfast on a tray. Her new pink satin slip was folded to look like a tea cloth. She sat on the side of the bed and gazed at him in awe. He thought her quiet and pleasant. The coffee and croissants were very good. After he had dressed he took out his pocket book. He had intended to give her a hundred francs. That was what he always paid on such occasions, but this girl had been so quiet, she had given him such a good breakfast and she had made the morning-after not seem sordid. He would give her a hundred and twenty-five francs, perhaps even a hundred and fifty.

Louise was not a clever girl but even a clock that is broken is right once in the day. When she saw him take the money out she put her hands on his. "No, Monsieur." She shook her head.

"But I must pay. What do I owe you?"

"Nothing, Monsieur."

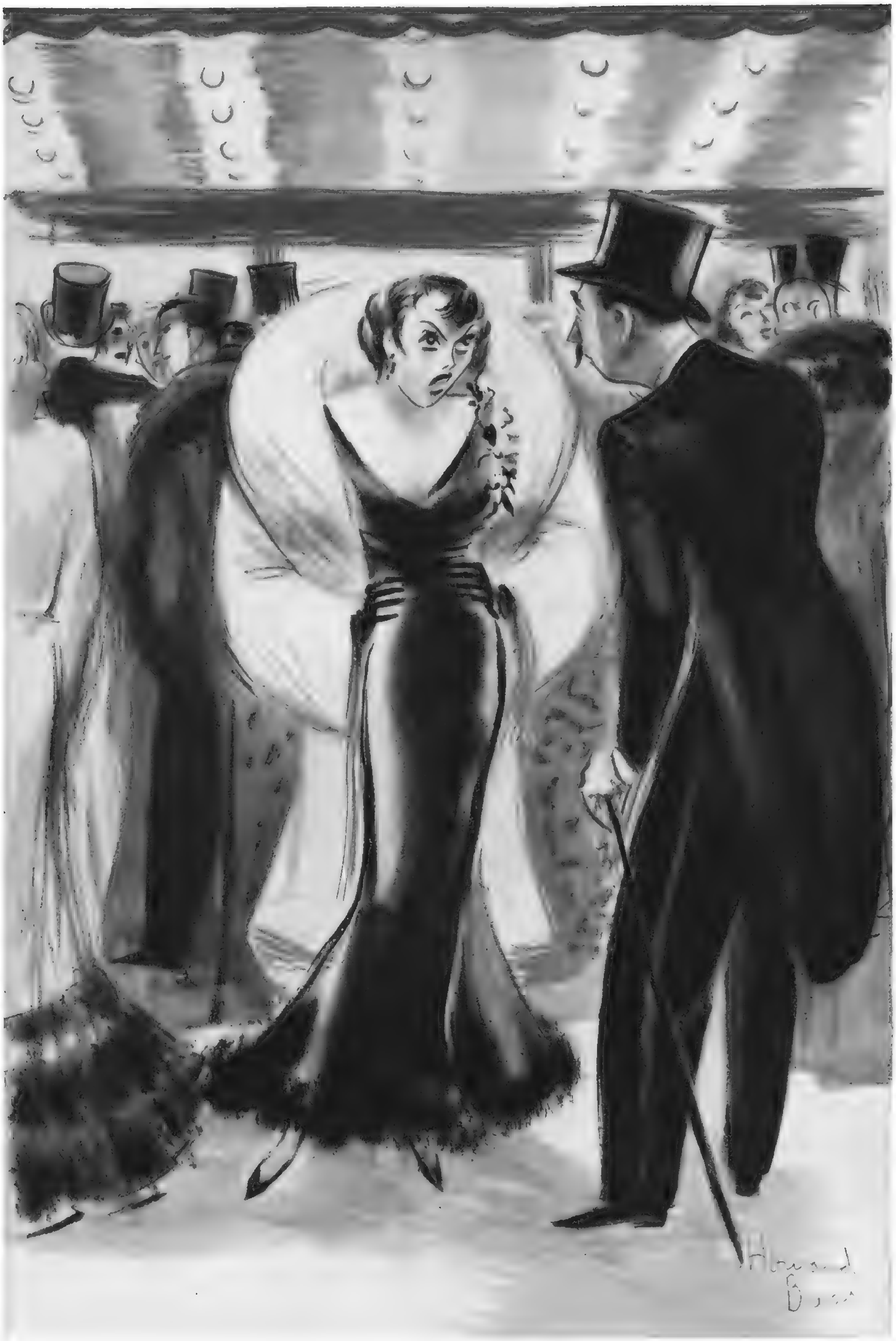
"Nothing?"

"Listen, Monsieur. For us, for girls like me, we have many men but we do not often meet one that we can love. Last night I have had that experience. I could not let you pay me for it."

He looked at her dumbfounded. Some one loved him, some one who did not even know his name. Never before in all his life had he been sure that he was loved and not his wealth. He left the house in a sort of dream. He could not go to his office. He took a cab and drove around the Bois. A strange light filled his eyes. She loved him! The trees were thick and green and beautiful. A new world opened up before him. He no longer envied the boy and girl rowing on the lake, the couples walking in the shade. Some one loved him. He stroked his beard and hummed softly to himself.

Louise lay on her bed and tried to sleep. Now that the man was gone she felt that she had been a fool. She had had money between her hands and lost it. What would Lotty and Rosie say? Well, she would never tell them. The concierge was not pleasant when she said that she could not pay her rent. There was a whirr of pigeons' wings in the courtyard. Trams clanged, taxis hooted, the sun blazed down. At last the day dragged past. It was eight o'clock when she got up and dressed. There was no use in waiting any longer. She put on the green dress, the big hat and the satin slippers that hurt her when she walked. She was very hungry. There was a restaurante in the Rue Monthabor that sometimes gave her credit. She clutched her empty purse beneath her arm. She had almost reached the corner when a voice called to her. A magnificent Hispano Suiza stopped beside the pavement.

"Will you get into your car, Mademoiselle?" The man leaned from the window. His beard was freshly scented. He wore a carnation in his buttonhole. Two legal looking papers were stuffed into his pocket. One was an annual settlement, the other was the deed to a villa. He made Louise write her name in the blanks left for that purpose. No one had ever loved him for himself alone before.


Howard Baer

"All right, so I'm dumb, so what would you do with a cultured woman?"

A Note on Mr. Sherlock Holmes

Continued from page 59

—the famous *Study in Scarlet*—was not an unqualified success, as a literary venture. The surprising fact is that for a year the manuscript kicked around in various publishers' offices, begging for acceptance. Poor old Watson! And it is shocking to reflect that had it not in time found a sponsor there would today have been no *Sherlock* upon the shelf. The whole trend of modern letters, indeed, might have been changed had Watson given up the struggle.

Most popular, it has been asserted, of all the many adventures, is that known as *The Speckled Band*, with *The Hound of the Baskervilles* running an enthusiastic second. It is one's private notion that quite the finest possible adventure would be a composite, made up of the best parts of them all. In it there would be a London fog, turning in time to rain, through which the gas lamps of old London would shine mistily. Holmes and Watson, as the story opened, would be seated in their shabby living room, before the glow of sea coals in the grate. There would be some conversation . . .

"Singularity—" one hears the voice of Sherlock Holmes—"is almost invariably a clue. The more featureless and commonplace a crime is, the more difficult it is to bring home." Or perhaps: "When you have eliminated the impossible, Watson, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth."

And then the bell—and Mrs. Hudson's voice below—and footsteps on the stairs. Perhaps the visitor will be only Stanley Hopkins, Holmes's favorite among the Scotland Yard inspectors; when I attempt this fantasy I shall have some difficulty about a choice, at this point. Possibly it will be Dr. Thorneycroft Huxtable, M.A., Ph.D., who will stagger against a table, then collapse across the bearskin rug. Be certain that it will be a dramatic entrance. And the problem will be murder, complicated with the black pearl of the Borgias and perhaps a snake. I shall call it *The Adventure of the Tired Captain* or *The Case of Wilson, the Notorious Canary Trainer*, two of Watson's omissions that have always seemed imperative to the record. It is a fascinating notion; with difficulty I refrain from beginning at once. In the end, of course, a pair of handcuffs—"darbies"—will be snapped upon the wrists of a London cabman, after the fashion of Gillette, and there will be a spot of dinner at Marcini's.

A favorite with Conan Doyle, it has been asserted, was *The Final Problem* and its incredible sequel, *The Empty House*. In the former, old inhabitants will remember, Holmes goes to his tragic death in Switzerland and in the latter he returns from Lhassa, to prove the story of his death exaggerated. In *The Final Problem*, as set forth by Watson, it is recorded that an account of the detective's death was printed in the *Journal de Genève*, under date of May 6, 1891; and collectors have not failed to note the item. Every year, the present editor of that newspaper—M. Chapuiset—has testified, he receives letters asking for copies of that issue.

Hats off then to Dr. John H. Watson, one of the great dramatic writers of his day. And a cheer or two for Conan Doyle, his alter ego. For it is, of course, the sheer drama of the tales—the melodrama, if you like—that sends us back to them, quite as much as the detective ability of the hero. Holmes was not always a good detective, as many of his critics have pointed out; but he was at all times a brilliant actor. How curious the error in which Professor Lord of Oberlin has caught him! And in the circumstances, how remarkable that he was able to bring the case to a successful conclusion. It was during the dangerous adventure called by Watson—with his flair for titles—*The Red Circle*. Signora Lucca's husband, it will be recalled, was signalling her by means of successive flashes of light from a darkened window—one flash for *A*, two flashes for *B*, and so on down. The language used is Italian, although

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Bendigo and William Caunt

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It wasn't till 2:30 they got the ring up and then, five minutes later, a gang of roughs broke through and held us all up to blackmail in the first row. Either we paid up half-a-guinea each or they'd cave our skulls in! They used most displeasing language. I paid my half-guinea.

It's quarter past three now and they're not here yet. Hello! What's this? Here they are! Here's Caunt with the blackamoor, Molyneaux, behind him! And here's Bendy! Bravo, Bendy! Go in and win, Bendy! I've got a cool twenty-five guineas on you, Bendy! And I don't mind making it fifty! Any offers?

No! I refuse to be referee! There's old Squire Osbaldeston! The very man! The best man in the country for the job! The only man! The old Squire gets up into the ring! Bravo, Squire! You've got your work cut out!

Time!

I can hardly breathe the way my heart's pounding against my ribs!

Now Bendy, show him what that fist is made of! Look at the way he's smiling at you! Looks confident, doesn't he, Bendy? Stop dancing, boy, and have at him! Fine! A corker in the eye! Avoid those arms as you would the plague! Once again! Crack! Straight on the cheek! *It flows! It flows!* That's the wound Brassey left just under the cheek-bone! Down, Bendy, down! or he'll choke the life out of ye!

Second round. Caunt lashes out like the arms of a windmill. And like a windmill, all he hits is the air! Better luck next time, lad!

Third round. Bendy's no feather-bed, Ben old boy, that you've got to throw yourself on him like that! No harm done! Bendy comes up smiling!

The fourth and the tenth and the twentieth. Bendy dancing about like a pea on a drum, Ben Caunt standing grim as a rock, waiting till Bendy overreaches himself, to get hold of him and crush the guts out of him like a honey bear. The twenty-fourth. Bendy lands home on Caunt's ribs, loses his balance and drops. "Foul!" cry the roughs. "Foul! He fell without finger laid on him!" They rush the ring. They stand over the old squire, hallooing and threatening. "Fair!" cries the squire, steady as steel. The ring is cleared.

The thirtieth. Caunt lands Bendy a crack over his right eye. It sounds as if he's smashed his skull open. No! He's only smashed the flesh! The blood pours! Bendy gets his own back by splitting Caunt's nose in two!

The thirty-first. Bendy keeps on at the ballet-dancing game. A rib-bender, a pile-driver, then he swoops to the floor like a swan! Tom Spring, one of Ben's seconds, appeals. A rough aims at his knowledge-box with a bludgeon, but fortunately only catches his shoulder. If it had been the box, there'd have been no more Tom Spring!

Forty-three. A smash to Caunt's throat, hard enough to break open the jugular vein. The jugular has had some before. It stands firm.

Fifty. Sixty. Seventy . . . .

I've got no throat left. I feel my own eye and nose and mouth bunged up with blood and bruises. It seems as if I've been here five weeks watching those two demons batter at each other. It seems as if it all began five minutes ago. It seems as if it's all a dream, and is not happening at all.

Eighty-three. Caunt gets a sledge-hammer to the mouth, catches Bendy by the neck, and falls heavily on top of him as he goes down.

Eighty-four. The blood pouring from Bendy's mouth. But it seems to whip him up. Right, left, right again! Surely they can hear the blows all the way to Westminster! "Foul!" they cry. "Fair!" they cry. So on, round after round. Is it the sun staggering in the sky, or can't I see straight any longer? I'll give three pounds for a bottle of claret! Five pounds! Who'll take me?

Ninety-two. A blow to Caunt's stomach. Caunt wallowing in pain on the ground. The squire decides it's a fair blow. I'm not so sure. The squire's nearer. He knows better.

Ninety-three. Bendy forced up against the ropes. Break loose, Bendy! Don't let him crush you against that stake! He breaks loose. Caunt immediately throws him another buster. Down he falls. He's not finished yet, Caunt! Why do you turn your back on him? What? Hell and thunder! What have you got down to ground for?

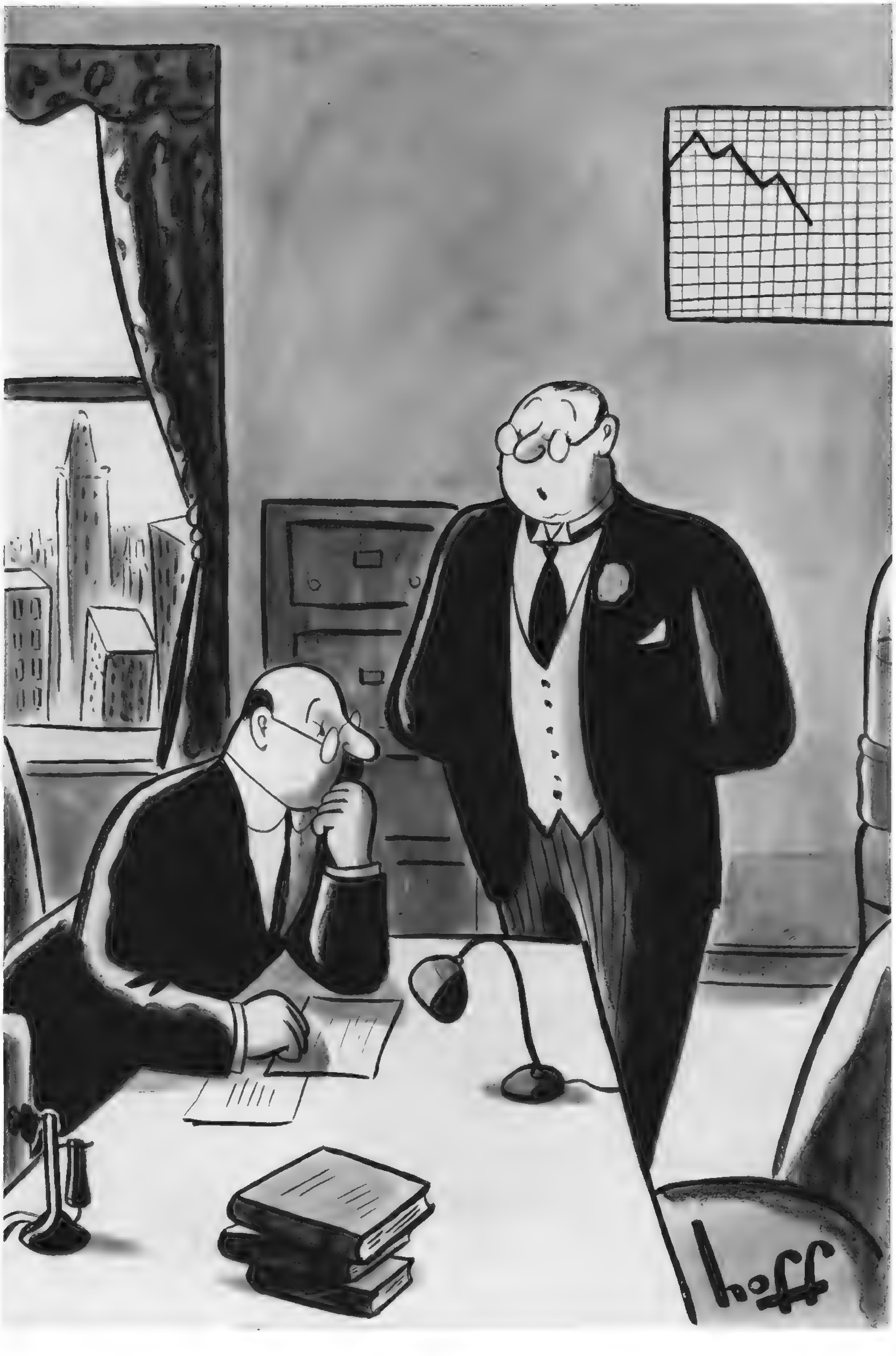
"Foul! I say that's foul!"

From five thousand throats and more the cry rises. Foul! Foul! The crows clap their wings and cry Foul!

And foul it is! Hurrah! The fight is Bendy's! The belt is Bendy's! Three cheers for old Bendy!

And you there, hi, I say, what are you doing with my gold fob! Give it me back at once, I say! You won't? Take that!

Yes sir, a notable fight! Will I join you in that bottle of claret? Indeed, I will sir! A health to Bendy, champion of the world!



"Let's dissolve partnership, Max. I'm sick of dividing two into nothing every week"

Classics of the County-Seats

Continued from page 65

the thoroughbred, seems to have reached a limit of speed, since no serious rival of Peter Manning has appeared in the last ten years.

Hambletonian day last summer at Goshen was a typical example of the hold—and the reasons for the hold—trotting still has with a large public. The little village was jammed with 30,000 people, and they saw a race, the winner of which, Mary Reynolds, had been bred by her owner, W. N. Reynolds. Many there that day had seen the filly's dam, Aileen Guy, race at Goshen in Mr. Reynold's colors. They also saw an entry—one which finished third two heats—driven by the owner. And the owner-driver, Mr. J. L. Dodge, was the breeder as well. This is the kind of close association with the sport that not only keeps owners actively interested for years, and often their children inherit the interest, but that gives the crowds the pleasant feeling that they are watching a true sport—one not overburdened with commercialism. There is a spirit of healthy amateurism in trotting, which, even if it lacked any other appeal, would give it a place of distinction among our sports.

That Hambletonian Stake was an exciting race, not completed in a couple of minutes as a Kentucky Derby is, but extending over a whole afternoon; three heats, a half-hour apart, and Fortune playing some strange tricks before Mary Reynolds finally came out the winner. The story of a few intense incidents from that race ought to give the uninitiated an idea of what to expect if they visit a big Grand Circuit meeting.

The Reynolds filly, which had done well in the early season stakes, was favorite when they sold auction-pools before the races. She sold for $100 in tickets totaling $225, and the tobacco-growers, up-state New Yorkers, down-easters, and other trotting horse followers piled it in on her at these odds. Brown Berry, owned by J. T. Lyle of Plainfield, N. J., was second favorite—he had beaten her two weeks before at the Rockingham, N. H., meet.

The first heat justified these odds. Ben White driving Mary Reynolds kept her close to the leaders until they reached the three-quarter pole. There, he gave the filly her head, and at the rail, she sailed through the grouped field to win by a couple of lengths.

For the second time out, she didn't get away so well. The horses bothered a lot at the score, and when they got the word, Mary Reynolds was shuffled back by the anxious drivers cutting across her path to reach the favored position, the pole. White took her around the field—she trotted a terrific first half to be with the leaders at that point, having passed horse after horse in one of the prettiest brushes anybody could ask to see. Then, when they turned for home, she was challenged; Brown Berry came with a rush on the outside, and all down the long stretch the two detached trotters fought it out. Egan and White were both at the whip; the colts were undergoing the most strenuous kind of drive. And at the wire Brown Berry had a head. That severe first half to make up the distance lost had taken its toll; the filly faltered, just the least in the world, right on the money, so to speak.

And then, in the third heat, occurred one of those incidents that horsemen will argue as long as the race is remembered. The French have a proverb about the "Glorious Uncertainty" of the turf, and nothing could illustrate that saying better than the finish of the third mile in last summer's Hambletonian Stake. Brown Berry, as the winner of the previous heat, had the pole this time. He went away in front, leading at the half, the three-quarters, and well into the stretch. There, Mary Reynolds, driven with the greatest patience by White, sprinted out to meet the leader. There were only three hundred yards left to travel—Brown Berry still was a length to the good. But Egan, his driver, looking back, saw the danger. He shifted his reins to one hand to go to the whip on his colt—and at the sudden lack of support on the bit, Brown Berry stumbled. Remember that trotting horses are sustained in their gait by a strong, balancing hold. The colt stumbled and went to his knees, Mary Reynolds passing him, a handy winner. But Egan, even though thrown from his sulky, kept the reins in his hand; he managed to scramble back and finish out the race, last, of course.

Nobody can say whether this accident altered the result. I don't think it did. I think Mary Reynolds had the colt beaten when Egan started to urge him. But aside from which might have won, it was the kind of incident in which all the drama of a sport seems to be concentrated. I can't promise anything quite as thrilling as a stumble in the deciding heat of a $60,000 race for next summer at Goshen, but I can urge anybody who likes horses, who likes races without the over-emphasis on gambling, to try the Grand Circuit and see for themselves whether America's oldest, and perhaps old America's most characteristic, sport is not holding its own.

A Note on Mr. Sherlock Holmes

Continued from page 96

Holmes and Watson, who are intercepting the message, do not at first suspect it. The first letter of the message is a single flash, *A;* the next is twenty flashes. "*T*," says Sherlock Holmes. But, alas, the Italian alphabet has no *K*, and so its twentieth letter is *U*.

The full message as read by Holmes is "Attenta, pericolo!" Yet the omission of *K* must have misplaced every letter in the alphabet below it. The detective should have read, not "Attenta, pericolo!", but "Assemsa, oeqicnkn!" Or, if Signor Lucca, sending the warning message, had—for the convenience of Holmes and Watson—used the English alphabet for an Italian message, his wife, who knew little English and who was expecting the message in Italian, would have read "Auueoua, qesicpmp!"

Well, it is a sufficiently startling message, either way; and it is no slight testimony to the ability of Mr. Sherlock Holmes that he brought off the case with honors.

Somewhere in America there are yet living, one fancies, men who, if they would, could tell a tale or two of Sherlock Holmes, and it is to be hoped that some day they will do so. Should this paper reach their eye, let it be said that they will confer a favor on posterity by writing down their memories. But it is possible that they do not realize how intimately they have been in touch with personal immortality. "Altamont" was the name taken by the detective when he came to the United States; the year was 1912. He was in the service of his government, in those days before the war when every nation was overrun with secret agents. To gain the confidence of Germany's master spy, it was necessary for Holmes to provide himself with an unsavory past. So to America he came. The record, it is very brief, is in *His Last Bow*.

"It has cost me two years, Watson," he told the doctor, on that historic second day of August, in 1914; "but they have not been devoid of excitement. When I say that I started my pilgrimage at Chicago, graduated in an Irish secret society at Buffalo, gave serious trouble to the constabulary at Skibbareen, and so eventually caught the eye of a subordinate agent of Von Bork, who recommended me as a likely man, you will realize that the matter was complex."

There is great need of further information concerning those two years of preparation for his war services; and such Buffalo and Chicago thugs, gangsters, hoodlums, and secret societarians as may remember an elderly, tallish man named Altamont, much given to tobacco, should at once get into touch with the editor of this journal. Those who come in person will be asked to leave their weapons outside the door.

Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson! I first met them on a doorstep in Toronto. The story was *The Speckled Band*, which I was reading out of its turn in a book that had been given me by someone who had not read it. My age, I think, was not yet ten. The attractive title of the adventure caught my eye. A little later, with pounding pulse, I hurried to the beginning of the volume and in that afternoon was begun a lifetime of almost single-minded devotion.

Did he really live? I wondered. I know now that he did and does. And the old house still stands in Baker Street to prove it. The address as reported by Watson was obviously selected to mislead the autograph hunters; there is no such number to be found. But Dr. Briggs of St. Louis has discovered it, at long last; the house is at No. 111: there it stands, waiting the nation's tablet. "It will go on standing," says Mr. Irving Dilliard, "as long as the cold London fog rolls in with the winter and mischief is planned and thwarted and books are written and read."

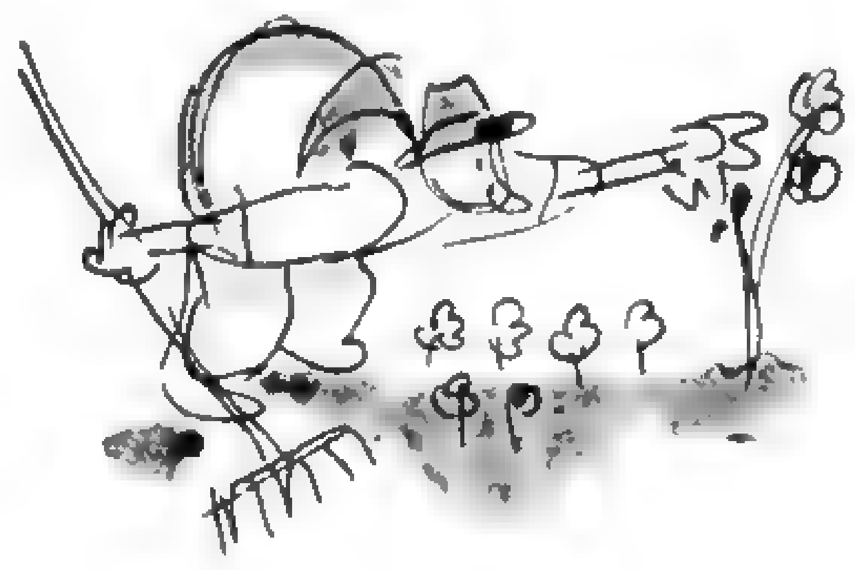
"You are a benefactor of the human race," cried Watson to the detective, in *The Red-Headed League*. I am content that the last word shall be Watson's.

Gardens for Males

On gardening as a mixture of art, sport, science and strength, and not a business for sissies

by ARTHUR H. CARHART

Being thrown out of Eden apparently implanted in sons of Adam no hereditary distaste for gardening. Instead, there hardly is a son of Eve's boy friend who does not break out in a rash of gardenitis when spring climbs into the trees. A young man's fancy may turn to thoughts of his own Mae West, but the family man who is lord of a little plot of sod and soil, is very sure to center a considerable segment of creative impulses, on digging dirt—the hot-bed, seed-bed, flower-bed kind. Curves the garden-minded chap may dream about, have to do with perennial borders ininstead of blondes. Every small home owner is a gardener at heart.



In nearly two decades of experience as a professional landscape architect, I have seen this garden urge almost universally present within the male breast; but mighty few men get an opportunity to do what they like in their garden.

The modes and methods in gardens of America are dominated by our women.

Do you doubt that? I suggest you explore the places where you will find the bulk of garden articles printed. Almost exclusively they will be located in some petticoat publication between an ad for face cream and an article on dieting for slenderness. In exclusively garden publications you still find them written primarily so they appeal to the female of the species. Good garden lore may be so daintily presented in these media it has all the virility of a pair of pink step-ins.

But herewith I write a forthright screed discussing what men like in home landscapes. The ladies may read, perhaps learn from it, but I am writing primarily for he-men.

It is worthy of passing comment that famous gardens created in past eras, have been man-planned gardens. Michael Angelo, André, La Nôtre, even those old Moorish artisans who wove power, color and soundless song into walls and walks of the Generaliffe and Alhambra, put dynamic qualities into their landscape compositions that made them masterpieces. We need entertain no fear that if American males assert themselves in this field that our landscape design, our garden art, will suffer. Rather, to the chiffonery and crepe de chinery of the feminine garden mode will be added masculine touches of strength.

Let no man think garden making is sissy business. It is a mixture of art, sport, science and brute strength. It offers an opportunity for self expression on the part of any male who might hesitate to portray his creative urges through adagio dancing or poetry and it is a swell substitute for routine setting-up exercises.

A garden that is something more than a collection of horticultural specimens, is the expression of an idea through the medium of plant materials. If you have that desire for self expression smouldering within your hairy chest, and feel hesitant about going gardener because it has been woman-dominated in the past—just plunge in.

It is a sport, an art, and a science, this garden game, a challenge to any man to exercise his aesthetic appreciation, his common sense and his muscles.

It is a man's game if he will play it.

A fundamental difference between the woman-made garden and that which appeals strongly to a man, lies in the fact that women seem to delight in fussing with detail. The primary strength of appeal in a garden that a man will like, lies in its elements of design; in such things as lines, proportions, disposition of masses, the organization of basic framework embodied in garden paths, the placing of colors of such power as will give added accent to design forms.

Men appreciate telling forms and lines, an air of spaciousness, the expression of strength in design. Women seem to gravitate immediately to consideration of dainty detail, and once caught in its meshes, they never quite get away from it. Often I have brought plans before clients, master and mistress, of estate or modest home, and started to explain how the powerful vertical lines in a group of Bolles poplars would give character to the garden picture we were planning, how the horizontal lines of a garden wall would give balance in this line-scheme, how a mass here, good proportion in another element would lend dignity, elementary beauty to our garden, and in the midst of it the lady would say:

"Oh, but we must have some sea lavender; now tell me, do, just where I may plant my sea lavender!"

Need I say, sea lavender is to the compositional elements of a landscape plan as lace on a curtain is to a house plan? And tell me, my masculine friend, would you start planning a house by starting from the premise that there must be, somewhere, in that house, a gob of frills on some sort of a curtain?

Of course not! And I believe in this difference in viewpoint of approach we find a key to a primary difference between the garden men will like and one a woman will like. It has been said in many a landscape office that a few women who have entered this professional field have the aptitude for creating the dynamic compositional framework of a landscape design before they turn to the detail of plant materials; but the majority of women designers very early in any planning problem lose themselves in a wealth of horticultural crochet and never get back to the girder-work, the structural scheme, which gives a landscape plan its inherent strength and beauty.

As in paintings, in music, in architecture, the garden that holds the man-appeal is one which clearly expresses a telling, central *motif*, or design, or theme—whatever term you wish to use. The finest detail may be found in such a garden, detail that will delight the feminine eye; that is not only possible, but desirable. Strength of central theme and good detail are in no wise incompatible. But the man's garden, the one he likes best, is the one that has first a certain posteresque quality, a forceful idea expressed through the medium of garden art. And then, as overtones and contra-melodies in the composition, this daintier detail that women folk so love may be added to enrich basic design.

I believe women generally would be fully pleased with gardens that have exquisite detail and no telling central design; but that a man must sense a central strength of design to feel that a garden scheme packs the wallop he wants.

Color in a garden is the element in which masculine tastes differ most radically from feminine preferences.

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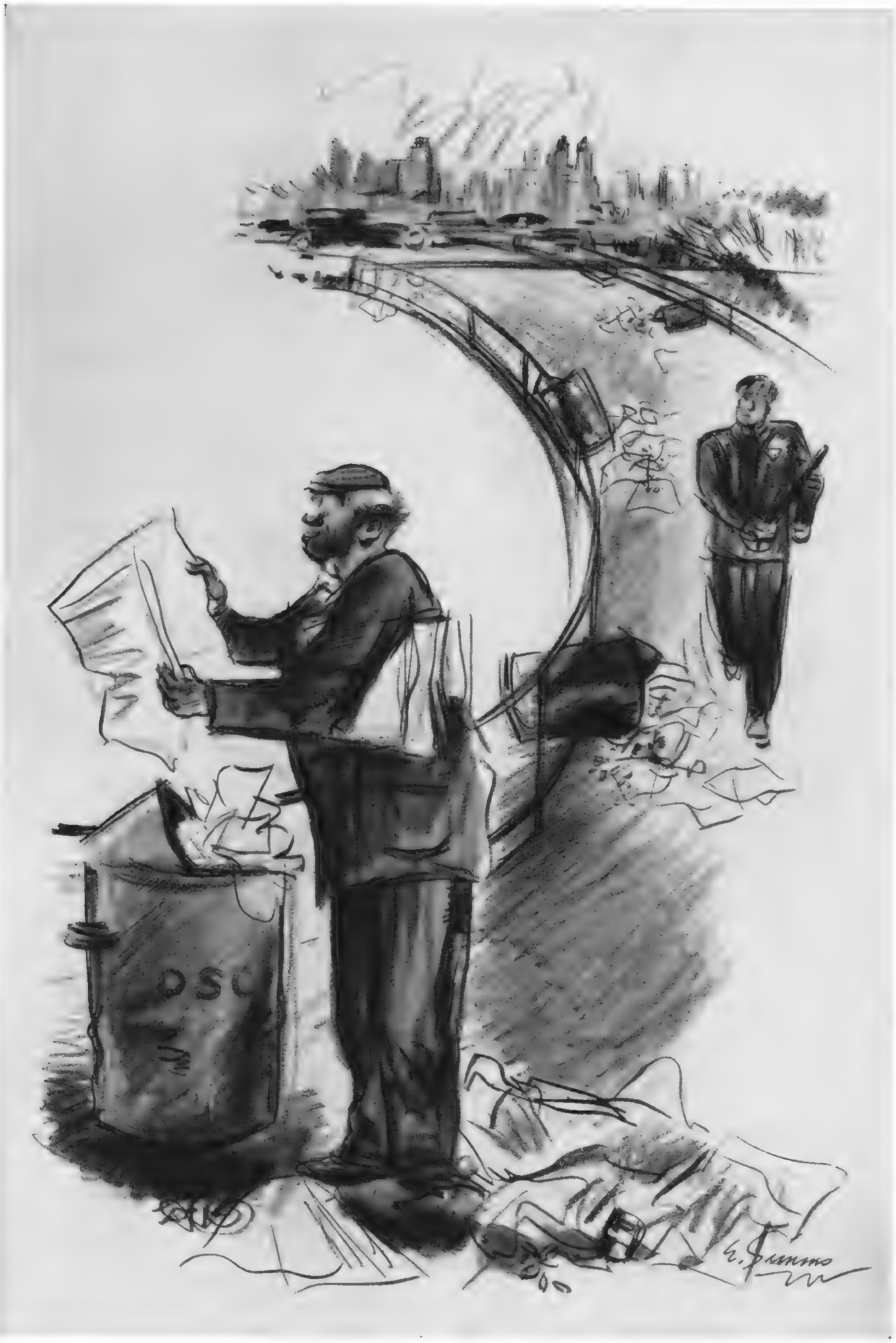


"Oh, here you are, Arthur Brisbane!"

When Your Wife Writes a Book

Continued from page 69

fall in love with the subject of it. If the husband is of a jealous temperament, the experience is a torture. You can't punch your rival in the nose when he has been dead two hundred years; and if he happens to be a guy like Miriam's hero was, it is a waste of breath to wish him in Hades. But the wife who writes a biography doesn't think of any of these things. Her hero becomes the vehicle of all her unfulfilled desires, with the result that her husband's desires are simply starved out. The fellow about whom Miriam was biographing turned out to be everything I was not—which, I suspect, will always be the case when a wife biographizes. Not only had he been a real artist (as contrasted with whom?) but he had also been a howling success as contrasted with me. At first I tried to argue against this subtle attack. I pointed out that he had lived in a filthy age without telegraph or plumbing: in Miriam's third chapter it is decisively shown that her hero was the more romantic. I urged that he had been poor, had never capitalized his genius properly; she came back with a passage on the insignificance of money to the true idealist. I remonstrated to the effect that he was shamelessly unfaithful to his wife; she merely said that she, for her part, would not have objected to this since he made love so perfectly. A method of reasoning which, to my certain knowledge, she had never used before.

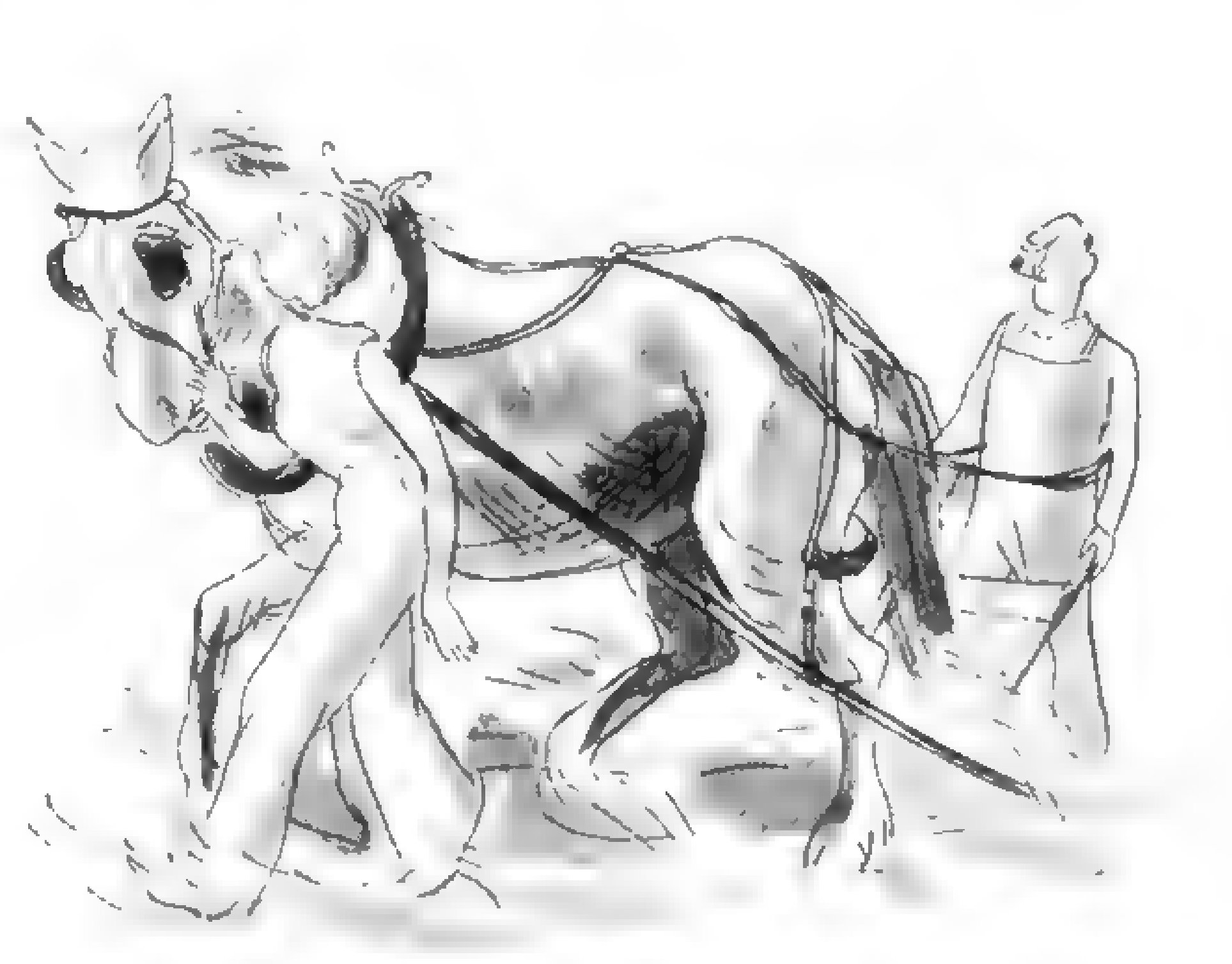
I knew enough, even then, to refrain from putting this new progressive point of view about love to the test; but just as Miriam was setting off on her second trip to Europe to "check" her facts, I did suggest that, since money was after all an insignificant item in a creator's life, we ought to move into a smaller apartment. But Miriam showed that while she was writing a book it was necessary to keep a nurse for our little girl; and how, pray, could we find a smaller place to live and still live with a nurse? Moreover, if I *really* wanted her to finish her book I must on no account change her environment. A violent readjustment of that kind might throw the whole thing out of gear. Now that I had backed her as far as the "checking" stage, wasn't I going to see her through to the end? This argument made me feel like the worst kind of a piker, even though her hero couldn't have afforded to pay the rent on the apartment for two days, let alone two years. As it turned out, Miriam's biography was a financial success —or at least the publisher said so. It was very widely accepted, and in some cities even rated as a best-seller; but actually the proceeds have amounted to about three months living expenses. Every time a check comes in from the publisher there is a great ado, and on one occasion a broker was even consulted; but the celebrating only lasts long enough for us to remember the debts contracted during the writing of the masterpiece. The reason we haven't paid these debts sooner is that we still live in an apartment which we could barely afford in 1929. And we live in it—I regret to state—because Miriam finds that she cannot create anywhere else.

For Miriam has at length and for all time become a creator. This indeed is the fallacy that underlies the whole proposition of lifting a woman to a higher level. Once she has found it, she sticks to it. Such is not true of men, and it is probably not true of women on any grounds other than the literary. But Miriam's level has become so high that anything lower would be embarrassing. I was approached by an advertising man the other day who asked me if I thought my wife would be insulted if he sent her some copy which had to be composed by a particularly expert hand. When I relayed the good news to Miriam she said that of course she wouldn't mind doing the copy, to please Old Bill; but I note that the copy has never been done, and I have secretly passed the word along to Old Bill that he was shooting a bit too high. What really amazed me concerning the whole episode was that Old Bill should even remember me at all; for I am now known as Miriam Blank's husband—that *dear* man, for whom it is always a problem to find a partner at dinner. Perhaps that gruelling work on the eighteenth century did weaken my social powers to a certain extent.

I need not tell any but the most ingenuous reader that Miriam is now at work on a novel. The transition from a biography to a novel is as easy as it is inevitable. The first step is usually a short story, which turns out to be ill adapted to the short story technique and has to be "expanded." While I have rated novels and biographies together as the very worst forms a wife can undertake, in reality a novel shades a biography a trifle, and this because the ego becomes all tangled up in the characters. At present my life is a veritable whirlwind composed of the motives of Miriam's characters. Moreover, it is not possible to criticize a novelistic hero any more than it is possible to criticize a mother's son. The hero may be the lousiest so-and-so you have ever met, but a family scene is sure to ensue if you call him anything of the kind. A novelist-wife must be encouraged at every step, no matter how fatal the step; but the worst time comes when you have to praise the whole thing. At the completion of any book by a wife there is, indeed, a very trying period of congratulation—of "oh" and "ah" and "swell" and "hot stuff," of which a woman can never get enough in any line. I didn't mind stating that I thought Miriam's biography a damned good book far better than anything ever published by me. But this modest praise, if not followed up with something really fervent, would have precipitated a marital crisis. It took at least a month of solid exclamation to convince Miriam that I was pleased, and even yet I think she secretly resents the fact that I have only read the whole work five times. Lately, I have been able to resume my normal interest in books of all sorts, but there was a time when I felt self-conscious if I read anything but Miriam's book or a newspaper. What the situation will be at the end of a *novel* I am not yet able to predict. I leave the question open, and perhaps some reader, who has had more experience than I, will take the trouble to drop me a line.

A little while ago I picked up a review of Miriam's first book, couched in the form of an interview with the great Authoress. It was a matter of questions and answers, and I started somewhat when I came to a passage devoted to Miriam's life in Summer. What, asks the young man, do you do in the Summer? "Oh," says Miriam, "Mr. Blank and I have a farm and we spend all Summer farming it." The reporter had apparently pressed her at this point, for she expanded considerably. "In the morning," she says, "I write until I get tired. Then I come out and lead the horse for Mr. Blank while he ploughs."

At least, that is the way the newspaper had it, and while I don't believe Miriam said anything of the kind, the mere picture of myself ploughing with one horse, with my wife leading that horse, made me twitch with rage. As a matter of fact, I have a very fine pair of oxen who are quite capable of drawing the plough themselves, and who shy whenever Miriam comes near them because they don't like her. But however that may be, the newspaper reporter's attitude is the thing I wish to set down here and pass along to other husbands. The fact is that when your wife decides to write a book, she easily persuades you to back her. This "backing," you will learn, is intended in a very literal sense—you not only back her financially, but you back her in every which way until you are finally backed out of the picture. It is all the worse if the book is successful. I don't know what it is in the American temperament that makes us all bow down so reverently before genius. Perhaps it is that we have so few among us. But in any case, once your wife has written a successful book, you have become the companion of genius. A kind of inferiority complex ensues; and lucky is the husband who, in such a predicament, does not wonder now and then who is really the wearer of the family pants.



My Grandmother Mehitabel had a great talent for painting, and it has always been said in the family that I inherited my artistic tastes from her. We have several of her paintings around the house, a bowl of cherries painted on a grass-green foreground, with a bright blue sky behind them, being especially favored by our cook. Yet I note that Grandmother Mehitabel's talent, spectacular as it undoubtedly was, did not in the least interfere with the rearing of a family of eleven children; and so far as I have been able to discover in our archives, her husband, who was merely a minister, never really had to "back" her. Perhaps the reason for this was that he never really tried to lift her to a higher plane.

The Man Who Didn't Like Cats

The story behind the strange behavior of a man who peddled catnip all over Beacon Hill

by JOHN D. SWAIN

ON BEACON HILL, in Boston, things happen that are seldom encountered elsewhere save in dreams. Traditions cling to its crooked streets as tenaciously as the aged ivy to its brick walls. And up and down its byways pass characters that do not seem to belong to this century, or this life; and they go undisturbed and ignored. They belong to Beacon Hill.

There is the little tailor who between jobs of pressing emerges from his tiny shop and plays softly upon his flute. There is the cobbler whose wife deserted him long ago, and who made a life-size image of her, clothed it in his wife's garments, and set her upon one of his two shoe-polishing chairs. As he tinkers worn foot gear, he talks sociably to her; and she beams at him and smiles a waxen smile. And there is the cow that must be led periodically through a distinguished club house in order to maintain an ancient right of way. Nothing can be done about it; and nobody on the Hill wishes to do anything. The elderly gentlemen glance up from their first editions as the reluctant cow passes. Children pause to listen to the musical tailor. Now and then a stranger, entering the cobbler's shop, is startled to find a bearded man talking earnestly at a seated wax figure, and wishes that he knew what it means. But Beacon Hill moves serenely, almost majestically, about its affairs. There are old ladies who have peered for so many years through violet paned windows, that they have taken on a sort of lavender hue. The quaint street cries come pleasantly to their ears as they sit in great empty houses, some of them built by Bulfinch, and with little secret gardens back of high walls. And everywhere there are cats. Even the iron foot scrapers at the front doors are oftener than not wrought in the shape of a cat. Were an authentic witch to fly over the Hill on her broomstick, the denizens would regard it as quite natural, and less surprising than the daily flights of the airships.

I knew the old catnip man well enough to pass the time of day with him. He wore a great blue cloak and floppy felt hat, and regularly twice a week toured the Hill, bestowing a sprig of catnip wherever a cat was to be found. I had come to take him for granted, and regarded him as a cat lover, indulging his harmless and kindly hobby in his declining years.

The cats knew the day and almost the hour of his arrival. Gaunt prowlers, sleek house cats, all knew him and his wares. You could see them far down the twisted, steep streets, sitting on the brick pavements, waiting for the herb that mildly intoxicates them, and releases their cat-complexes, whatever these may be.

A lodger on Beacon Hill while writing a book on old clipper ship days, I had found its atmosphere at once restful and stimulating. And between bouts with my typewriter, I took long walks over the Hill. As often happened, I found myself strolling with the old catnip man, chatting idly of inconsequential things, pausing often to drop a sprig of catnip. He raised it in a tiny garden back of his house, he told me. *Nepeta cataria* was the botanical name. And great care must be taken in the curing. Cats did not care much for it green. Nor must it be too dry. In short, the old man informed me that a cat was as great a connoisseur as a lover of fine cigars! He gathered his mint when young and tender, tied it in small bunches and hung them to the rafters of his attic, near a window open to the sea breezes. The rafters, he said, had come from an old frigate that had fought in the War of 1812.

So we passed Louisburg Square, an ancient island set in the midst of Boston, and controlled by its own Proprietors, with their own laws and immunities, their watchmen, the great iron chains they occasionally stretch across the end of their street, just to show that it is their privilege to forbid all traffic, if they choose. And the green oval in its center, with its trees and old, old statues, very ugly and highly revered, is a cat paradise. They are sheltered behind a high iron fence through whose pickets small boys and dogs cannot wriggle. Here they play, sleep, manicure their claws against the tree boles. And today they were waiting for the old man and his catnip.

"You certainly do love cats!" I commented, as he stooped down to pass out a sprig of mint to a battered looking old Tom who lacked one ear and part of his tail.

He rose a bit creakingly to his feet, and looked at me with mild surprise showing in his faded blue eyes.

"Why, no, young man! You are in error. Horses and dogs have always been my choice. I used to own a fast-stepper when I was your age! Many a brush have I had over the Milldam, when the sleighing was good. And I have owned some splendid setters, long ago when I liked to go gunning. No; cats have never been my choice among animals."

I stared at him, speechless for a moment.

"But—but then why—how—"

He smiled, his eyes fixed upon a handsome yellow cat that was treading delicately across the green oval towards him.

"Do not misunderstand me. I am not one of those curious types, a cat hater! There is a name for them; let me see! *Ailurophobes*. That is what the doctors call them. They both fear and hate cats. Some of them can tell when there is a cat in the room, even if she is asleep under a davenport. No, no; I never hated nor feared them; but I cannot say that I like them. They do not particularly interest me. My custom of treating them to catnip is in the way of paying a debt. A debt so heavy that I have made arrangements for the payments to go on after my demise."

"It must indeed be a heavy debt," I agreed. "I happen to like cats; but have always felt that they were a rather selfish creature, and I do not know that I ever heard of one of them doing a human being a real favor. Of course, I have read of cats who wakened families when the house was afire; but that was because the cat was anxious for her own singed coat."

"A cat saved my life, many years ago. Through its act, my years have been lengthened by nearly half a century. And they have been pleasant years! I shall hate to leave Beacon Hill. Not even the thought that I am entitled to have my old bones laid away in the family vault in the Old Granary consoles me."

We left Louisburg Square, crossed over to Willow Street, and stood looking down the steep, short little Acorn Street, bounded on one side by tall, vine clad fences enclosing back yards, and on the other by little old narrow houses, inhabited by reticent folk who have heard Charles Dickens lecture, and who never listen to torch songs. Here and there on worn granite steps sat pedigreed felines, waiting for their bi-weekly dosage of *Nepeta cataria*. The old man rested, leaning against a warm brick wall.

"I am surprised that I have never told you about my experience," he said.

He took from the pocket of his cape a worn leather case, that held three thin, black cigars. Offering me the case, which I refused in favor of my own cigarette packet, he lighted one for himself, making quite a ceremony of it, pinching the end carefully, holding the lighted match close to the tip, letting it ignite the tobacco without inhaling. When it was going well, he took a deep draught, sighed contentedly, and told me about the cat that saved his life and presented him with fifty years of mellow existence, most of it spent upon Beacon Hill.

I used to be (he said) quite a traveler. Made what we called the Grand Tour a number of times. Sailed to China in a clipper. Saw the pyramids, and India, and much of Scandinavia. Did quite a bit of mountaineering in Switzerland. And of course, I went to Italy more than once. An aunt lived in Rome. My aunt Emily, a widow, gradually acquiring rheumatism in a mouldering old palace near the Vatican. The Contessa d'Altamonte. We were very fond of one another, and I visited her many times. So that I came to know Rome pretty well. Not merely the city, but the people. The old families. I have seen wonderful frescoes and marbles that the tourist seldom even hears about. Aunt Emily had become a Catholic upon her marriage, and belonged to the Blacks, as they were called. I must have dined with a score of Bishops at her house, and one or two Cardinals. It was all charming to a young American. The footmen in liveries patterned hundreds of years ago. The strange dishes, the wonderful silver. Perhaps a girlhood on Beacon Hill had fitted Aunt Emily for Rome better than any other environment in our country!

Like most tourists who spend more than a day or so in Rome, I visited the catacombs. I suppose I saw more of them than any man alive. Spent more time in them. But I really know nothing about them. Nobody does. They are of immense antiquity; they extend for hundreds of miles deep underground, and only a few miles, near the entrances, have ever been mapped. I am not sure that engineers could map them. There have been no burials in them since the Goths sacked Rome in the Fifth Century. Everybody knows that the early Christians used to hold their secret religious rites in them. The older inscriptions are in Greek; the later ones, in Latin. Everybody knows these facts. St. Calixtus is the catacomb usually visited. At the entrance, on the Via Appia, a guide, who in my day was a cowled monk bearing a torch, takes the visitors through a few of the first chambers, shows them the tomb of a pope, and of sundry martyrs, points out the curious Byzantine paintings, the Sacrament chapels, the strange emblems, such as the fish symbol, collects his fee, and waits for the next group of sightseers. Meanwhile the real catacombs extend crookedly for a distance certainly greater than from Boston to New York, and how much further not even the archeologists can tell. What strange, terrifying, lovely things crouch in the bowels of the earth beneath Rome, waiting through the slow centuries for the first discoverer?

I was in my twenties when I visited the catacombs. Like most young folks, I avoided sepulchral things. Death, and its trappings, was something that I must experience, in my full time; but it all seemed unreal and incredible. I was vigorous in body, in robust health, full of the love of life. I went to the catacombs merely because it was something one was expected to do. You spent half an hour in them, and thereafter said: "Oh, yes! I have visited the catacombs! Most interesting." But though you might spend months, or years in Rome, you probably never went again. So one sunny day I walked leisurely out beyond the Porta San Sebastiano along the Via Appia, to do my duty as a sightseer, and visit St. Calixtus.

I was as usual stopping with my aunt. That morning we had walked about her old formal garden. She took great pride in her herb plot. Like so many old women, she had great faith in herb teas of all sorts. Was always drying them and making up little parcels to give to her ailing friends, with assurances that they would cure whatever it was that ailed them. I have always been an amateur botanist; and I can remember a good many of the herbs in that old palace garden, to this day. Angelica, anise, balm, basil, caraway, coriander, lavender, marjoram, pennyroyal, rosemary, rue, tansy, thyme; what sweet old names they are! And there was bitter wormwood, boneset, sage. And catnip! Yes; catnip used to be highly esteemed as a gentle sedative and febrifuge for mankind. And my aunt Emily had thought she detected in my eyes slight signs of the fever that so often attacks the stranger in Rome; and she plucked a little bunch of catnip and gave it to me, telling me to nibble it whenever I felt feverish. And I laughed and stuffed it into a pocket and forgot it. I did not tell her of my intention to visit the catacombs, because she would have warned me against their cold dampness.

In fact, I was never ill in any country I visited. I have been in steaming jungles, regions infested with malaria, spent months in Cuba in the days when yellow fever was widespread there. Nothing seemed to affect my superb health and vitality. So I chuckled at my good old aunt's anxieties; but I took certain precautions of my own on this day. I carried a great number of matches with me, and some wax candles, and plenty of little cigars. I wore thick-soled shoes to keep my feet dry; and I had a warm coat, that I carried over an arm. There was no thought of danger in my mind, beyond the possibility that the torch of my guide might blow out, and he discover that he had no matches with him, or the chance of stepping into a pool of muddy water and getting my feet wet!

I took my time. It was pleasant, out where the campagna begins; goatherds were idling along with their flocks. Flowers made of the fields a carpet of Oriental splendor. There was a smell of grapes in the air. I was almost sorry when at last I came to the little house hard by the entrance to St. Calixtus. Some somberly clad young monks lounged in the sun; one of them rose to greet me, and I followed him through the dark portals to the kingdom of the dead. The sun went out; the flaring torch lighted my way. The corridors, winding in and out, were only two or three feet wide. We could not walk save in single file. From time to time we entered a little chamber, containing some pretentious tomb, an empty sarcophagus, some inscription I was expected to pause and examine. Then on again, where for long stretches the walls were lined with *loculi*, or recesses, three or four high, in which slept the forgotten dead, the humble ones without epitaphs. And all the time, my monkish guide coughed. I had noted his hollow emaciated look; the pallor in which his great sunken eyes seemed to burn. He seemed a fitting companion for this place of long lost tragedy and sorrow. Even his voice was suited to the catacombs; hollow, macabre. It echoed strangely down the corridors. Death had marked him, had I possessed the rudiments of medical knowledge. And presently, he died!

He fell with a little strangled cry, his torch clattering to the damp ground. I thought only that his foot had slipped; and, seizing the torch just before it guttered out, I tried to assist him to his feet. Then I saw that he was dying; his head lolled on his thin neck, his mouth gaped open, and he sighed once, and moved no more.

Looking back, it is easy to see what I should have done. We were only a very little way within the catacombs. There was a regular route, only a few hundred yards or so, and it never varied. I do not suppose these simple, unimaginative guides ever had the curiosity or enterprise to penetrate a hundred feet beyond the regular routine, for which they received their fee of one lira. Had our return been delayed more than a few minutes beyond the regulation time, someone would have followed to see what was delaying us. Other tourists, singly or in groups, came every day. But I lost my head. A sort of terror gripped me. I felt as if the earthen walls were closing in upon me, tenanted as they were by the bones of countless dead. I could not stay here, with this dead guide staring from his sunken eyes, and the torch flaring luridly, now reflecting tiers of loculi, again catching some half obliterated mosaic so that the stained, mottled features of some forgotten saint seemed to gibber at me. And in my folly, I thought I could easily retrace my steps, and come again to the entrance, and see the good sunshine, and smell the wild grapes and the flowers. Taking up the torch, I hurried in what I supposed to be the right direction. At least, I turned and went in the opposite direction.

But the catacombs were laid out on no ordered plan. I do not pretend to know how the early users of this vast underground cemetery managed to find their way. And there are numberless traditions of lost parties, whose bones have never been found. To understand the intricacy of the pattern. I may say that it is like a great coil of rope tossed carelessly onto a deck by a landlubber, and coiling and twisting upon itself. The corridors are not all upon the same level. Not only do they slope up and down, and turn endlessly to left and right, but they underlay one another, sometimes three or four deep, crossing and recrossing above or below, with numberless branches leading on and on, all precisely alike. Within two minutes, I knew that I was lost. I passed a Sacrament chapel I knew I had not seen before. Within it was a great stone tomb, which had served, centuries before, as an altar. For a moment my imagination filled the chamber with the little groups that must have met here, nearly two thousand years ago, in secret, and in deadly fear. The priest in his robes, the lighted candles that had feebly struck a tiny glow that was destined in the fullness of time to illuminate the world, and to create mighty cathedrals, and draw throngs of rejoicing worshippers. There had been poor slaves here, on their knees; perhaps with them, a stern faced young soldier; a court official, or merchant, risking all to follow the Fisherman whose symbol was scratched on so many of the tombs.

This picture flashed before me in an instant; I was too terrified to dwell upon it. I hurried on, a cold perspiration drenching my body. And thus began my pilgrimage. I lost count of time. Day and night were the same. And I learned many things. Among them, that cannibalism among castaway sailors, or men lost in the deep woods, must be a myth. For I suffered all the pangs of hunger, after a time. I was young and hearty; and after the first throes of terror had left me, I became desperately hungry. I can still remember how sorely tempted I was to eat one of my wax candles! But I was certain it would make me deathly sick. And I found that the pangs of hunger soon deaden. They give place to an empty feeling, a lassitude. But of acute desire, there is none. Men have fasted voluntarily for forty days or more, and suffered little. Never since then have I believed that hunger causes normal men to kill and eat one of their number!

But thirst! That is different. It is an increasing torture. No fasting man ever attempted to go without water. After a day or so without it, a man would barter his soul for a glass full of tepid ditch water. Many a soldier has drunk greedily from ditches in which floated the dead bodies of fellow men, and of horses. And of water, I could find none. There was not even much dampness.

I have no notion whatever of how long I walked. Sometimes exhaustion caused me to fall asleep; but I do not know how long I slept. My watch had stopped. I would rise, and walk on again. My torch had burned out; I groped my way in pitch darkness, and then I would light one of my candles, or strike a match and stare about me, seeing only the endless tiers of men dead and gone centuries before America was discovered. Always, I fed the hope that somehow, somewhere, I should stumble upon the entrance, or upon some exit elsewhere. I no longer had any plan; when I came to a divided tunnel, I took one or the other without thought. I may have retraced my own steps many times. I shall never know. And with long abstinence from water, hallucinations came. Voices; they seemed to be just around the next turn. When I hastened thither, there was nothing but tombs, or at long intervals, a hollowed chamber. Some of these were beautiful; far more so than any shown by the guides. Very likely mine were the only eyes that had seen them for a thousand years and more. Very probably none have seen them since. They did not interest me. But I knew these hallucinations and illusions, the false lights and sounds, for what they were. Almost instantly, I recognized them for the tricks of mind that torment men dying of thirst. And then, suddenly, I saw the little girl.

She stood in the tunnel just ahead of me. I was bearing one of my lighted candles. And her eyes were set fast upon mine, and her mouth held a slight smile, shy and yet friendly. She did not move as I came up to her; but just as I sought to take her hand, she turned, and beckoned me to follow. For a long time I did follow her; and she seemed sure of her way, threading in and out and up and down endless corridors, until at last we came to a place where, high in the wall, was a sort of shelf, upon which stood a small alabaster casket, with a golden key in its lock. And without speaking, she made me understand that she wished to have me reach up and get it for her.

I managed to reach it, and took it carefully down, and handed it to her. And she smiled, and, holding the casket very carefully in her small hands, she walked away, down the corridor. I did not follow her. I do not know what was in the little alabaster casket, guarded by the golden key. At the turn of the corridor, she looked back at me, smiled once more. And then she was gone.

I never touched her, never heard her speak, can remember of her dress only that it was some simple white tunic, and that on her feet were tiny leather sandals fastened with thongs. If this were an hallucination, it had lasted far longer than any others. It was not a ghost; I do not believe in ghosts. Yet had she been a real child, I should have followed her, since she seemed to know her way. She might have shown me a way out. And had she been a lost child, her plight would have added to my own misery. But one thing she certainly did; she saved my life. For she had led me at last to water!

The sound of plashing drops must have reached my ears some time before it touched the margin of consciousness. I turned; and there, trickling from the wall, was a tiny stream of cold water that, falling through the ages, had worn in the hard soil beneath, a perfectly rounded natural bowl, full to the brim.

I had learned during my travels, the danger of drinking too much water after long abstinence. Never in my life have I had to fight harder against instinct, than then. I lusted to throw myself upon my knees and gulp down the water in great mouthfuls. But I repressed that desire. Drank sparingly, then waited with my nails eating into my palms. Then drank another swallow. It seemed days before my thirst was finally sated!

Thereafter, nothing would tempt me to leave this spot. I might as well die here, as elsewhere in the catacombs. If I were found by parties sent out after me, they would be as likely to find me here as anywhere else in the underground labyrinth. And now, having assuaged thirst, my hallucinations ceased. And I could smoke! And I fell into a natural sleep, and awoke refreshed, and drank again, and smoked, and slept. Hunger troubled me not at all; and lassitude dulled my fears. I was even able to consider my situation with an almost fatalistic philosophy. Here, where for two thousand years such myriads of men and women and children had been laid at rest, what earthly difference did it make that a single individual should be added to the total? One certain to die, in his time, somewhere, and perhaps painfully? I did not wish to die; far from it! But I ceased to rebel at the thought. Despair died down in me. Perhaps the calm that settled upon my spirit was only thinly separated from death itself.

Then, in the midst of sleep, I was awakened. It was a sound that I could not identify. A deep, soft throbbing. I lay in the dark, listening, trying to identify it; and something touched my arm. I put out a hand. It met warm, soft fur. It was a cat! I lighted a candle, and beheld it; a handsome, rangy creature, jet black, with white whiskers and luminous green eyes.

I should have preferred a dog. But any creature, even a toad, would have been welcome! My loneliness, buried alive among the armies of the dead, cried out to touch something that breathed, and that was well disposed towards me. I stroked it; and it purred louder than ever, and butted my side vigorously with its head. Perhaps it, too, was lonely, I thought! And then, as the cat thrust a nose into my pocket, I remembered the catnip my aunt had given me, and that I had pocketed and forgotten! I took some out, crumpled it up, and dropped it on the earth. The cat behaved as its tribe always does. Chewed the herb, rolled over onto its back, tossed the leaves about, purred loudly. And finally, satisfied, it took a nap, curled tight

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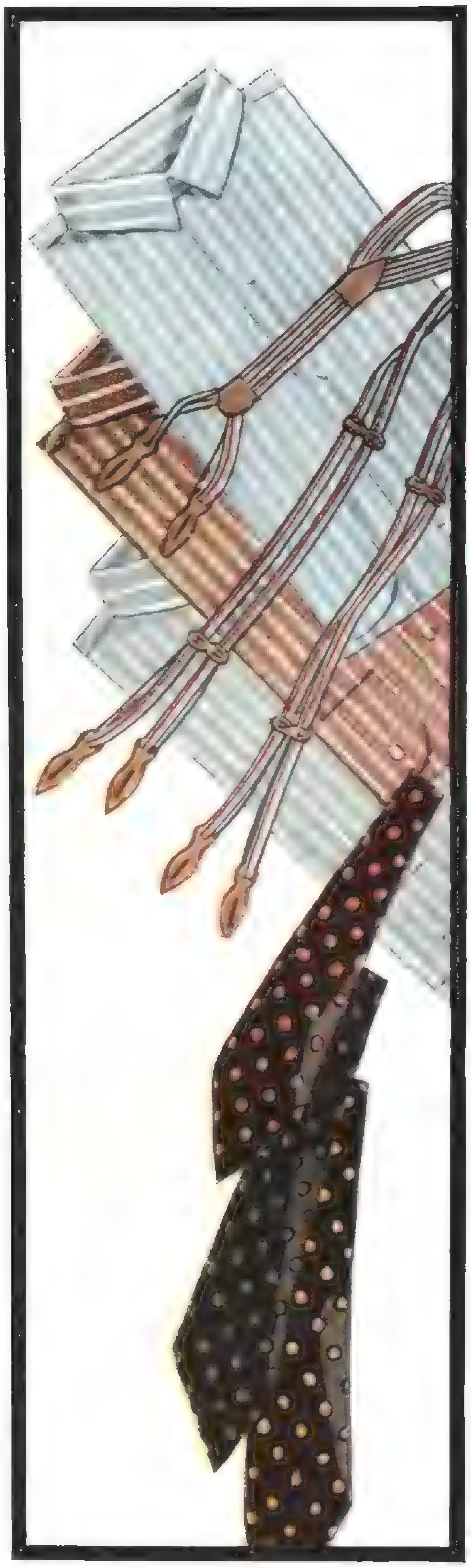
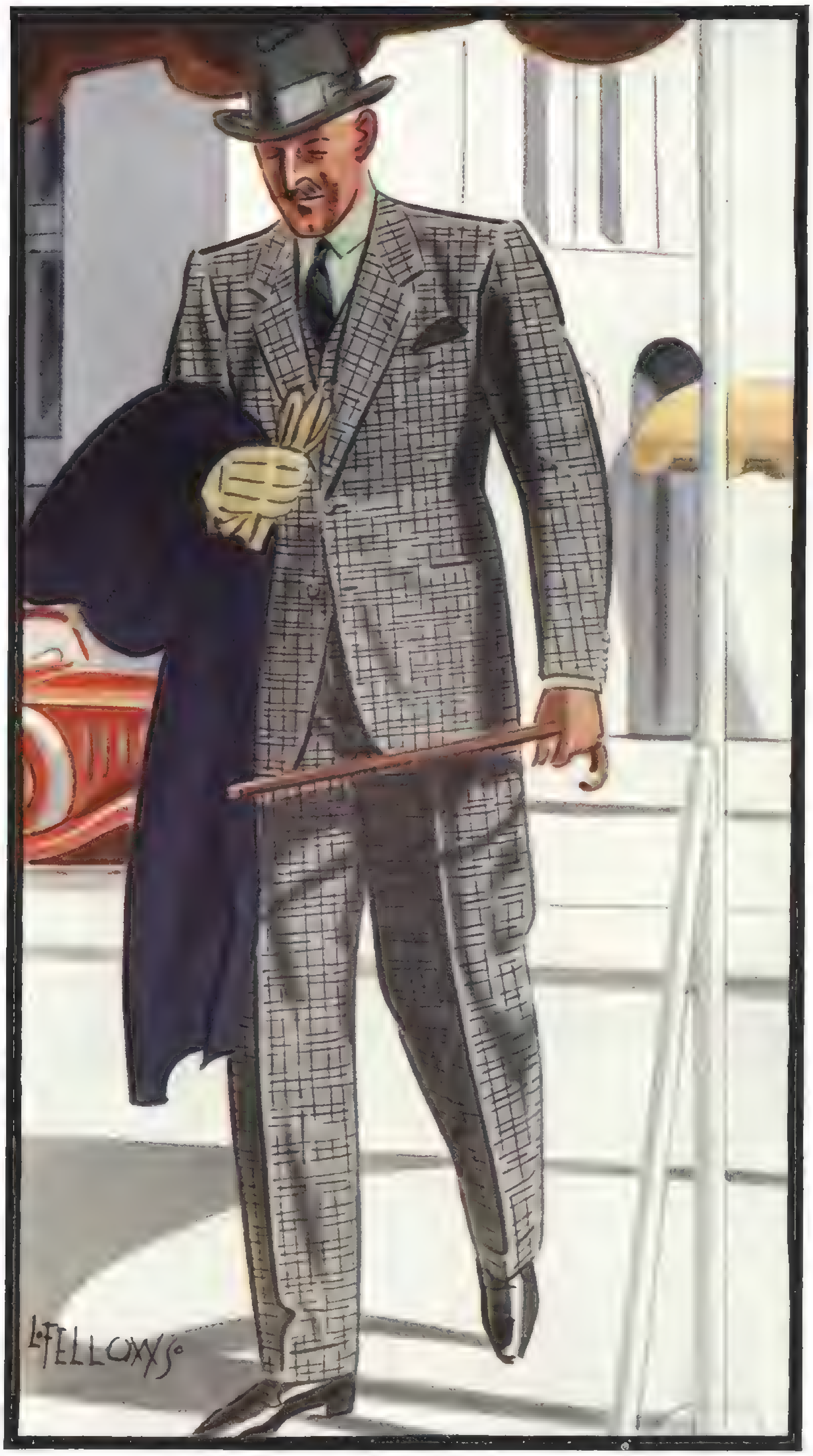
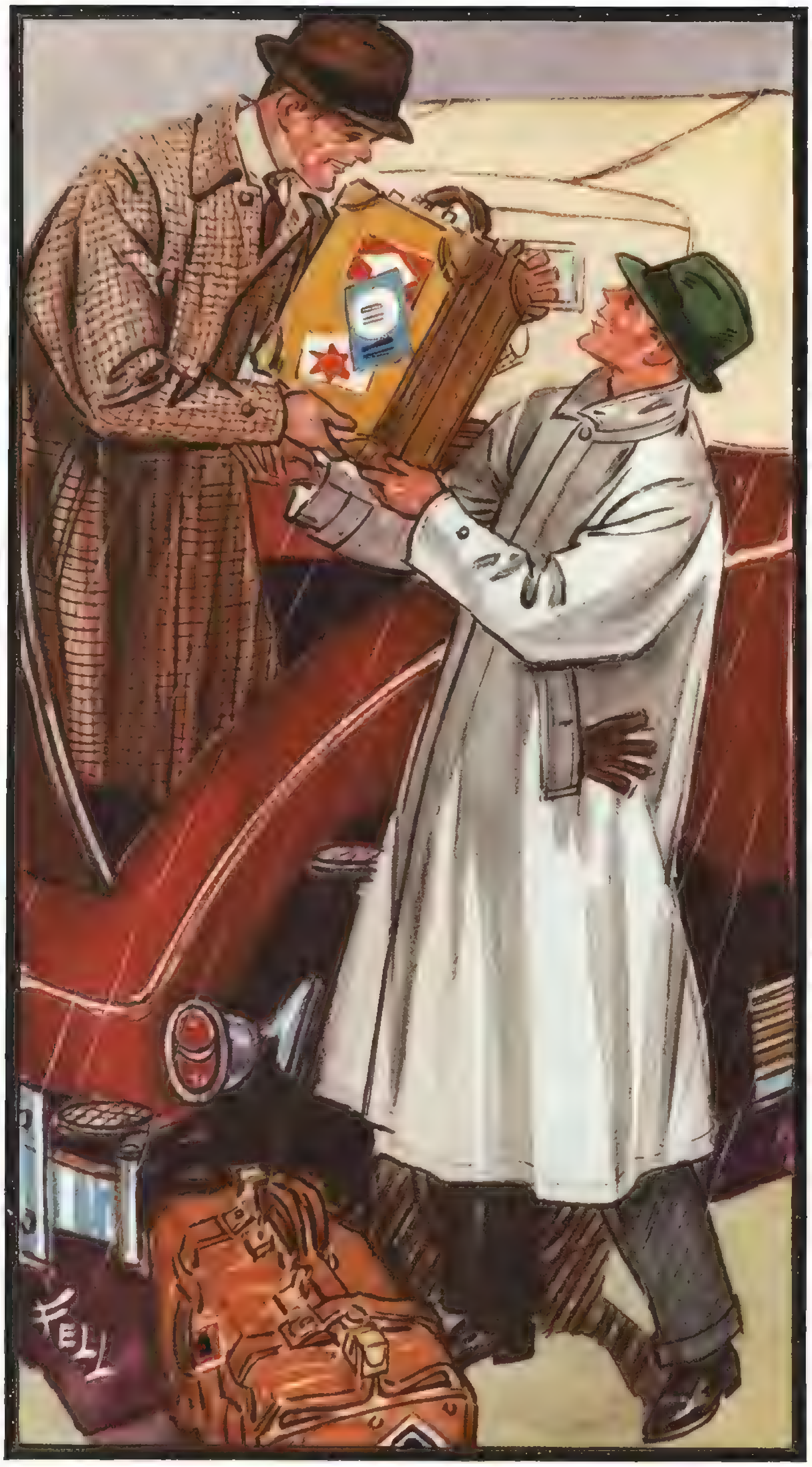
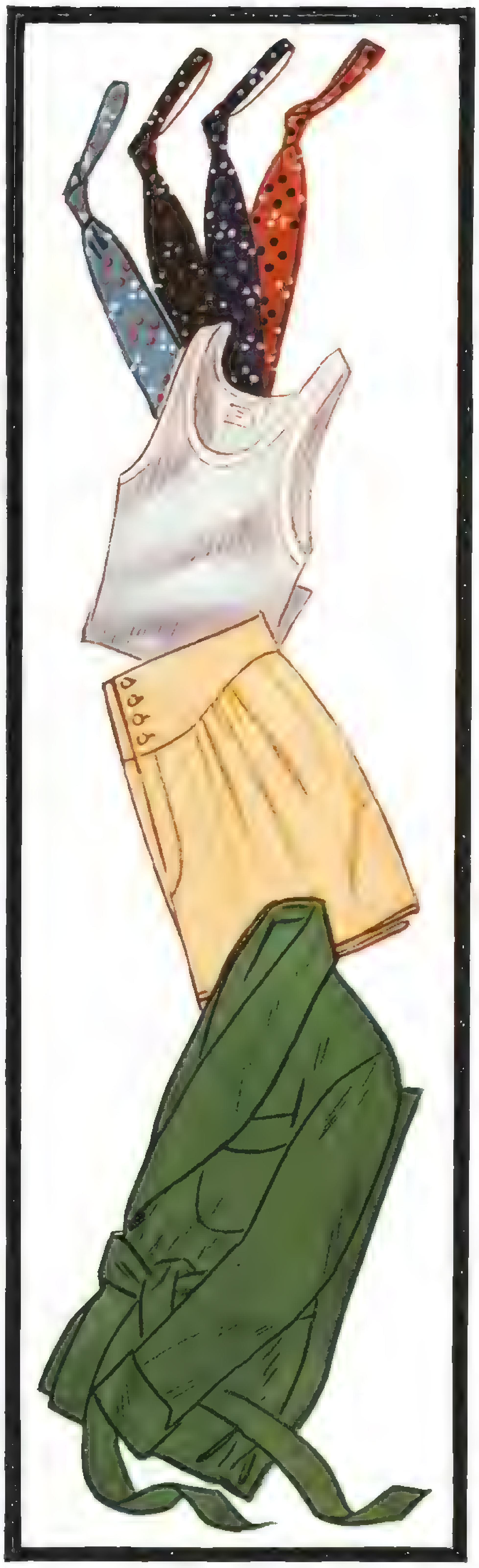




FOR THOSE WHO DON'T GO IN FOR ROUGH SUITINGS

The checks and plaids that currently dominate the fashion picture are naturally adapted to rough textured soft finished fabrics. But there are many men who have worn worsteds since boyhood and always will, regardless of such trifles as changes in the mode. With them in mind, the cloth makers have styled these hard finished fabrics in the patterns that came in with the vogue for rough suitings. Here, for example, is a miniature Glen plaid, giving almost the effect of a medium sized check. The jacket is two-button, rather long, and easy fitting with a fullness through the chest. Both sleeves and trousers are tapered. Note that the collar of the jacket is as wide as the lapel. Note, also, the natural break at the waistline, This is what was highly publicized as something of a seven-day wonder, a while back, under the name of "the draped suit." It is only, after all, a model that the best custom tailors have been making for a long time, but which, for season after season, the makers of ready to wear ignored. The green shirt is one of those take it or leave it items. There are a lot of well dressed men who regard it as a welcome variation, and there are those who wouldn't wear it on a bet. The subdued green of the Homburg hat is another matter—that has pronounced acceptance and, in conjunction with a dark blue topcoat, is considered a very choice color combination. As for the light colored gloves, they are always to be counted on to give a smart touch. The black ground tie gets a four star recommendation as a high fashion item. Those shown in the panel are of foulard and may be worn, correctly, through the spring and summer. (Don't get us wrong about green, it's a very good color.)





TWO BRIGHT IDEAS FOR DIRTY WEATHER IN THE SPRINGTIME

Here are two new raincoats that differ as widely from each other as they do from the ordinary models. There was a time not so long back when the appearance of raincoats was just about as disagreeable as the prospect of rain. But poets and songwriters were not to be the only ones to cash in on the habit that makes spring the slattern of the seasons, and raincoats now compete with topcoats on a basis of near-parity. The one at the left carries a small check on the outside, while the lining features a larger one. It is a balmacaan, with a short military convertible collar and five leather buttons. This is the kind of coat you used to see, made up in tweed, on shipboard. Even in the rubberized raincoat fabrics, it still looks tweedy. The other coat is the white raincoat—so called although it is actually an oystery shade that is as close to gray as it is to pure white. This is made up in the same balmacaan style. It has the advantage of being very light in weight so that, on cool spring days, it may be worn comfortably over a topcoat and serve later on, by itself, for warm weather use. A good hat for rainy season wear is the scratch finish rough felt, in either of the two shades indicated in the sketch. Tweed suits and brogue shoes are also suited to the uncertainty of the season. Note that the raincoat model shows a pronounced flare, which is a good idea as it increases the area of shelter by warding off a lot of drops which would otherwise hit the legs and feet. Sketched in the panel are any-weather ideas in general accessories. The ties are of silk, in dark colorings that go well with the newer deep shirting colors. The robe is of flannel in a light weight that makes it suitable for year-around wear.

The Love Match

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gone blooie! He got in his car, drove down the road a little ways, then parked along the side of the highway, and cried like a baby.

All week, out on his territory, he thought he would go crazy with remorse. He couldn't sleep; he couldn't eat; he couldn't work. When he got home Friday night he was nearly nuts. He would like to have spared Edna, but he knew that his finances were so involved that he would have to tell her.

Edna surmised from his hang-dog look that something was wrong. When he didn't say anything, she asked: "What's the matter, honey? Didn't you have any luck, this week?" Clarence lay back wearily in his arm chair, closed his eyes, and tears began to roll down from his closed eyelids, and his lips trembled, as he said huskily: "No, baby, I got cleaned."

Edna thought maybe he had lost $50 or $100, and she was prepared to do a little pouting just to teach him a lesson. When she finally got it through her head that he had lost all their savings, hell broke loose. Red flames seemed to shoot out of her green eyes, she screamed and clawed like an infuriated dragon. Her face was distorted with hatred and loathing. Now that he had failed to lay a golden egg, Clarence was revealed to her as simply a fat repulsive goose, and she longed to wring his neck.

The row lasted all night, and from that night on, Edna dedicated her life to the principle that never again should Clarence "get his paws on any more of their money." She threatened to write to his firm, and otherwise humiliate him unless he agreed to turn over all his money to her from now on. Clarence was so crushed and remorseful that he agreed to let her take over their finances. He turned over all his salary and commission checks to her, and became the object of her dole.

She checked him down to the last penny, and put the screws on him so tight that he was often forced to borrow small sums from other salesmen, or from his customers, in order to get through the week.

Now when he came in off the road Edna gave him an exhaustive auditing, she frisked him down to the last farthing, and unless everything balanced to the penny, she would fly at him as though she were going to beat him, stick her finger under his nose, and shout: "Will you please explain why you are five dollars short."

Clarence was a sensitive, peace-loving individual, and so thoroughly shackled to the silly old code of docile gallantry to the female, that he was utterly unable to defend himself. Wearily, silently, he submitted to her tirades and tyranny, and he never quite gave up hope that some day she would get over her spite toward him.

He grew old and saggy looking, but Edna never relented. Her hatred had become a mania. She wouldn't let him even touch her. It gave her life a sense of importance to mete out unending punishment to this weaker mortal.

The thing that hurt Clarence most of all was that she never lost an opportunity to prejudice their son against him. She was always reminding the boy what a 14-karat son of a bitch his father was; how he impoverished them by letting a bunch of low-down,worthless gamblers skin him out of their money. Clarence yearned to be a pal to his son, but in the unhappy atmosphere of their home the kid grew up with a queer, silent, sullen streak, and their relationship was one of pathetic diffidence.

When the boy graduated from high school they let him join a group of other youths who were going by motor to Colorado Springs for a summer vacation. They got one card from him, and then never heard from him again. After the kid's disappearance, Clarence cracked, but he had to keep on plugging out on the road. He was a sick man, and those round pink cheeks of his courtship days had turned flabby and black from a kidney disorder caused by years of jolting around over rough roads, and from continually dosing himself with Bromos. His knees were shaky as jelly; often when he was carrying his heavy grips he thought he was going to pass out on the street. Sometimes he would have to go back to his hotel room during the day to lie down for awhile, and often, with tears streaming down his cheeks, he confided to the walls of his lonely room that he felt so bad he didn't know what to do.

Driving all those miles every day was torture to his nerves, and he thought many a time his back would break. He noticed that he couldn't drive as well as he used to; he had to keep fighting the wheel all the time, and frequently the car would swerve unaccountably, narrowly avoiding a wreck. He decided that it was because he was so tired all the time, and because his palms were continually wet with nervous sweat. He never suspected that a subconscious longing for death, deep in his tired body, was making him reckless.

One dusty August day a terrible accident occurred. As Clarence was returning home, at sunset, over a lonely road between Meade and Fowler, he suddenly lost control of his car and plunged off into a small but deep artesian lake. In the midst of the terrifying commotion of the water, a gigantic bubble exploded on the surface of the lake, followed by Clarence's straw hat, and then other bubbles that grew smaller and smaller. Night fell, and the stars were reflected in the still surface of the lake.

All night, while Clarence stirred uneasily in his water-filled car at the bottom of the lake, Edna burned up the telephone wires trying to locate him. She knew that he had received his quarterly commission check that week, and the thought of his playing hookey with all that money filled her with an unbearable wrath and anguish. At daylight she had just thrown herself, still fully dressed, on the bed in a tearful fury when the telephone began to ring. They told her that Clarence was dead.

Edna retrieved his bloated body, frisked him for the last time, and he was lowered into his grave with empty pockets.

Stabilized Baseball

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open and discovered something new; a small cork center in which was a rubber core. The majority of the cork-rubber cores of the ball were lop-sided, having been crushed out of shape in the winding of the yarn around them.

The discovery of the cork centered ball created considerable controversy, and no one could be located who seemed to know why and when the ball had been changed. Ban Johnson, President of the American league, while pooh-poohing the idea that there was any difference in the ball, said its increased resilience was due to the use of Australian wool yarn, neglecting the fact that the Australian sheep which produce the yarn are descendants of Ohio merinos. The factory people explained that new machinery had been installed and perhaps wound the yarn tighter around the core. Someone else explained that the seams were depressed by a new method of stitching, and that cement was used to make the covers cling more tightly to the inner materials.

All this was interesting—but not entirely explanatory. Yet it may have been sheer accident that the ball of 1910 was made livelier. That happened with the tennis ball during the world war. The manufacturers, unable to hire girls to stitch covers on the balls, devised a simple plan of cementing the felt to the rubber. It was cheaper, faster, and it developed a much speedier and more lasting ball. We knew that improved machinery for making the balls had been installed in the factory and everyone responsible denied any intentional alteration of the ball. Players declared it was lighter, some declared it was larger than the old ball. It was not. Most careful measurements and weighings showed that, while the weight and size varied infinitesimally, the ball conformed with the rules strictly. It felt lighter in the hand, but was not. It acted differently in the air, and it traveled further when hit. There were, at first, serious flaws which were quickly corrected, and the ball became the best ever used.

Then along came Ruth.

The effect of George Herman Ruth on the National Game, as it was with traditional untruthfulness called, will endure long after he becomes a tradition. Ruth, one of the greatest of left handed pitchers, came into fame at a time when baseball was starting to ebb, when the old army of patrons were disgusted and suspicious because of scandals, especially that of the Black Sox of 1919, when new patrons were scarce, when playing ability of individuals was low, when the younger generation was speeded up until it regarded baseball as too slow, as all right in its way but not worth spending an entire

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Stabilized Baseball

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afternoon either playing or watching.

Ruth started hitting home runs and inaugurated an era; whether of good or evil, is not yet certain. He appealed to the imagination; a naive, frank, happy-go-lucky big brute who, with all his faults, was lovable—and who could hit. The club owners watching the crowds flock through the turnstiles intent upon seeing Ruth hit a home run and disappointed if he did not, achieved the idea that the baseball public wants to see home runs, which is a sample of the muddy thinking of the men who run the business.

Because the fans desired to see Ruth hit home runs, the owners imagined that it was the home run and not Ruth they wanted to see. The truth is that the fans DO want to see home runs—but truer that they want to see them honestly made.

Immediately every club owner commenced to strive to develop a synthetic Ruth. The National league, which had developed the inside game and stressed pitching and defense, was especially guilty in trying to find some star who would rival Ruth. Since there were no other Ruths they decided the matter on the Mahomet-Mountain line.

Because few save Ruth could hit the ball out of the lot they commenced to move the fences closer and to breed a baseball that could be more easily hit over the barriers.

There ensued an orgy of home run hitting during which a one-eyed, left-handed pitcher could shut his one eye, poke his bat against the ball and bunt it out of the field if he happened to meet it squarely. The result was that three of the finest and most scientific departments of the game; base running, throwing from the outfield, and sacrifice hitting were practically eliminated; pitching skill was depreciated, speed reduced in value, and everything sacrificed to increase slugging.

It is odd that a game based upon mathematical exactitudes, upon coördination and upon maintaining a ratio between speed, strength and brains, would turn to the side of matter over mind; yet it did. In fact ever since baseball was invented every rule (except one—the foul strike rule) has been made in the effort to handicap the defense—especially the pitchers, and to favor the batters, but never before to the extent of sacrificing everything to slugging.

The attempt to create a generation of Ruths lowered the standards of play built up, through generations, because, besides the fact that the supply of trained players has decreased steadily, the scouts sought only the heavy hitters and were willing to sacrifice skill, brains, defensive ability and speed for hitting power.

There was, during the entire Ruthian era, difference of opinion among players, managers and owners regarding the ball, and even more among the patrons, part of whom objected to one-sided scores and part to the loss of initiative which manifested itself in a Stoughton bottle attitude on the part of the base runners who stood still waiting to be batted around and a sharp depreciation in the value of a run. The inflationists, especially those clubs which owned hitters like Ruth, Klein, Foxx, and Terry desired even a greater proportion of rabbit and an injection of kangaroo into the ball, while those with large playing fields and small hitting power, wanted a tamed down ball which would restore to some extent the old arts of base running, bunting, throwing from the outfield, and the "one run at a time" system.

The National league, abandoning as useless the effort to manufacture synthetic Ruths, finally decided upon a less lively ball, but instead of returning to the gold standard ball of the early decade of the century, made a compromise while the American league continued the use of the modified rabbit ball. While the difference between the balls used was not great, it was sufficient to show in the averages and, since some of the minor leagues used one ball and some another, the official batting statistics became worthless as a guide to the hitting ability of recruits.

It was supposed by the club owners that attendance last year at the American and National league parks would furnish an index by which they might determine whether the patrons desire a lively or a slower ball; which it failed to do. The observers, however discovered a considerable percentage of spectators walking out of parks in the fourth, fifth and sixth innings when the scores were one-sided, and interpreted that to mean that the fans are not satisfied with a ball which tends to result in large and one-sided scores. With the fading of Ruth it was agreed that it is a good time to adopt a stabilized and standardized ball to be used in all games; even the heads of teams the strength of which lies in defense submitting to the decision.

No one can tell, until mid-season at least, what effect the ball adopted will have upon teams. It would seem to make a great advantage for the Chicago Cubs, who bought slugger Klein from Philadelphia chiefly because his long right field drives fit that bandbox park even better than they did the short Philadelphia field, and to work as a handicap against the champion New York Giants who depend chiefly upon two pitchers who may, or may not, be as effective with the new ball as with the old.

The American league clubs will be affected less than the National if the ball acts as the recipe adopted for its construction leads us to think, since the agreement was for a ball approximately the same as in use in that league last year.

The move to stabilize the ball, however, is a wise one, regardless of its effect upon the pennant races of 1934. Club owners and managers of the future will be able to adapt their style of play and recruit their new athletes with some degree of confidence and no longer fear that they may pay a small fortune for a .380 hitter who may be reduced to .134 by the adoption of a dead ball or pay a huge salary to some pitcher who allowed only two hits a game in the Hochocking valley league and then discover that he was pitching a ball made of corn husks incased in one of grandpaw's old gloves.

The next step in the Baseball Recovery act should be the fixing of minimum sizes of playing fields and forbidding building seats less than twenty feet back of first base. Such a rule would restore the art of outfielding and give right and left fielders a chance to move without fear of bumping into a fence while pursuing a pop fly which by dropping over a barrier is duly recorded as a home run.

The Crime Chaser

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Step by step Cummings showed that the "sure thing" had absolutely no foundation. First, Israel was a man of low intelligence, easily susceptible to suggestion and he had confessed most politely and obligingly to whatever the police wished, but he had added no knowledge which the police did not already possess. As for the identifications, one of which was sworn by a waitress in a restaurant who said that she had seen Israel pass by just a minute before the murder, Cummings said, "I went to the restaurant and found that it was very difficult to distinguish any person passing on the sidewalk, on account of the distortion caused by the double window."

He balanced his pince-nez and paused. Without raising his voice he added, "There was a large reward offered for the discovery of the murderer, you will remember." The waitress, in the front row of the court room, blushed and burst into tears.

He had checked the evidence of others and found that they were swearing to the impossible. Bridgeport people now understood what the tall middle-aged man, whom they had seen poking around street corners at night, had been doing. Finally, he secured a half dozen experts on ballistics and, with numerous photographs, proved that the coroner's expert was wrong.

The judge dismissed the case. The murder was never solved but, at least, an innocent man was not executed for it. He would have been had Cummings chosen to take the case as a routine matter. Because of the man's name, Israel, a flood of congratulations poured in from various Jews. Cummings smiled and said nothing. Israel was a Pennsylvania Dutchman.

"Why did you begin to doubt the evidence presented?" Cummings was asked later.

"Just a hunch. The case was too perfect." It sounded like Philo Vance speaking, but he has no other explanation.

There was the Fred Fair case, in 1916 . . .

One Fred Fair had settled on a little farm outside Stamford. Neighbors saw a woman arrive a few months later and appear daily thereafter on the place. Then she was seen no more. Two years later Cummings got a letter from a man in Oklahoma saying that his sister had married Fair several years before, that she had written him until about two years ago, and then he heard no more. Would the State's Attorney please investigate?

About two years before this letter came the police had found the unidentifiable body of a woman in the woods several miles from Fair's farm. The body was nude and by its side stood a bottle of bichloride of mercury tablets. The woman was buried as an un-

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Killing Time on the Big Stem

Story of a sight on the street of little kindness that made a Galahad out of a very hard guy

by BENJAMIN APPEL

Cafeterias are fine places in which to kill time. Those on Times Square are favorite hang-outs for bum actors, small-time grifters, sour business men, Greeks, girls and fellows hanging around on dates; for all the vast miscellany of New Yorkers who like to be on Broadway every possible second.

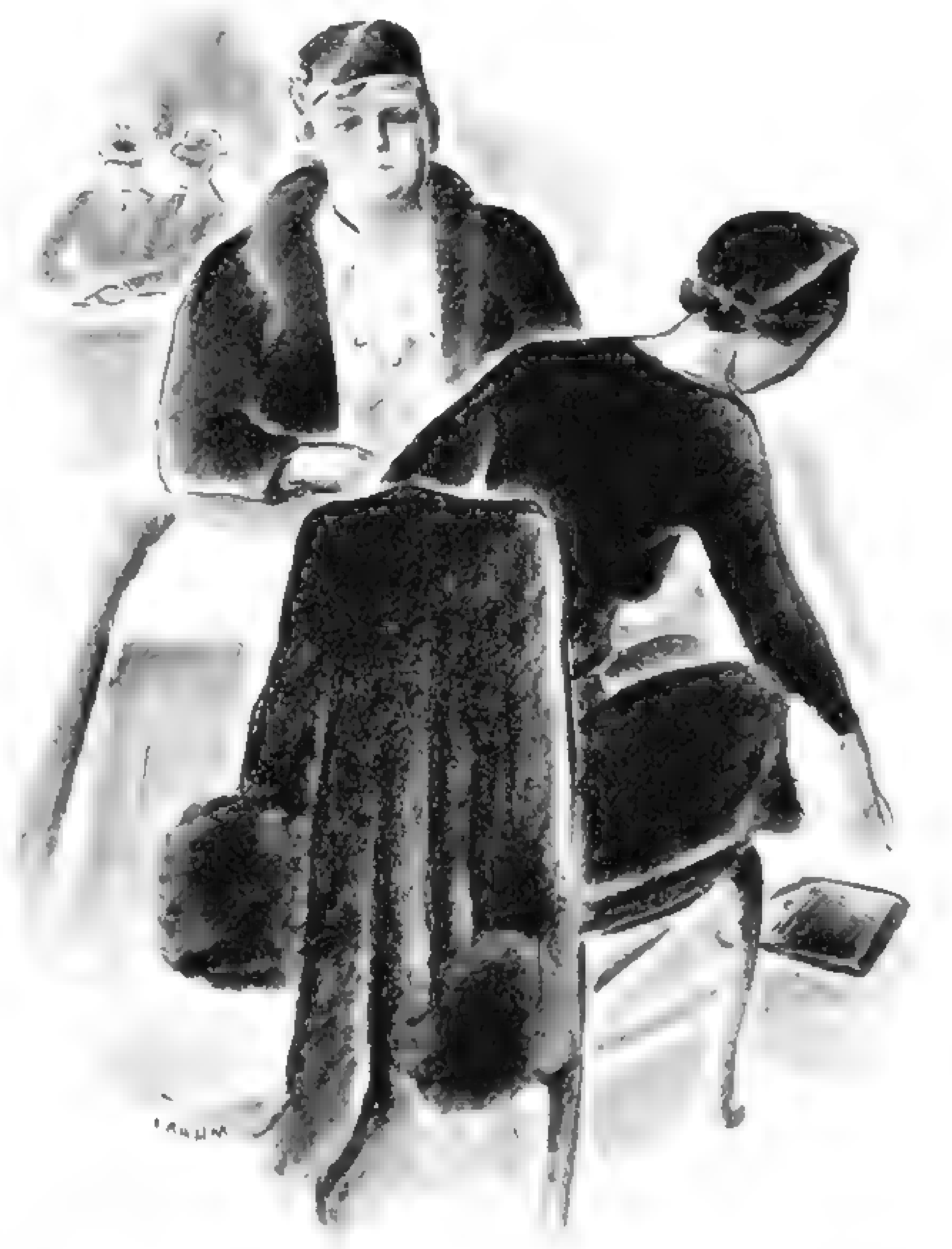
At four o'clock one afternoon, one of these cafeterias was crowded with killers of time. Outside, the mobs were related to appointments to be kept, to humans in a thousand apartments and offices who perhaps were glancing at the clock and wondering when so-and-so'd show up. Inside, they sat at the tables calmly reading newspapers in the sound of marching bodies, stirring their cold coffee or, glancing at one another with the numb meaningless regard of travellers in a depot.

At one of the tables reserved for ladies, a girl was staring through the plate glass at the city faces. She was smiling with the profound and insolent detachment of someone in love. She had a date at five with her boss, who had shipped her off for the day because he expected his wife. She was a young steno of the city, eighteen, not pretty enough to be noticed in the subway, slender and brunette, her features naive beneath her make-up. The only thing to arrest the eye of the other loiterers was this smile, so unusual here where everyone was vinegar. In this public place, her soft lips curved with an arrogant yet pathetic awareness of her youth. It was the exact opposite of a come-on grin.

Among others, two young men were attracted. Ordinarily, the girl wouldn't've got a tumble out of them. She was no knockout. Her shape wasn't so hot. Even her virginity could not interest them. This little steno wasn't blooming into womanhood nor was she budding like a rose. She had sprung up abruptly like a weed or a dandelion, a trifle gawky, confident of the future, trustful of love vows. But the young men had to kill time. They had an appointment with a dope intermediary who had promised to fetch them two tins of snow. This gink had said, "Meetcha afta four." Salesmen have to obey orders even if it means sitting on your pants all day. Anyway, it was worth it. It meant seventy-five bucks clear for each.

They observed a fat gentleman with a brief case, attempting to appear benevolent as he wolfed at the girl. Three high school kids whistled at her with long sad admirations. But mostly she wasn't noticed. A couple of ex-chorus girls, the kind who've only appeared on the road, were the big hit with the killers of time.

Of the hundreds of people, the dope peddlers were the only ones who noticed the grey-haired lady sit down at the girl's table. The newcomer stirred her tea, smiling motherly at the girl. They were the only occupants of the table. The girl concentrated on the revolving door. Her sweetheart was late or it was soon time for him to show up. She sipped her coffee. Now, that her face was no longer made inscrutable by that strange smile, she was altogether un-important. The money changer slid out nickels to new customers. Even the dope peddlers quit looking at her. They were sizing up the grey-haired lady. It was their business to miss no bets.



Her clothes would've been in place at church meeting. She was plumply respectable. Even her lips which were thin and unscrupulous signified nothing. Nor was it of moment that the lips of the dope peddlers hinged together in precisely the same way.

Again, the old lady smiled and said a few words to the girl. The young men strained to hear but they were too far away for hearing if not for seeing. The girl's mouth opened awry as if she had exclaimed: "What? What did you say?" but there was no guessing the exact phrase except that it was one of surprise. The two of them might've been mother and daughter and if this seeming was the purpose of the old lady's attempt to start a conversation it was successful. The girl smiled swiftly and took another sip of coffee. Her sweetheart must've been late but she didn't seem very much hurt. Probably, he was used to coming late. The old lady raised her cup. To the casual eye, mother and daughter were waiting for Papa.

One of the young men was Irish, the other either Italian or Jew, but the sharp quality of their looking was of no nationality. They lolled back in their chairs, winked at the blonde foreign bus-girl (who while mopping up their table gaped at the ex-chorus girl professionals) and still winking, their bitter street-gamin mouths smiling, observed the old lady place her pocketbook between herself and the young girl. A second later, she elbowed the pocketbook off the table. It fell at the girl's feet. Again, the woman spoke, this time undoubtedly requesting: "Would you please—," pointing at the floor, perhaps apologizing for her rheumatism.

Food trays banged. Feet shuffled in and out. Voices collided as metally as the trays. The girl bent down. Anything for the old nuisance.

The spies fixed one another with their swift cynical regard. If they hadn't been watching they would've missed the sleight-of-hand. The old lady had dropped something in daughter's cup. The old lady was very skilful.

The pocketbook was returned. The girl glanced at her wrist watch. The ex-chorus girls were giving everybody a swell leg-show.

The young men were acutely conscious, now, that the girl's reference to her wrist watch was of greater importance than she dreamed. She was no longer in control of her life. Three outside and casual factors would determine her next hour, her sweetheart for the night. One factor was time.

"Her buddie better show up" said the Irishman.

"An' how," said his pal, "or he'll be getting a stand-up." And they grinned at one another as if they weren't humans, nor beings with antecedent roots, but as if they'd been created as they were and had always been dope peddlers.

The second factor in control of the girl's life were the two killers of time who had witnessed the manipulation of the knockout drop. The third factor was the most casual and the most important. Luck.

The girl tapped her spoon against the cup, smiling as the old lady gabbed. (Where, oh where is Papa?) Outside, the throngs bent their knees and swung their arms and impatiently leaned their heads forward in thrall to time, and their ten thousands of bodies were so many minute hands ticking across the vast and colossal clock-face of the city.

Huddled up in their topcoats, their collars raised, hats pulled low over their eyes, the dope peddlers were like a horrible pair of twins. It was almost impossible to differentiate the color of their hair or their race;

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The Worm that Turned

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"Well, they didn't either, Sundown. But like most human beings under the heels of tyrants, they had to be careful. This condition of being careful lasted until a Great Worm rose among them. 'My blind and slippery brothers,' he said to them one Sunday morning—'why do you grovel in dirt, and remain the common food of rustic chickens? Surely a better destiny is written in the far-off skies for you. Why don't you look up? Surely if the men above us learned to walk erect, we can do the same. Our intelligence is equal to theirs, but our meekness always betrays us. I realize that many of you have been taught that the meek will inherit the earth. So long as we believe in such fallacies we shall continue to be but meek and lowly worms. I will fight against this silly idea, and soon will I lead you all out of the bondage of chickens."

Bacon Butt Fatty again tried to cross his legs. Again failing, he resumed, "Well, Sundown, everything would have been all right if the man from Omaha had not offered Mike three hundred thousand dollars for his pullets. Mike agreed to sell them if he got paid off in gold. When the man from Omaha agreed, the deal was made.

"In three days there wasn't a pullet on the whole farm. The rooster nearly starved, as he had forgotten how to catch worms. He finally wandered aimlessly about until he came to a secluded corner of his pen, and there on its hind legs was the Great Worm who had made the speech to the other members of its tribe.

"The innocent rooster treated the Great Worm with contempt. For how was the poor fellow, reared in the lap of luxury, to realize that beneath the seeming ordinary body of the Great Worm were muscles of cabled steel, and a brain that had evolved in the muck of the world until it saw the stars. Through our ignorance comes the befuddlements of heaven. So vaunted in his pride he would have attacked a condor, the rooster glanced carelessly at the Great Worm, who placed his tail firmly on the ground, and got into position like a rattlesnake ready to spring.

"There was a low rumbling sound in the ground. It was the encouragement of thousands of other worms while their hero became ready for the fray. A silence came in nature. Even the dusty weeds stood still. Not a corn stalk rippled. Crows gathered in the nearby trees, and gazed in expectation at the lordly rooster, who now walked up to the Great Worm, and pecked at it carelessly.

"Then happened the barnyard tragedy of the ages. There was a zipp through the air as though a whip had cracked. The crows circled around the tree, cawing excitedly.

"The rooster staggered backward, with the mighty worm winding swiftly, boa-constrictor-like, around its neck. A low sound came from its throat. Then it fell down dead.

"Instantly, thousands of worms came out of the ground. All about the rooster's body was a squirming and seething mass of dangerous reptiles. In the flash of an eye all particles but one leg, that went into the composition of the rooster, had disappeared from the face of the earth. Nothing else was left to proclaim what had become of the once mighty bird that had so brazenly held a feathered realm in awe.

"For days thereafter the worms were still in rebellion, and the rumbling of the earth continued.

"The Great Worm and his hordes swept the countryside. The greatest fisherman in the county was held a prisoner in his home. A little boy on his way to the river with a can of worms, was found tied to a tree. The can was emptied. The worms had joined their marauding fellows.

"When Shifty Mike discovered where his rooster had been annihilated by the worms, he broke into a spasm of tears. Never had he been so overwrought since discovering that empty safe in Fulton. His tears fell like rain upon the barnyard floor. He went into seclusion for some days until I reached the farm. He had lost fifty pounds. I gazed at him in perturbation. His eyes were still red and swollen from weeping. I held the broken yegg in my arms while he sobbed his heart away.

"At last he controlled himself sufficiently to tell me the story.

"'Is it not possible for you to be happy with the three hundred thousand dollars?' I asked. 'No, indeed, Bacon Butt,' was the wailing reply, 'I would trade it all for my beloved rooster.' He broke into another spasm of grief, then stared out of the window and said, 'He was such a manly sleek black fellow.'

"'And to die at the hands of a worm,' I consoled. My words were useless, and only served to make Shifty Mike very angry. He shot at me with almost savage vituperation, 'No ordinary worm could kill my rooster. It was a snake that grew strong on the blood of Satan that brought about his decomposition. The blood of a black cat will choke him yet.'"

"Did Shifty Mike tell you that story?" asked Sundown Slim.

Bacon Butt Fatty stood erect, and sighed, "You poor misbegotten vanguard of imbecility; do you not know that much can happen on a farm?"

Sundown Slim shook his head dubiously, and sneered, "Did you ever have your head examined?"

"Would you intimate . . .?" Bacon Butt Fatty stopped in the middle of the sentence, and ambled slowly away.

"That you're crazy," shouted Sundown Slim after him.

The Man Who Didn't Like Cats

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against my body for the warmth. And I fell asleep with my hand upon its side.

When I awoke, the cat had gone. I missed it, felt a fresh access of loneliness. When I relighted my candle, I saw something that gave me the worst shock of my life. There, where the cat had lain, were some fresh leaves, and a straw or two. *They were not catnip.* And that meant, my visitor had just come from the campagna above me, bringing a leaf or two caught in his fur! And doubtless, with the sagacity of cats, he knew his way about the catacombs perfectly. He had returned to life and sunshine and the song of birds and the rustle of field mice—and I, poor fool, had let him go! He could have shown me the way back to life and love and happiness.

There was a bare chance that he might return. But cats are capricious. There were places he doubtless knew of, where catnip grows. He had come to me from curiosity; to see what queer animal was hidden away in these silent tunnels, where never before had he found signs of life! No; there was little probability that he would ever return. Yet for that one chance in a thousand, I must prepare.

I wore heavy woolen socks, knitted by the peasants. And I proceeded to unravel them, laying out the stout yarn strand by strand, braiding it into a cord of surprising strength. Then I fashioned a sort of collar, with loops that would tie under a cat's legs; and I attached the long cord. Nothing was left of my socks; and I had nothing to do but wait, in an agony of hope and despair.

The cat did return. I have no idea how long after. To me, it seemed days! I was awake when it came for the second time. And as before, it purred, and rubbed against me, and I gave it more catnip; and while it was engaged eating it, I adjusted the woolen collar, and tied the loops beneath its forepaws. Then the cat took note of what I had done, and began to play with the thing. I was afraid he would break it. And then he became alarmed because he could not wriggle out of the collar, and I was more fearful yet. But at length he quieted down, with true cat philosophy, and decided to have a nap.

But I was in no mood to allow that! I kept rolling him about, until he got disgusted, and stalked majestically away. And I followed, holding my candle in one hand, the woolen leash in the other. I was so terrified lest the cat escape that I tied the end of the cord tightly to my wrist! The cat seemed sure enough of his way. At no place did he hesitate for an instant. Past old tombs, headless statues, rooms in which for a second or two the beams of my candle sent shadows scurrying up and down, and always what seemed like miles and miles of sepulchres, tier upon tier, sealed and nameless, on either hand. And suddenly the cat struck off into a very narrow tunnel that sloped sharply upward, and there came to my ears the faint, sweet sound of a pipe. I had to crawl upon my hands and knees, the cat tugging impatiently at the end of his tether. At the last I had to lie flat and wriggle along on my stomach. For a second I was frightened by the thought that the hole might become too small for me to get through; and then, a beam of sunlight struck me in the eyes, I heard the sound of the pipe louder and close

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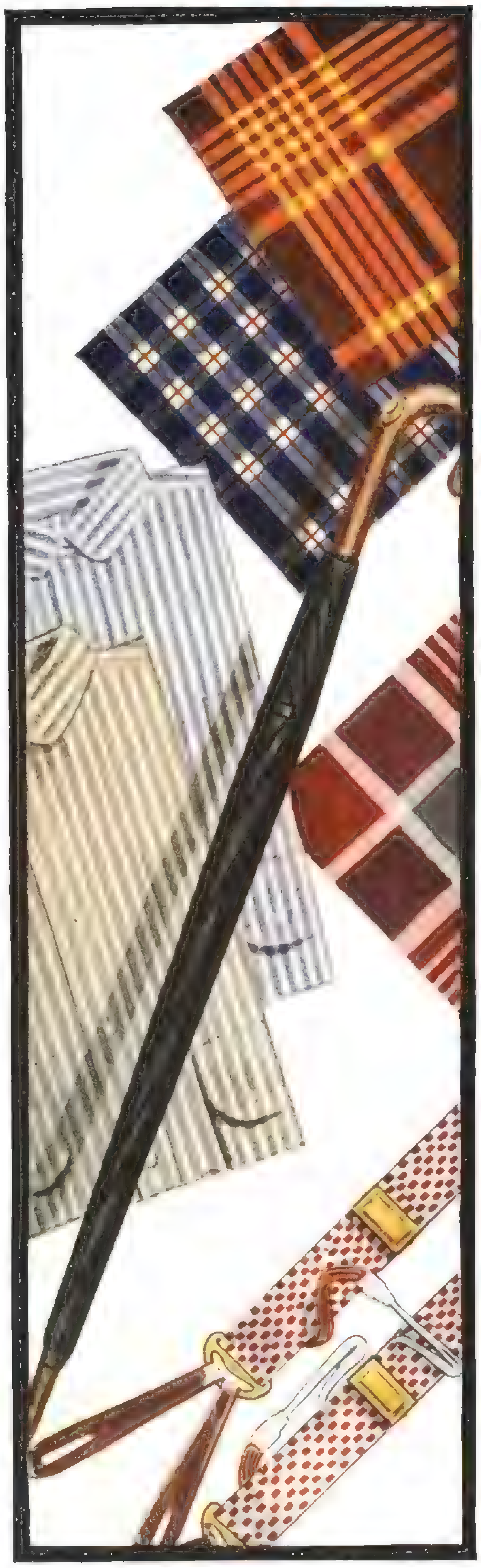
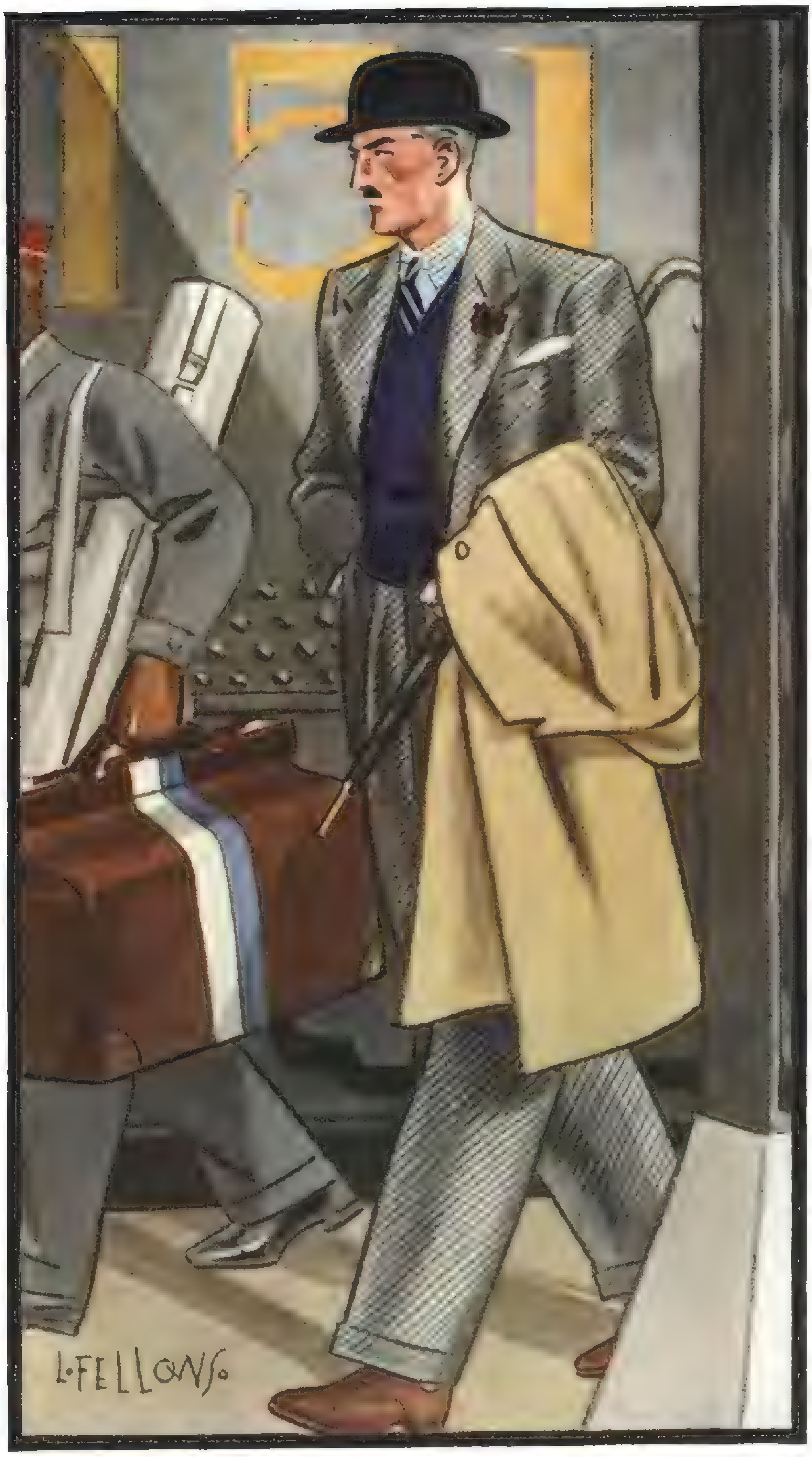
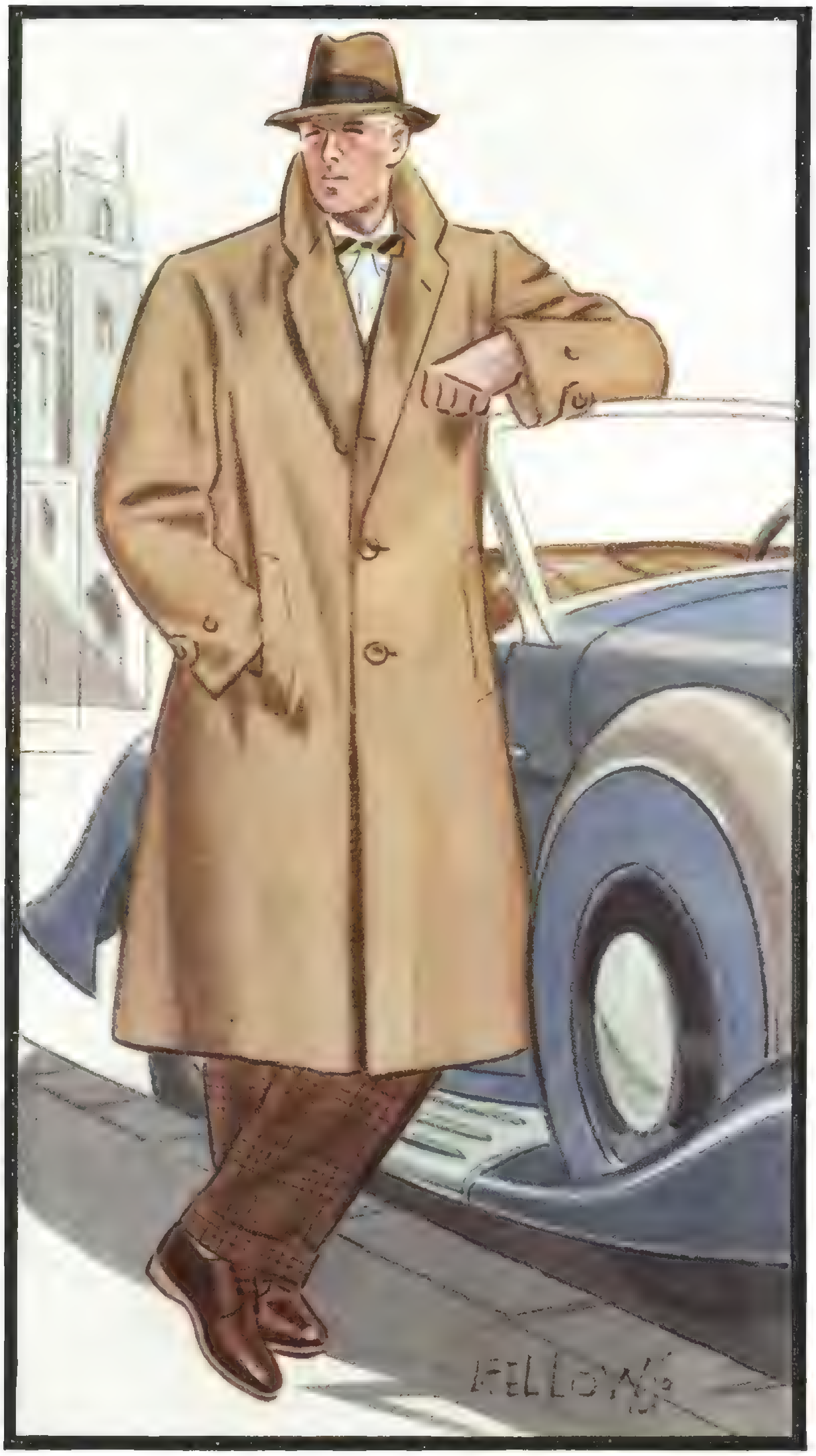
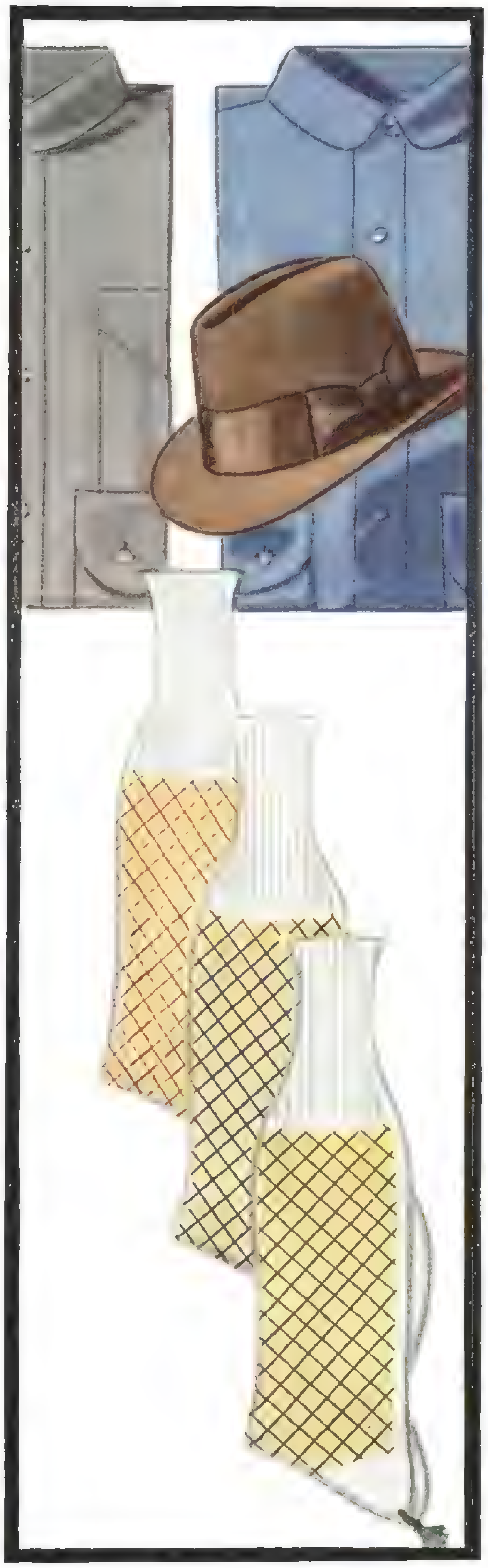




BORROWING A LEAF FROM THE LONDON MANUAL OF DRESS

This is all very much in the English manner, from the somewhat surprising combination of bowler hat and pullover sweater to the shape and proportions of the shirt collar. The British were the first to go in for this town-cum-country thought and the weekending Long Island gentry were the first over here to follow their lead. This scrambling of town and country fashions began with the use of rough textured fabrics, formerly confined to country clothes, in suits for street and business wear. As a result of this rustic invasion of urban wardrobes, a lot of the established rules of dress began to crack up. One of the first to go was that old bromide to the effect that you must never wear a derby hat with brown shoes. Next, by the shining example of Mayfair's bright young people, the use of a pullover as a substitute for a vest was also sanctioned. And in the shuffle, that other old rule about never wearing a striped tie with a striped shirt, ended up in the discard. The suit, in this instance, is a black and white diagonal weave, in Shetland. The shoes are of brown buckskin, made on a town last, with leather soles and heels. The navy blue sweater is short waisted and sleeveless (this really gets by in town only on very informal occasions). The collar-attached soft shirt has colored stripes on a white ground, while the tie has white stripes on a colored ground. The collar points, by the way, are two and three-quarter inches long, a length that makes a collar pin mandatory. The best type, for a shirt like this, is the regular safety pin style of heavy gold pin. The topcoat is of covert cloth. The racing umbrella has a leather wrapped handle with gold pencil inserted. The handkerchiefs are of India madras patterns.





MODELS GRADUATE BUT THIS FABRIC STAYS ON FOREVER

The camel hair topcoat has been in college longer than the dumbest undergraduate. Since its first appearance, the model has changed many times, but the fabric seems to be as much of a campus fixture as the buildings and grounds department. First, if you remember, it was a long and full affair, either half or full belted, bedecked with white buttons, and obviously deriving its inspiration from the coats of the international polo players. Today, the model is changed beyond recognition, and while the older types do survive, this one is the ranking favorite at the moment. It is cut rather short, has a full skirt and slashed pockets, a three-button, single-breasted front and relatively narrow notched lapels. Other details in this sketch that are worthy of study are the tapering crown of the hat, its black band despite its brown body, and the fact that the crown is left unpinched in front. The buckskin shoes have no toe caps and no linings. The soles and heels are of heavy crepe rubber. Another item on the current "must list" of college wardrobes is the club striped bow tie. Plaids and checks in suits are still regarded as highly desirable, in spite of the fact that they have had a run that has extended over several seasons. Round collared shirts have had a whole hearted acceptance among the undergraduates, following their intrenchment as favorites of the sporting world, and they are particularly liked in the deep tones which are shown in the panel at the right. The snap brim hat continues in first place, either with raw or bound edge, the chief influence of the threatened invasion of the Homburg being the abandonment of the old practice of pinching the front of the crown.

The Man Who Didn't Like Cats

Continued from page 110

at hand, and with a final desperate heave, I threw myself from the mouth of the narrow opening, through a bush with tough thorns that tore at my face and hands, and was out upon the campagna, erect, alive, free!

Beneath an olive tree a lad and girl sat. He had been playing upon a little flute-like instrument. About them a small flock of goats nibbled busily.

The boy and girl screamed, and crossed themselves. I must have made a rare picture! Ragged, bearded, wild eyed, and leading a black cat by a leash, I had popped up from the bowels of the earth before their eyes! But I was able to muster enough Italian to explain myself. First of all, I gently removed the cat's collar. At once, he bounded away. I called to him; I would have liked to keep him in luxury, forever. To take him home with me. But he had other ideas; and the last I saw of him, his shiny black body was leaping gaily after a golden butterfly that managed to keep aloft just out of reach. Probably he was better off; happier on his campagna, leading his own life, than he ever could have been with me. At any rate, he was gone!

"*Corpo di Bacco!*" the boy exploded when I had managed to tell him that I had been lost in the catacombs. To be sure they knew all about it! Had not parties been searching for days, and had the *signore* not been given up for dead? But that was far from this place; a mile or more. Never, never had they known that this hole led into the catacombs. It had been a wolf's hole, tradition said. Nor had anybody ventured to explore it. *Ebbene!* Were there not plenty of comfortable holes, easy to walk in if one desired, without wriggling through a mere wolf's burrow?

I learned that I had been a prisoner for nearly five days. But my guide, the dead monk, had been discovered within two hours of the time I had engaged him. When he did not reappear, other guides went to look for him, and found him; but I was nowhere to be seen. And not for a full day had my good aunt Emily learned of my loss. Then, by descriptions given by the guides who had seen me, and because I had not returned to the palace of the Contessa d'Altamonte, the old lady had guessed the truth, and had spent money lavishly upon search parties. The government, also, had been active. But not a trace of me had been found save a single burned match.

All this I learned while devouring such food as the young goatherds had left from their lunch. There was a fat onion, a morsel of strong Peperoni cheese, some grapes, and part of a straw bound flagon of crude wine. I have been something of an epicure, in my time, and have eaten some noble dishes; but nothing to compare with that simple fare out on the campagna. And though I could not reward my cat deliverer, I could and did enrich the young couple.

So I journey back and forth over Beacon Hill twice a week, with catnip. It was a cat that gave me half a century of life. I try to pay the debt by making as many cats as possible, happy. And I can see that my customers down Acorn Street are getting impatient.

I nodded, and turned back towards my lodgings, after thanking the old catnip man for his story.

"I do not believe you have ever been inside any catacombs since," I ventured.

He looked at me with widening eyes.

"*Catacombs?* Never since that day have I been inside any kind of a cemetery. Nor attended a funeral. Nor read an obituary! I would have attended my aunt's funeral; but she died when I was in China."

He turned down Acorn Street, walking carefully, for it is steep, and its bricks are worn. And from a narrow green doorway a block below, a glossy black cat emerged. Its mouth opened, very pink, in a silent greeting. The thin white hand of the old man reached into his pocket for a sprig of catnip.

Killing Time on the Big Stem

Continued from page 109

their mouths were similar, their chins hard, smooth-shaven, identical; and when they spoke their subdued voices sounded ultimate and passionless. The city was speaking through their mouths. Their voice was one.

"Know the old snatcher?" said the Irishman.

"Naw."

"She ain't one of Paddy's hustlers?"

"Say, what's it your business. Stick your snoot out." He tamped out his butt. "She looks one a them Harlem outfits."

The Irishman's eyes shone on the old woman whose identity puzzled him. "Those Harlems are horning in everything."

"How you know she's Harlem, wise guy?"

"I don't like her puss."

"Aw, mind your damn business. Give the old bum credit. She's a snappy worker, aw right."

"Women got no right to knock off girls."

"Maybe a woman worked it on her." His eyes stared amazedly. "Christ. Can't you mind your own business?" He was appalled at his pal's nosiness.

The Irishman shook his head and they both concentrated on the far table, waiting for the girl to drink her doped coffee. They were in no hurry. The gink with the snow was due any old time.

Every now and then, the old lady said something and each time the girl smiled stiffly. (Where, oh where is Papa?) It occurred to the watchers that perhaps the girl's sweetheart wasn't due for a while yet, that she might be so impatient because she was so young and nuts about him.

"The dame's out of luck," the Irishman whispered. He felt it in his bones the girl'd drink the knock-out before her sweetheart could show his face. So far it was a matter of dumb luck. It was a quarter of five. Any second, now, she'd take another swallow.

"So what? Ain't your dame?"

The dame was S.O.L. She'd take that drink, flop down, and the snatcher'd take care of her. "Ain't out of diapers, that kid."

(What a sad thing to tell Papa. Daughter fainted, Papa. You shouldn't've made us wait so long.) The manager was staring at the legs of the ex-chorus girls. So was everybody else. Unlike prize fighters, their legs were the last to go.

"You're a swell guy to talk with the kids you've knocked off."

"This is different. I'm a guy. See? A guy's got a right with a dame to do what he can. Not a crow." And he didn't know why he spoke thus, recognizing his voice for the same bitter tough sound it always was, but uneasy at something behind voice, something even beyond thought. "You mind your damn business." He felt better, threatening his pal.

"Yeah, sure, gwan, suppose it's my own sister?"

"That ain't it."

"What the hell then is? You're nuts."

The Irishman grinned triumphantly. "You're not so tough. I saw you slip Skinny a fin."

"He gave me a break, once. Say, you ain't butting in."

"Think I'm nuts? Naw." He shoved his hands in his overcoat pockets. "I was only sorry for that kid."

They saw her drink the coffee. Previously, she had only sipped the tepid stuff but now as if irritated at her sweetheart's delay, or, by the demands the old lady put on her attention, she drained what was left, perhaps hoping to hurry time by finishing it at one clip. She powdered her nose and got up, smiling good-bye to the old lady, who almost immediately followed her to the door. The revolving door precipitated them into the crowds, into time again, into things that were happening; among anonymous thousands all planning, conspiring, hoping, wishing.

"The buddie gets a stand-up."

The Irishman bolted upright. "Like hell." And he too was spun out of the revolving door. His pal sat back. He thought, Jesus, the dame was in luck. And he was a punk and Mac was a sonufa and when the gang heard they'd give 'm the horselaugh. . . . Then, be chased after.

It was nearly five and the city's infinities of life and stone and steel and electricity were amalgamated into a strange false promise that would last through midnight and dawn, vanishing with morning. Animated, gay, smiling with this night-time hope, a crowd gathered about a young girl who had just collapsed. Fortunately her mother was along, raising the poor thing up, and helped, oh how fortunately, by father. Things were O.K. It's good to have your folks along when things aren't breaking.

The girl had decided to wait for her date outside the cafeteria. The old lady'd been a nuisance, and made it hard thinking of him. But no sooner had she inhaled the fresh air than she'd doubled up, shutting her eyes against a panic obliterated even before it'd begun to terrorize her. The old

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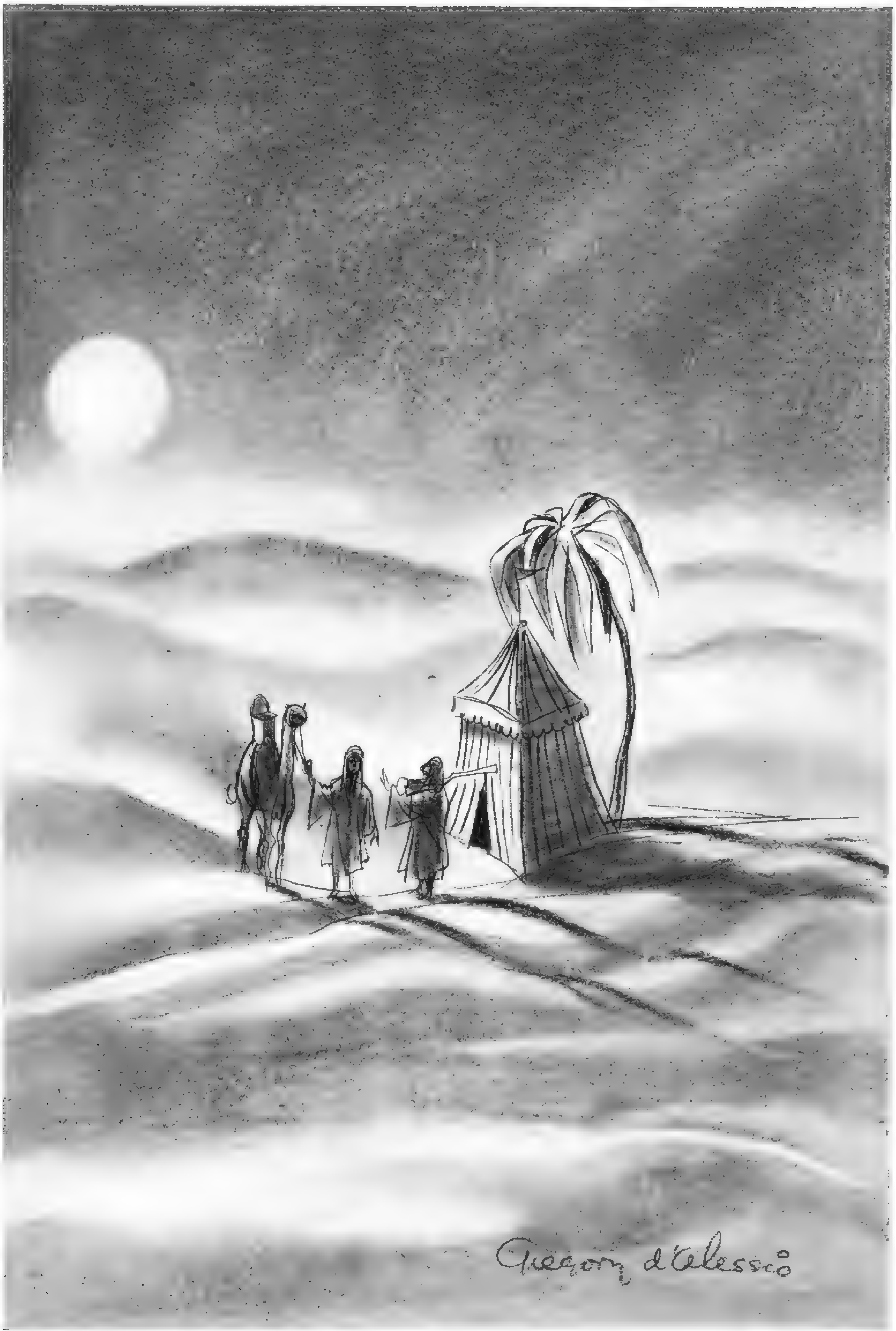

Gregory d'Alessio

"Did you have an appointment?"

Killing Time on the Big Stem

Continued from page 113

lady took charge. Next door, from out of a theatre lobby, an elderly man joined the little family party, helping mama carry daughter to a file of three cabs on the curb. A hunched gnome, five feet high, was selling papers. Of particular attraction among the headlines was a kidnapping.

The crowd oohed.

They'd almost gotten her in the first cab when the Irishman's two hands grabbed the collars of the procurers. He tugged, hollered: "Getta cop. White slavers. I seen em. Police!"

The cop was sore, in a hurry to get back to his post. "Quit blocking up the sidewalk," he shouted.

"My daughter fainted—"

"Daughter your eye, you snatching crow. I saw you put a knock-out drop in her coffee."

The crowd's smiling face was sober, indignant, horrified. Some wise guy exclaimed it was a movie. Here and there a mother groaned or pressed her heart. Here and there a girl gripped her escort's arm tightly, staring suspiciously at the city's stone faces. A second cop placed the girl on the cab's rear seat. And the Irishman bellowed "What's the name of your daughter?"

The old lady hesitated. "Of all the nerve?" She seemed to puzzle at the girl's race. "Smith, Ellen Smith. It's on her ring." The first cop grabbed the thin slack hand of the unconscious girl. It was engraved E. S.

"My daughter's in no state, officer . . . I'll take her home—"

"Home?" hooted the Irishman. "What home?" In the confusion, his pal who'd been watching things on the edge of the uproar, pushed through with a strange man.

"I see the old lady slip the pill," he said. The crowd listened to this latest witness. He was negligent of his popularity, describing Papa and Mama strongly, concluding that the guy with him was the girl's fellow. "She was waiting for him when she got fixed." The crowd glared suspiciously at the girl's date. He was a prosperous business man twice her age.

"I'm her employer," he said. "Her name's Edith Sorel. My name's Frank Gale." He proffered a card, seeming so positive with his own virtue everyone was convinced. "I'm willing to go to the police station and prove all my statements." His face was pale, his eyes disdaining the snatchers.

The police bundled the entire party into two cabs. A third cop took the girl to the hospital. All three cabs were chartered by the city. The crowd was proud of the protection the city gave its citizens. The episode was over. The crowds broke up.

At the station the dope peddlers were released. They hurried back to the cafeteria. Maybe, they'd still be in time for their tins. "A run-in with the cops, hell."

"Aw, shut up. We'll get 'em tomorrow if we don't, now. And we got addresses with our old ladies. We're safe." He was thinking in one swift current of thought, gone out of consciousness almost immediately, that if he hadn't butted in the dame would've been fixed plenty times that night; sold in a week or so to some syndicate; that the cops would've broadcasted her description over the radio . . . Among the Missing Persons. Edith Sorel. Five foot five. Brown hair. Brown eyes . . . just another missing frail.

"You're a dope. That sweetie, that boss of her's 'll fix her wagon sure as fate and we had to butt in." He flicked out his thumb from under his chin, contemptuously. "And he'll be a hero to her, now."

"It's different when a guy does it" the Irishman said wearily. "Jesus, don't you understand nothing?" He grabbed his pal's arm. "Hey, you punk. That boss-guy followed you. How'd you know he was her boss?"

His pal grinned. "Time you got wise. I chased after you and saw the mess you were getting in. Then this boss-guy popped up, and when he saw the kid and the cops he looked scared enough to beat it out on her. That punk was respectable and didn't want to get mixed up, so I pushed up on him and said: Hey, you, you ain't leaving that poor kid in trouble. That's all. He followed me."

"You're no tough guy—"

"Tough guy me eye. I wasn't leaving you in no hole."

They entered the cafeteria. The gink was reading a tabloid at one of the tables. "I'm glad we didn't kill time for nothing," said the Irishman.

From occasional tables, a man or woman with nothing to do glanced at the two sporty young men, who after getting coffee and sandwiches sat down at a table occupied by a fellow with a newspaper. One stout woman noticed that the fellow immediately folded up his paper. She didn't like their looks. They were the type who had no respect for women. She now mutely censored a young couple who were openly holding hands.

The Kentucky Derby

Continued from page 60

One last bit of advice: Unless you've reserved a box in the clubhouse, don't take a chance on getting a seat in the general stand. The crowd has been pouring into the Downs since dawn. Every unreserved seat has been taken; and already the crowd along the home-stretch rail is ten deep. So, stop your taxi, and buy a stepladder; let the second chap purchase a small keg; the third one had best get a plank. (Or a tailor's goose will serve—I saw a score in use last year.)

What foolishness is this, you ask? Well, I'm telling you how to see the Kentucky Derby. Not one person out of twenty at the track that day catches a glimpse of the horses in action. The reason: the early railbirds bar the view. So come prepared.

Put up your stepladder behind the rail crowds; place the keg close by, connect them with your plank or tailor's goose. This impromptu grandstand will accommodate three not-too-bulgy persons. Don't be embarrassed by doing this. You will note nine hundred other groups—dignified gentry—doing the same thing. After setting up the stand, you can hire an exercise or stable boy—they come by droves across the infield for this service—to watch your setup until Derby time. Give him a two-dollar ticket on his Derby choice, and he'll be happy.

If you don't wish to go to this trouble, you may rent a disused tomato box from an urchin beginning an Oliver Optic career. He'll charge you five or ten dollars for two minutes' use of it during the race. It's worth it—you've come hundreds of miles to see this race, haven't you?

There is one alternative: you may form a momentary alliance with a gentleman already having a box or keg. But it's risky. I once knew a portly judge who, wishing to take a peek at the race, found a stranger more than willing to share his keg-head with him. No sir-ree, he'd take no money from a gent, not a gent like you, sir! Carefully the two mounted the keg. The cry arose from sixty thousand throats, "They're off!" At that instant the honorable judge heard these words, muttered in his ear by the accommodating stranger: "And you're off, too!"

The judge was catapulted onto the heads of the crowd in front of him. To this day he's wondering whether it was John Doe or Richard Roe who did the dirty deed.

Now you are prepared to view the race. First go into the pari-mutuel sheds and place a little wager. Forget tipsters and dope sheets. Play—well, why not play sentiment? An eastern horse or a western entry, or a southerner: or the favorite; or perhaps a hunch. An open race this year, gentlemen. Play your choice across the board: straight, place, and show. Say, ten to win, ten to place, and thirty to show. I know no better method to toss away half a hundred. If you win, you've the price of a Derby party, with breakfast at Armstrong's at sunrise.

Horses are now being led through the tan-barked tunnel under the stand, and into the paddock. This first one is from a wealthy Eastern stable. Look at the entourage, will you? Like a potentate coming to court. First the assistant trainer; then the stable foreman; next the head-groom. Then the lead pony, ridden by an exercise boy. The pony is to keep his stable-runner from getting nervous—if possible; like a friend near you at a troubled time. Finally the horse itself, heavily blanketed in the stable's racing colors, led by not one but two grooms. Behind all is a swipe, dangling bucket and towels and sponges.

They go into the paddock. The head trainer is there. He indicates the stall. The horse is led in, gently patted and talked to a moment: then stripped for action. Off comes the blanket; bandages are unwound from the legs; four grooms rub him down. All the while the lead pony stands at the head of the stall.

Here comes another entry—from quite a different type of stable. A hardboot Kentuckian, say; one man with his one horse stable. I have known such to be so poor—

Continued on page 119

Delilah of the Latter Days

Short story in amusing variation on the old theme of the strength of Samson

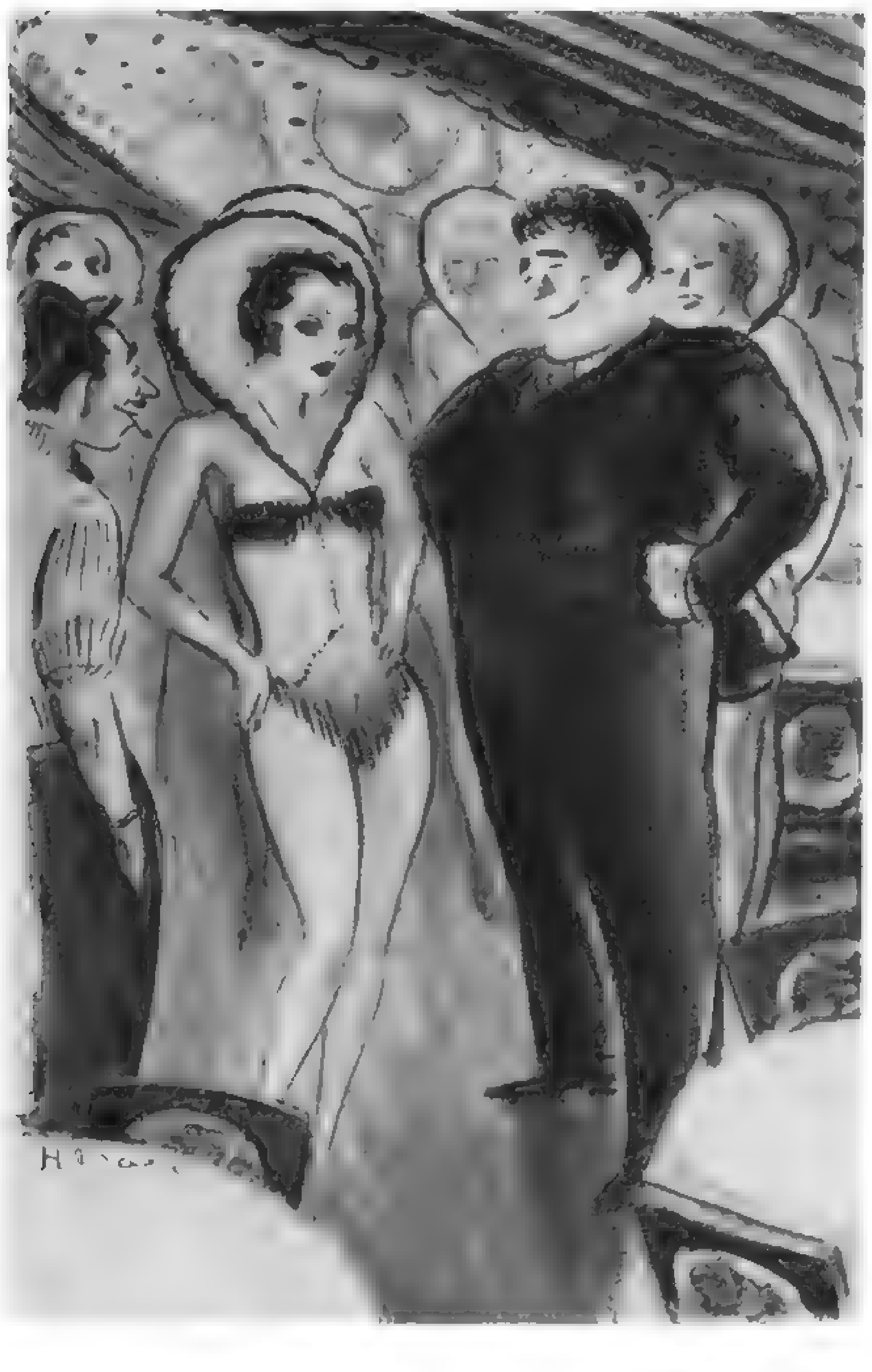
by FREDERICK TISDALE

Encountering Mr. Slugs McGlue in a post-repeal "club" off Fifty-Third Street, I sought explanation of a matter which had troubled me much: Why had his late overlord, the fastidious Curly Sutro, been buried with his hat on? Did this bravo desire to insult the powers of eternity as he had the local police? Had a posthumous pride in fine raiment dictated the wearing of a favorite fedora when sorrowing muscle men took him for that last ride?

Well (said Mr. Slugs McGlue as he wiped a watery blue eye with a calloused trigger finger), Curly was crazy about his good looks, all right. It was partly this that threw him. I guess you might call it personal pride with female complications.

When Curly took over the Club Hot Spot right after prohibition, I had one of my hunches. I didn't like it. After the Imperial plant in Queens became blown up we didn't have no trouble collecting dues for our laundry protective association. The Chief's roll was getting so fat you couldn't snap an inner tube around it. Being an ambitious guy, he felt he was getting too big for Queens. He wanted to blast his way into Manhattan and take his bite at the big apple.

He got a great kick helping frame the Hot Spot floor show. The master of ceremonies, a little hebe named Jakie, put the girls through the formations. At the dress rehearsal a funny thing happened. A little dark dame ran away with the show. Her costume—which you could of hid in your left ear—showed off the swellest streamline body you ever saw. She had legs like an angel and she slung around handfuls of black eyes that were about as safe for bystanders as hand grenades with the pins pulled out. I mean she was a pip.



After the second routine Curly sang out, "Hey, sister. I wanna talk to you."

She stepped two paces forward.

He says, "What's your name?"

"Delilah—Delilah Dagobert."

"Don't kid me," chirps The Chief. "That's a frog or dago name. If you ain't Irish you can sue your pan for libel." Giggles from the ranks.

She flushed up some and says, "My real name is Delia Barton. My father was a cop. He got killed in a hold-up."

"Who was he holding up?"

The other dames laughed out loud at this. But Delilah just looked him in the eye. She was burning up and being a perfect gentleman with good looking dames, Curly says quick:

"Forget the wise crack. I apologize, Delilah."

"Miss Dagobert, to you."

"Oh," says The Chief, his red hair starting to uncurl. "One of these hard little babies. Well, listen, sister. No hoofer taking my dough can big me."

She folded "O. K., Mr. Sutro. I need the job."

"There's a sweet kid." Then he repeats kinda to himself, "Delilah, Delilah—Say! Wasn't she the hot baby that put Samson or Johnson or somebody on the spot in the Bible?"

"Sure, sure!" pipes little Jakie, massaging his fingers. "Samson—a Jewish boy."

"Look, how is that for an idea?"

"Sure," stalls Jakie, "but what—"

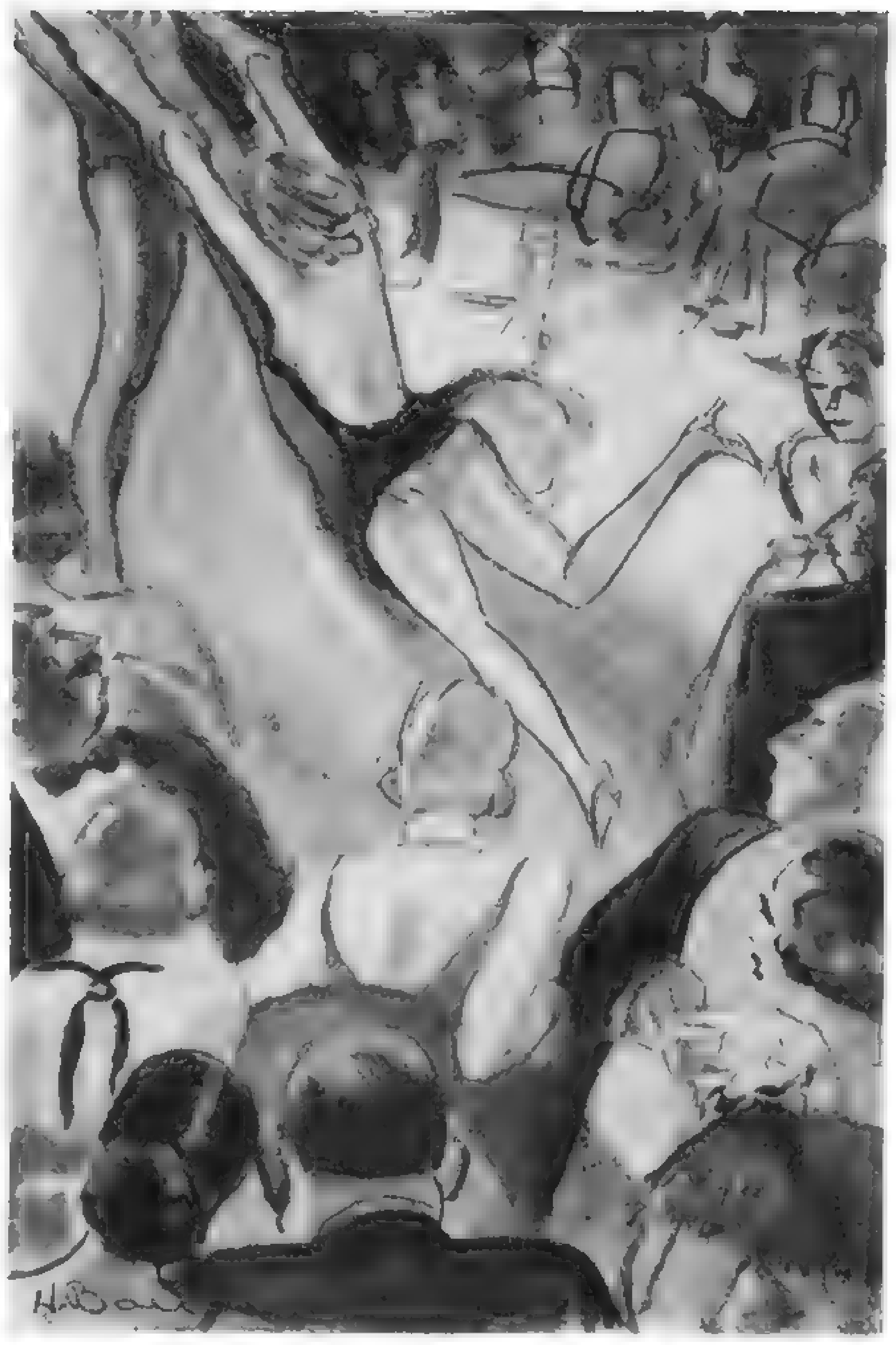
"Samson and Delilah. One of them snaky oriental things. She can be Delilah."

"Great," chirps Jakie, cracking his knuckles in excitement. "A natural. A panic. How do you think of things quick like that?"

For a Samson they decided to take on one of these adajios. You know, a strong arm dancer that can throw a dame all over the stage and catch her when she dives at him from high places. Jakie said Broadway was sour on them acts and that he could get adajios for a dime a dozen. Curly thought one would be enough.

That's how Johnny Anderson came to join the show. He was from some cow and horse college. Out in Dakota or Memphis or one of them states. He had a build on him like Jim Londos.

Dee—we shortened her name to that—loosened considerable after The Chief gave her that specialty dance. They got almost friendly working out the routine. One day while Johnny was juggling some chairs The Chief says to her:



"Johnny's not a bad looking punk."

"He's beautiful," coos Dee.

"Oh, I don't know," says The Chief, eyeing himself sideways in a mirror.

When the Hot Spot opening was a sell-out he threw a special celebration. He was proudest because the Delilah number went big. I saw that this dark little dame was taking him like Capone took Cicero. One night, just for a laugh, she grabbed the green hat he was wearing and stuck it on her head.

"Who sold you that bunch of spinach?" she asks.

Next day him and me went to the snootiest hat dump on Fifth Avenue. He paid twenty bucks for a grey fedora. Did that skimmer have class! I hate to think of it out there in Greenwood Cemetery, four feet below the dandelions. His head size was the same as mine.

In no time a-tall that little dame had him blazing so high the Metropolitan Fire Department couldn't have put him out. He got to taking her through the park in the pink Rolls. I drove.

One day they was punching the bag and she says:

"I saw your picture once in the Mirror. You were up for bombing that laundry in Queens."

"Aw, sure. Them pictures didn't do me justice."

"Hate yourself, don't you?"

"What 'ell! If I wasn't good would we be riding along in an oil can that cost fifteen grand?"

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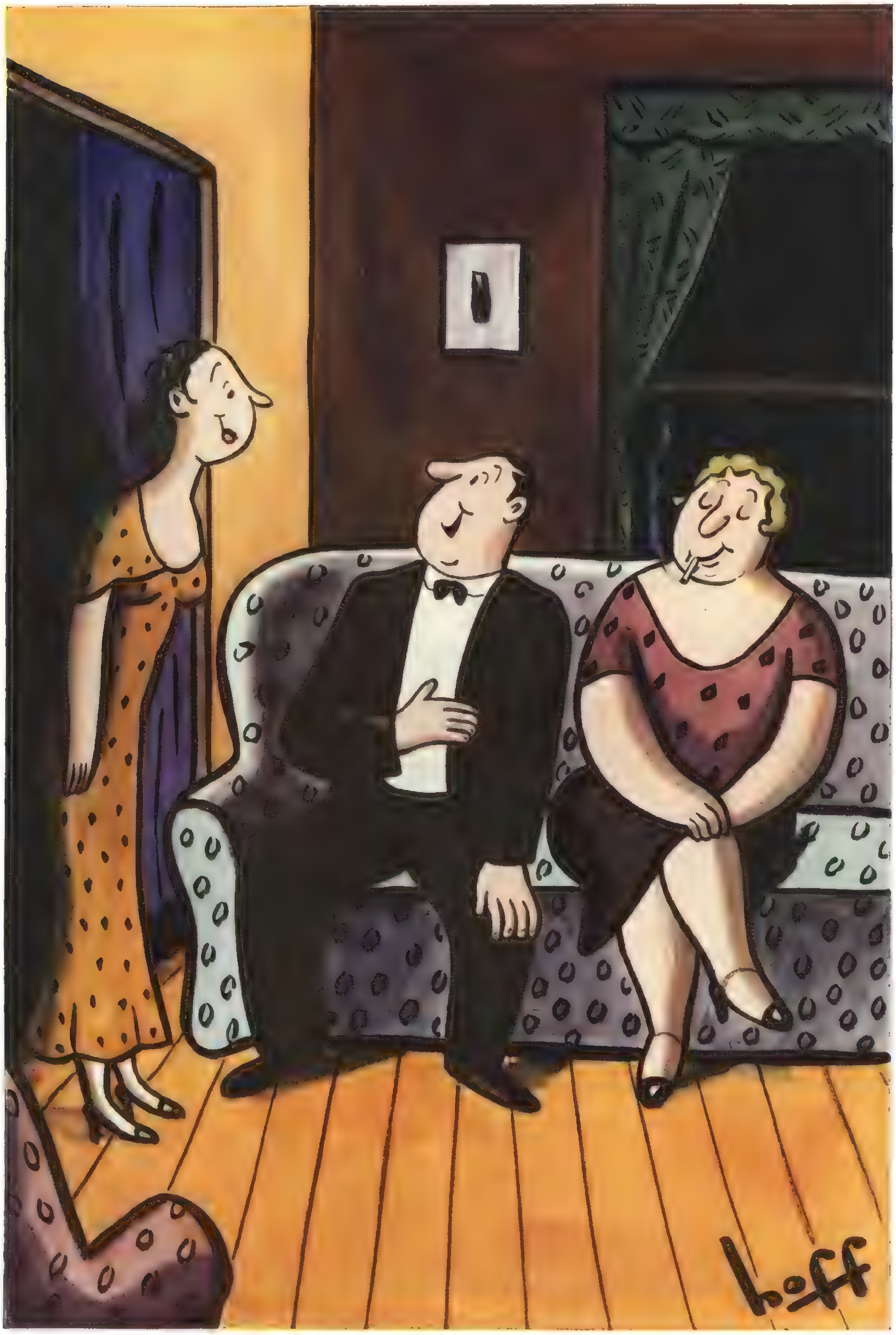
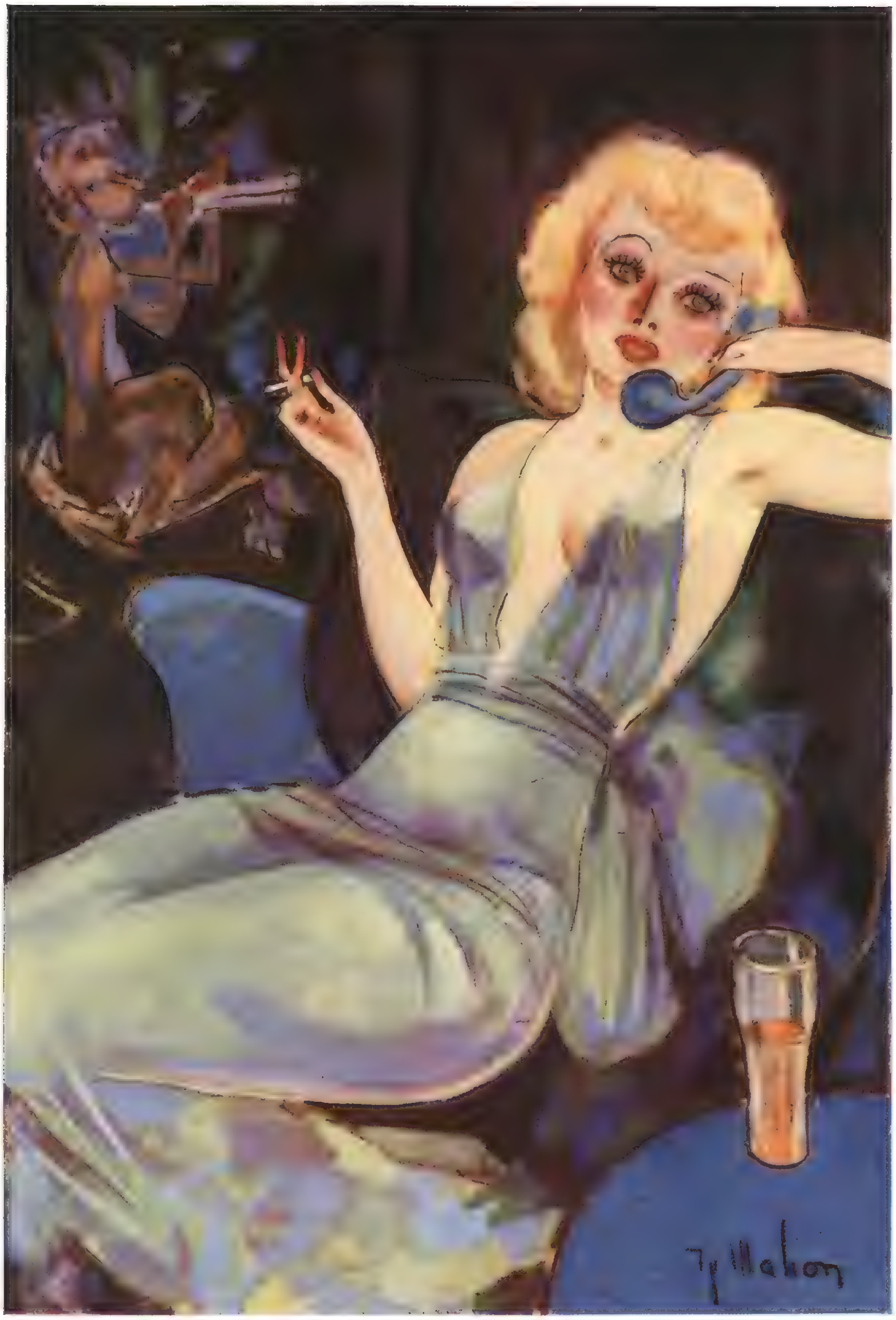


"Your old lady ain't half bad"



"Your husband? Does he have a white Van Dyke and a strawberry mark?"

Why You'll Always Lose

Continued from page 70

drop in a rising market, the result is the same. One loses becauses of buying at the wrong time. A person is fairly certain to buy and sell at the wrong time because when prices are rising one hears only good news about stocks. It is this good news which caused them to rise. Likewise, in a falling market, one becomes discouraged and sells because of adverse news which led thousands of other people to sell. When everybody who could be scared by particularly bad news has sold, naturally prices do not go any lower. The same news that scared one scared all the rest. No wonder those of us who are influenced by news we read or hear buy at the top and sell at the bottom!

Almost equal to vanity as an enemy within ourselves is the human willingness to believe true whatever we hope is true—wish-fulfilment thinking. I have seen customers eagerly seeking advice from clerks in brokerage offices who have obtained jobs there after they had run through their own fortunes in speculation and had to seek employment in the only business where they knew any of the routine. A speculator is constantly grasping at straws. He reads brokers' market letters not to gain facts but to find cheerful news to support his own beliefs and hopes. Brokers know this and try to supply customers with optimism rather than with cold, relentless unassailable facts. A study of brokers' market letters a while ago showed that, over a long period, they favored the buying side about two-thirds of the time. Almost any financial editor, if pressed for the truth, will freely admit he could not hold his job if he did not stress news that might seemingly justify buying stocks rather than selling. He must be unscientifically optimistic.

We read both in brokers' letters and financial papers about merits of this or that stock. But how often do we see much space devoted to *de*merits of well known stocks? A number of reasons exist for saying little *against* any stock. To begin with, readers prefer to be told to *buy*. After you buy a stock there is a chance its price may rise and you'll make money. But if you act on advice *not* to buy, or to sell what you already have, the best you can hope for is not to lose anything. People are all looking for ways and means not merely to keep what they already have but to *get rich!*

Moreover, no corporation will make objection to cheerful forecasts about their stock; but the moment a writer or broker suggests anything pessimistic about their future, they are on his neck. Thus optimism is the line of least resistance. Until all information about stocks gives as much stress to dangers as to opportunities, thousands of victims will be misled.

One should bear in mind that stock exchanges, in New York or elsewhere, were not organized for the purpose of making money for the public. If everybody were highly intelligent about financial enterprises there might be no stock exchanges. Whenever prices of a stock dropped to a bargain level, wise people would seize upon such bargains and buy. Bargains would thus cease to exist. The moment prices went too high, these wise people would sell. Price fluctuations would thus be limited to so narrow a range that professional buying and selling would no longer be a gambling racket.

When proposed laws, regulating stock exchanges, sponsored by Mr. Roosevelt, were introduced in Congress, Richard Whitney, head of the New York Stock Exchange, and brother of a partner in the firm of J. P. Morgan & Company, issued a statement bemoaning the fact that such legislation would reduce trading and force many brokerage firms in cities outside of New York to go out of business. The same thing could have been said of legislation to regulate slot machines, bucket shops and other gambling enterprises. It is to be noted that none of the objections raised by Comrade Whitney or other brokers are on behalf of the public. Invariably their lament is: "This will interfere with making so much money in the brokerage business. It will hurt *our* racket." But if thousands of people can save their fortunes, at the expense of a few brokers reducing clerical forces, perhaps that price isn't too much to pay.

(One should remember that the broker is especially interested in the number of transactions rather than in the safety of these transactions, for he himself has probably learned the unwisdom of speculating. He is more interested in raking in commissions. It is the "kitty" that makes brokers rich but helps to keep customers poor.)

Brother Whitney also deplored what he regarded as danger that many corporations might have to "unlist" their "securities." Here again is an excellent reason why the proposed laws should be passed. Many small corporations, carrying on a business honestly, have never had their stocks listed to serve as gambling pawns and would consider it both undignified and reprehensible to do so. Yet this would not mean that people capable of investigating merits of such corporations could not buy stock in them.

Just the other day a friend told me: "All I have been able to save out of a wrecked fortune is some stock, that, because it was unlisted, I was unable to hock with a broker."

In any event, the proposed increase in marginal requirements will force all victims of the speculative itch to reduce the gap between what they buy and what they can afford to buy. Every broker, every shrewd market speculator, well knows that when a man buys only what he can pay for he not only loses less when his judgment is wrong, but *makes* more when it is right—because, with no fear of margin calls, he is in a state of mind to exercise patience.

The best way to view the stock market dispassionately and accurately is to own *no* stocks and thus be free from prejudice.

The second best way is to own stocks outright.

The *worst* way is to have one's judgment hopelessly warped by being at the mercy of a margin clerk.

The Kentucky Derby

Continued from page 115

before the race—that he couldn't afford a decent blanket over his horse. But don't let that momentary poverty fool you—if the horse is good. It is speed and stamina that wins the race; not the financial rating of the owner. Remember, all men are equal, on and under the turf.

Spectators are jostling you at the paddock rail. Some begging your pardon with extreme courtesy: and others, well, it's your fault mister, if your feet are so big! There are ghosts around you too, living ghosts. Old men; some small and decrepit; a few well-dressed, but most of them shabby. Many are ex-jockeys, who rode Derby winners a quarter-century past. Others are the men who trained the winners; and here and there is an oldster, peering out of rheumy eyes, who drank champagne from a slipper—in the nineties, wasn't it?—when his horse won. They return, year after year—no matter what the sacrifice—to the scene where the world's sportlight once played on them.

The saddling bell rings. Khaki-coated grooms come in with their jocks' riding tack. Saddling appears simple, but it's one of the most important moments of all. Draw the girth too tight, and your horse becomes mean and won't extend himself. Have it a trifle loose, and it will slip during the race, and throw your rider under the heels of the field.

Look at the bay stallion—second from the right. He's a rogue. He's filling his lungs with air. Holding his breath while the trainer saddles him. The second the girth is tight, he lets out a gasp. The trainer is no novice.

"Caught you that time, you rascal!"

He pulls the girth much tighter.

Now the jockeys are coming out. Each in new and brilliant silks. Several are the saddle aces of America; others, almost unknown. But the boy who wins this race will be a good rider—today. They are riding for blood—fame and money. Custom says the winning jock receives ten per cent of the first money; and if the winner's share approaches fifty thousand dollars this season—well, five thousand isn't bad for two minutes' work, is it?

Those lads are white-faced. They shift from boot to boot as hard-faced men—trainers give last minute instructions. "Now lay back about third till the head of the home stretch"—or "beat the barrier, get in front, and die there," or else, "rate him along third, fourth mebbe, but within striking distance of the leader. Shake him up at the half, take command at the mile—and win. No excuses!"

A rotund little chap—the paddock judge—is looking at his watch. Suddenly he calls:

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The Sardine Can

Nut humor about the pranks and whimsies of a couple of middle-aged practical jokers

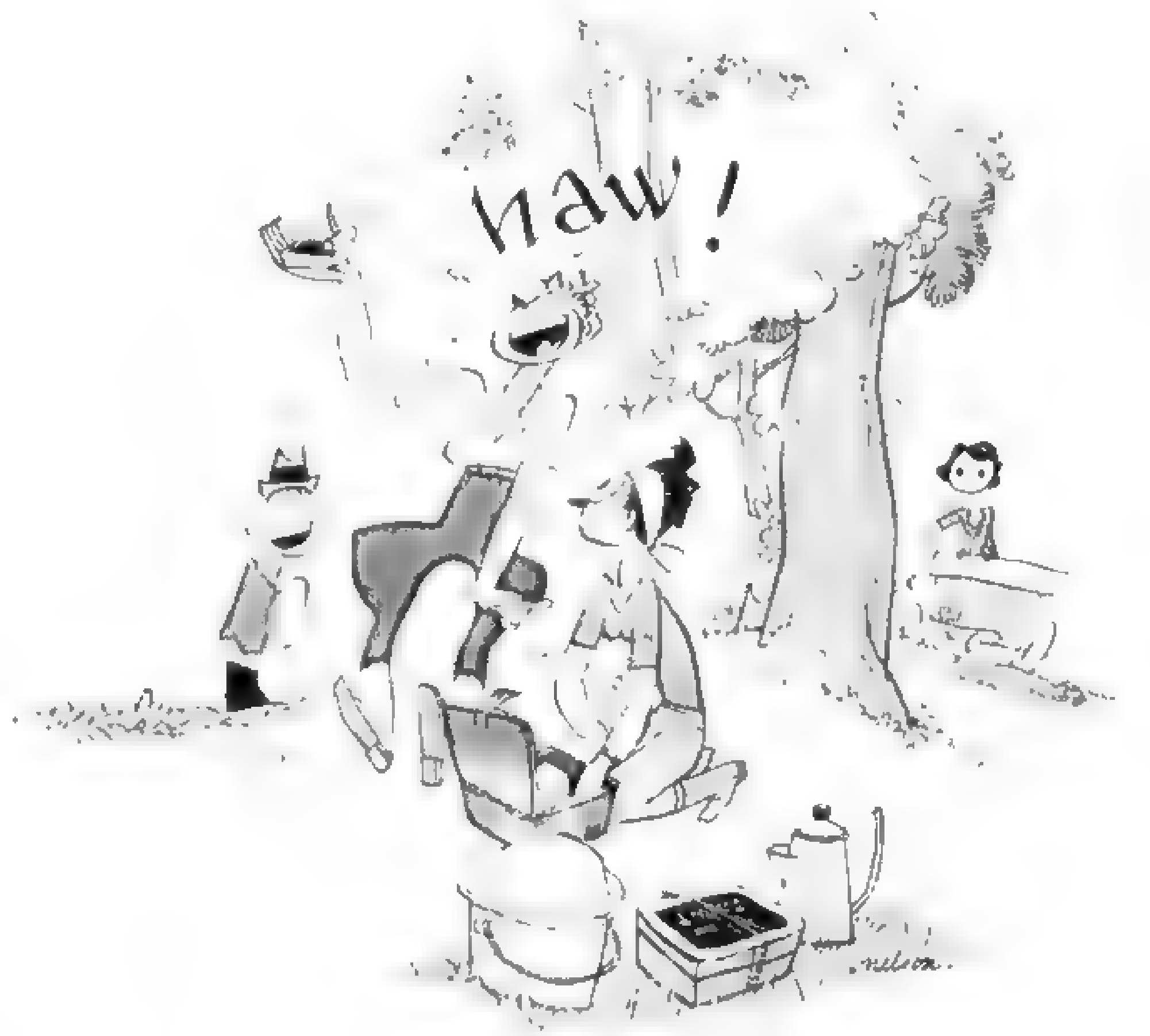
by CLIFFORD ORR

Why, it began way back in 1920. I remember it was then because that was the first year we had the car. And one day—June, it must have been—I said to Irma, "Let's pick up Gordy and Stella Maxon and go out to the Beach for a picnic." So Irma called up Stella, didn't you, Irma? And out we went. Well, we had a great old day, all right. I forget what the women took along for lunch. What did you take along for lunch, Irma? . . . Oh, now you're spoiling the point. Yes, we had sardines for one thing, but you're spoiling the point.

Anyway, along about five o'clock when we were packing up to go home, I had Gordy helping me, and while I was dousing the fire out, I told him to pick up anything that was left over and stuff it in the leather luncheon case and we'd lug it back with us. Well, now you've got to understand that Gordy's a card. Full of the old Nick all the time. And when Irma and I got home, we opened the luncheon case and what do you suppose that fella had done? Laugh? I thought I'd split. Why—even the memory of it—! The fool had picked up an empty old sardine can and wrapped it in a piece of paper and stuck it in with the really good left-overs from the picnic!

Irma didn't think it so funny, did you Irma? Not then. But wait till I tell you . . . Irma wanted to throw it away, but I said, "No, *sir!* I want to give that old bozo as good as he sent!" So I saved it, see? I saved it down in the furnace room because Irma didn't want it upstairs, and I didn't let on a word to Gordy that I'd as much as ever found it. And I told Irma not to tell Stella. And then the next time we went on a picnic—I guess it must have been a couple of months later—I took it along. And then when lunch was ready, I just sort of nonchalantly tossed it over, all wrapped up in paper, to Gordy, and I said, as innocent as you please, "Here, open this, will you, boy?" And Gordy pulled off the wrappers and *there was the can!* Well, sir, I thought Gordy would go off his nut, the way that guy laughed! He'd forgotten all about it, see? And here was the can right back at him again. Stella laughed too, didn't she, Irma? . . . Well, Gordy certainly did. And then he made as if to throw the damn thing away. I thought he did, you know, so I thought the whole thing was over then and there, because I'd got back at him, you see, and that was all I wanted. . . . But I guess I didn't know Gordy.

And this is what happened next. We had a Christmas party at the Colmans' that year and everyone had to bring little ten-cent presents for the other people and put them on the tree. And what did I get, toward the end, but a square, flat thing, all got up in Christmas paper, and my name on it, see? "Merry Christmas from Gordy." And I thought, "Now what the hell can this be?" And I opened it, and it was—well, I bet you can guess! And in it was a slip of paper saying, "If you can't take a joke, a sardine can." See? Kind of a pun. . . . Well, that was the hit of the evening all right, wasn't it, Irma?

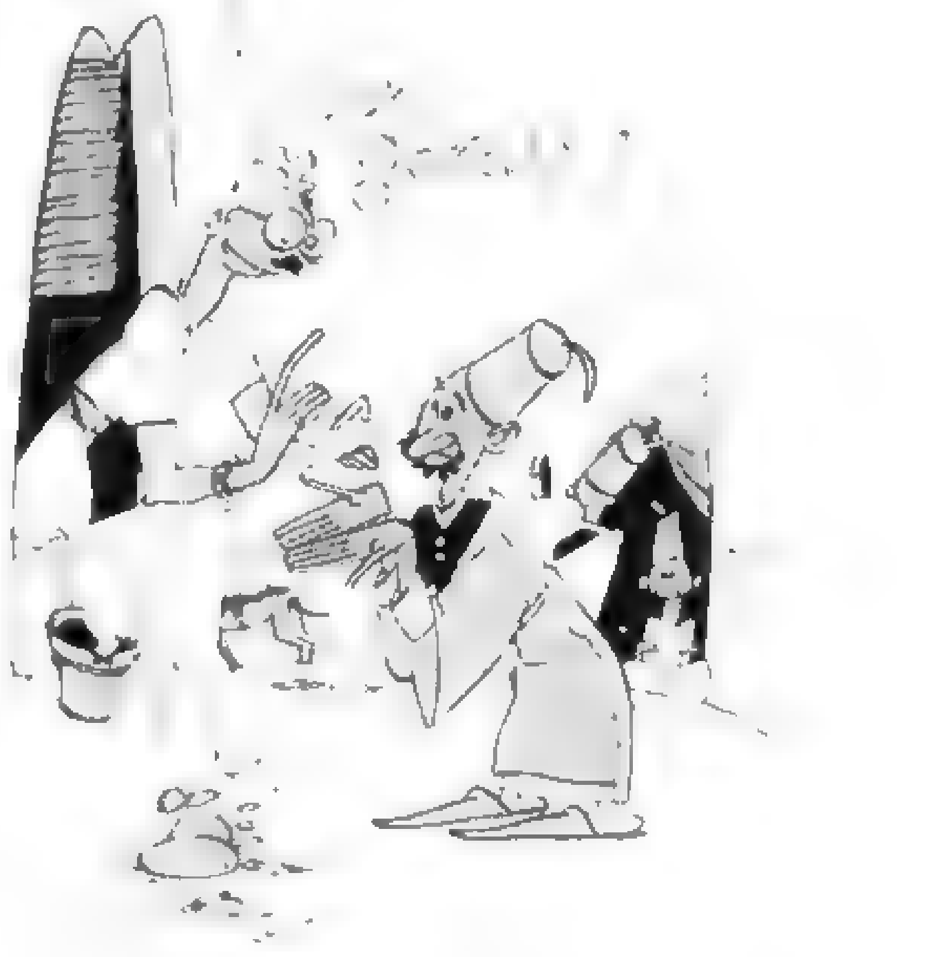


So once more that little old can went down in the furnace room. I decided I'd leave it lay there for a good long time so that it would be even funnier when it popped up again. And that's what I did. I left it lay there for more than a year. Of course I had to resist a lot of temptations, because I had a good many opportunities to get it back to him. There was the time, for instance, when Gordy was going to get a medal for maximum sales in the district. At a dinner. And I went to the vice-president and told him the story and suggested he give Gordy the sardine can instead and have him open it in front of everybody. Of course he'd know who had sent it, so he wouldn't resent it at all. But the vice-president hasn't any sense of humor and he said he guessed he wouldn't. So instead, when Gordy and Stella were up at Kittery on a vacation once, I had Chet Engels take it on one of his trips to Scranton and mail it to him from there. You see, up in Kittery you'd never expect to get a package from Scranton, so you wouldn't know what was in it until you opened it.

I sort of forget what was next. I guess it was Norma Talmadge, wasn't it, Irma? Anyway, whether that was next or not, I suddenly got this package in the mail. It was a good couple of years afterward. And it was postmarked from Los Angeles, Hollywood Station. Now, I didn't know a damn soul out there, then, and I couldn't for the life of me think what it could be, could I Irma? That can, of course, and it was labeled, "Love and Kisses from Norma Talmadge." Gee, I nearly passed out. How he ever got her to send it, I don't know. But I suppose it's good publicity.

Well, I needn't go into all the details, but, boy, that can has turned up in more places than you can shake a stick at. Of course after the Hollywood thing, I had to think up something even farther away, so I sent it to a guy I know in Cairo and had it mailed back from there, just as if it was signed by King Tut. And then one year I got it back from Germany on the Graf Zeppelin. That was when old Gordy was in Europe after his divorce from Stella. And then one summer when Irma and I went on a camping trip up through the Laurentians, we found it in our packs the very first day. I never did find out who Gordy bribed to put it in there, but we don't spare any expense in this thing. How much do you suppose I've spent all in all on this little old can, Irma? . . . Well, it doesn't matter how much it is, because it's certainly given all of us an awful lot of fun, and it sort of keeps us in touch with each other. Gordy doesn't live here any more, you see.

Well, that's the story, and there's the little old can. You wouldn't think it had gone practically around the world, would you? Go ahead. You can look at it if you want to. . . . You see, the reason I've got it out tonight is because I've just heard that good old Gordy is getting married in a couple of weeks, and I'm shipping it off tomorrow all done up in a Tiffany box. I'm sending it to his bride-to-be, just as if it were a wedding present. Of course she won't know what the hell it's all about, because she doesn't know me, but she'll tell Gordy, and if I know Gordy he'll get a kick out of that all right. I bet he'll make her put it right out on the table with all the other presents, don't you, Irma?



The Kentucky Derby

Continued from page 119

"Mount your jockeys!" But don't you wait for that ceremony—you'll never get back to your keg and stepladder.

As you push through and reach your vantage point the band plays The Star Spangled Banner. Officials are escorting the chief guest—the cabinet officer, say—into the steward's stand. In a moment the notes die away. You replace your hat, and mount your homemade stand. Now the bugle sounds Boots and Saddles. They'll be out on the track in a half-moment. The loud speaker above you crackles. The cacophony of the track dies. Spoken impressively, you hear the sentence:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the sixtieth running of the Kentucky Derby."

A silence falls—a silence strange for a throng of sixty thousand that has no ecclesiastical tinge. It is the tense moment while waiting for the unknown.

Then, in slow time, come the strains of My Old Kentucky Home, and the derby candidates step slowly onto the track—the band playing while they march and countermarch by the stands. Perhaps, at that moment, the sun comes through the clouds—generally it is misty on Derby day. Flags of all nations, flying from the infield Maypole, seem to light up as a momentary breeze whips them into life.

And those jockeys! Each in the newest of silks, resplendent in the sun's rays: the whitest of breeches, the brightest of boots. A great "Ah!" goes up from sixty thousand throats as they turn and canter to the starting-point, just around the head of the stretch.

Be certain to recognize the colors you are backing. It is the only way you can follow your horse on the backstretch—for you can't see the saddle-cloth or arm numbers at that distance. First catch the color of the cap; red or white or blue, green or yellow or striped. Then the jacket colors, and the sleeves. Watch your horse's position—never mind the others. If you don't the race will be merely a blur to you.

But they are at the post, going into the starting-stalls. One horse, sometimes two or three, always cuts up and delays the start. High strung, as emotional as prima donnas, they seem to realize the importance of the moment.

At last they are in an even line for a split-second. The barrier springs. And that cry, which is heard only on the race tracks of the world, goes up from sixty thousand throats, "They're off!"

The crowd sways. Seize the shoulders of the man beside or in front of you—and watch. Now they are pounding down the stretch, fighting for positions. Remember, try to catch the colors of your stable. All jammed together—maybe with one horse a length in the lead—the field sweeps past. Catch it? That white cap, say, black jacket and red sleeves: about third, wasn't it? That's the entry you are backing.

Now you see him swerve to the rail, as the jock takes second position. And so around the turn into the backstretch. Down that long run. The leader—he was only a quarter-horse after all!—folds up. Others pass him. From the ruck, shooting forward like a vari-hued skyrocket, comes a horse at the mile-pole.

"What horse is that?" Ten thousand people ask ten thousand others. Those colors, they are not Bradley's or Whitney's or Coe's, or Kilmer's or Widener—they are unknown! And that horse is coming fast; now second; and now challenging the leader—your horse!

Both boys go to the bat, and you see their arms flail up and down. They're beginning their run—turning home—only three-eighths of a mile to go. That strange horse? It belongs to a Gypsy trainer from Poverty Row: he begged and borrowed five hundred dollars to start his horse, and now his horse is winning.

But is he? Another shoots out from the pack, and still another. Three, four horses, are pounding down to the wire together, noses apart.

This is the moment when women scream; when strong men cry, and pray. Stepladders crash into the crowds—boxes overturn—kegs go down—as forty thousand and more, jammed along the rail, fight to see the finish.

There's a thunder of hoofs—a flash of colors—they are past—under the wire.

Who won? Quickly the numbers go up. That's your number! You've picked the Derby winner at last!

But wait—what's this? Hundreds, no, thousands, are leaping the infield fence, jumping the rail in front of you, surging onto the track, to welcome the winner. Mounted cops, slashing out with long buggy whips, drive them back.

The losers return to the judges' stand; the jocks dismount, drag their tack onto the clerk's scales, weigh out—and disappear. One last horse trots slowly back—the winner!

While cops open a lane, a white-faced man—the owner—is pushed forward by officials. He grasps the reins of his horse, and leads him into a little plot opposite the judges' stand; it is the Derby winner's circle, used this one moment only during the entire year.

A huge wreath of red and white roses is draped over the horse's neck. A hundred cameras—movie and still—begin to whirr and click. Radio announcers thrust microphones into the faces of owner, trainer, jockey, commanding:

"Say a word to America—tell how it feels to win the Kentucky Derby!"

The owner mumbles something. The trainer speaks more clearly. But listen to that tough-faced little jock, as his face lights up, and he leans forward and says:

"It was great, folks—I knew I was going to win—all the time—see, I was on the best horse—race was never in doubt—all I had to do was to give him a snug ride—and we win."

Why should he be abashed? Now he's king of the jockey room!

Again the band is playing—very lively. The owner, a little more self-contained, is being escorted into the steward's stand. One of the President's cabinet members—maybe the President himself this year!—is presenting the gold cup, symbolic of victory.

But don't wait for all this—rush to the winning line in the pari-mutuel sheds. Cash your ticket, and start out. Disregard the last two races; the thing to do is to beat the crowds home.

As you start toward the gates—your win money safely tucked away—you see painted on the pillars of the pergola the names of fifty-nine horses: the victors since the days of '75, when "a little red horse named Aristides won the first Derby." As you enter the gates another, and sixtieth name, goes up: today's winner.

It is the Turf's Hall of Fame.

Luckily, you didn't bring your car. You'd never get out of this jam. But there is a special driveway for taxis. Starters are calling:

"Back to town for a buck a head!"

And they jam seven of you into a car, too. Now there's a tip: the fastest way out, faster even than the taxis, is the Louisville street cars. Hundreds are being dispatched to the city. Be a sardine for a change: step into the first car, and in twelve minutes you will be at the Brown Hotel grill, explaining how you picked the winner.

The Derby over? It's only begun! If you won, you are going to celebrate. If you lost, commiserate with your kind. In hotels, apartment houses, clubs, and hundreds of private homes, the race will be run again over many a tall glass. I have known Derby parties to last for five days and five nights—all celebrating a two-minute race.

Don't be disheartened if you are a stranger, and alone. Perhaps Luck will light on your shoulders. I recall one Derby night, being mistaken for Irvin S. Cobb. Despite my indignant and strenuous protests, I was dragged off to a club. When I finally convinced them I was not Mr. Cobb, they agreed it was fine! They had made another friend—an everlasting friend, and sample this—

The party lasted three days.

Men Are Funny

Continued from page 48

stage or on the screen, strike me as being only too anxious to reassure us that they were brought up in fairly polite society and that if they did not go to a convent school, they went to one of the four best finishing schools in the East. Unfortunately for them, you can't give that impression and make fun at the same time.

There may be other reasons. Perhaps women simply don't believe in the belly laugh. Perhaps they think it lacks refinement. God knows there are enough men comedians who don't make me laugh. I still think that most of them are trying to as hard as they can, and while I wish they would get off the stage, the screen and the air, I don't think their place is going to be taken by women.

The Crime Chaser

Continued from page 108

known suicide. Cummings had been curious. "Why should anyone who wants to take bichloride go into the woods, remove all her clothing, and carefully leave the bottle of tablets by her side?" he asked. There had been no answer.

With this letter, there was an idea. Cummings set out first to prove that the unknown, whose body was exhumed, was Mrs. Fair. Having learned that she once lived in Albany he sent men to every shoe store in that city with the shoes of the corpse, and to every Albany dentist with a cast of the teeth. They got the identification they wanted—it was Mrs. Fair. Then Cummings ordered another autopsy and no trace of bichloride poisoning could be found. He arrested Fair and furnished proof that the woman had died neither by accident, disease, nor suicide; the jury was left to draw its own conclusion. It concluded—first degree manslaughter.

To some people on first meeting Cummings seems as warm as a congealed brine pipe, but he rapidly defrosts himself. His voice is always quiet and, at the beginning of any speech, cold. It warms as he continues, his words lose their stiffness, and at the end he is speaking just as quietly as at the beginning, but in the most colloquial language. The result is an impression that he desires to take the listener into his confidence. In court trials this manner often hides the dynamite that is buried in many of his questions. Defense attorneys discovered this, often too late. They learned, too, that his calmness does not mean that he is only half awake.

In the Fair trial the defense counsel was badgering one of Cummings' star witnesses, one of Fair's neighbors.

"You heard a noise on that night?" the defense attorney asked.

"Yes," the woman replied. "I heard a scream."

"What kind of a scream? Tell us more about it."

"It was a woman's scream—what more can I tell you?" the witness looked toward Cummings for some sort of aid. He seemed to be dozing.

"Can't you tell us more?" the defense insisted. "Describe it in detail."

"It was the scream of a woman being strangled to death," the witness said.

The jury was startled. There was a moment of silence in the room. Cummings, his eyeglasses balanced over one finger, arose. With his eyes on the jury, he said to the woman, "Would you mind repeating that last answer a little louder please?"

Cummings developed a chronic passion for tracking down whatever he wanted. In one case it became necessary one Friday afternoon to find a missing witness, a Mrs. Clark, who lived somewhere in the northeastern part of Manhattan. She had to be found by Monday morning. He and two assistants spent an entire week-end seeing every Mrs. Clark north of 96th Street and east of Park Avenue. He became an authority on the subject of "Ladies who married various Mr. Clarks," and he found the woman he wanted. In 1929 he defended Gene Tunney, one of his best friends, when he was sued by a woman for a quarter of a million dollars for breach of promise. Cummings and his assistants went to Texas where the woman had come from originally, and traced her life, day by day, for ten years, to Oklahoma, Arkansas, and back to Texas. The result was a revealing history and a hasty offer from the plaintiff to drop the suit.

Today Homer Cummings, whom friends call "Homer" without ever wishing he had some nickname, gets to his office at nine and remains there, with only an hour out for lunch, until seven at night and sometimes later. The Department of Justice has no building of its own and its divisions are scattered all over Washington. The Attorney-General's suite of offices, in a rented building at 14th and H streets, is much like that of a small town dentist. On the walls, in the various waiting rooms and secretaries' offices are the heavy portraits of previous Attorneys-General, pompous in their rightful attempt to make one last stab at human memory.

But the atmosphere of the building is that of a general staff headquarters during battle. Cummings has dramatized, purposely, much of the work of the Department so that it no longer seems an organ of defense but of offense. With prohibition gone, he sees the necessity for rebuilding the attitude of a nation toward Law, so that it will be accepted not as jest but as just. At the same time, he wants to prevent any festered outbreak of lawlessness as an aftermath of prohibition, if and when gangsters look elsewhere for easy money.

Most spectacular, and designedly so, have been the activities of that division of the Department which handles crime and criminal investigation. Part of his plan to change the popular attitude toward Law is to show that its officers can move fast and without error. On every important Federal case these days Cummings' office advises the local officials during the investigation and helps to prepare the briefs when the case comes to trial. While important cases are being tried or while the Investigation Division is hot on some trail, the lights burn through the night. Cummings waits in his office until three and four in the morning. Dispatches from the "front" are rushed upstairs to him. The negro doorman, in the corridor, paces up and down, nervous and anxious in eagerness. Some of his staff have had only three or four meals at home in recent months, proud that the "A.G." is there with them. What their wives think of him is not on record.

Believing that crime is a national and not a state industry, Cummings feels that crime detection must become national and not merely a matter for the states. He is planning a program to be submitted to Congress to create a national headquarters to handle crime and punishment. As a first step came the designation of Alcatrez Island, off San Francisco, for professional criminals. To this unescapable little island will be sent the tough mugs from Leavenworth and Atlanta. Their only occupation will be laundry work for local army and navy posts.

Cummings personally prefers civil work to criminal work. He has one great ambition—to plead personally before the Supreme Court. Every Attorney-General has hoped to find time to do it. Cummings says he will. He is in daily touch with the President; the Brain Trust frequently proposes but Cummings disposes. Yet it is the war of the Department on crime which attracts attention. Cummings' desire to crystallize a new attitude toward crime does not come from a fine flurry for publicity. His friends speak of his persistence when he goes after something he wants; and he wants to make the gangster a museum type.

It took the newspapers some time to learn about Cummings' persistence. During the spring and summer last year one stock heading read, "Cummings postpones prosecution of gold hoarders." Every press conference brought the question, "When are you going to prosecute?" His answer, always with a smile, was, "When I get ready."

Shortly after the promulgation of the order about gold hoarding, the Department learned of approximately five thousand people who possessed a stock of gold and who refused to turn it in. Cummings sent out some of his men and they visited personally each one of the five thousand. The final limit for turning in the gold was postponed again and again. "And why not?" Cummings says today. "Hell, I was looking for gold, not for victims."

The result of this "indecision" was that almost $39,000,000 of gold was turned in, and the five thousand reduced themselves to a few more than a hundred. Cummings decided then that nothing but prosecution would worry these recalcitrants. He ordered the first cases begun.

A few days later one assistant brought him a file. "Here's the first case all ready."

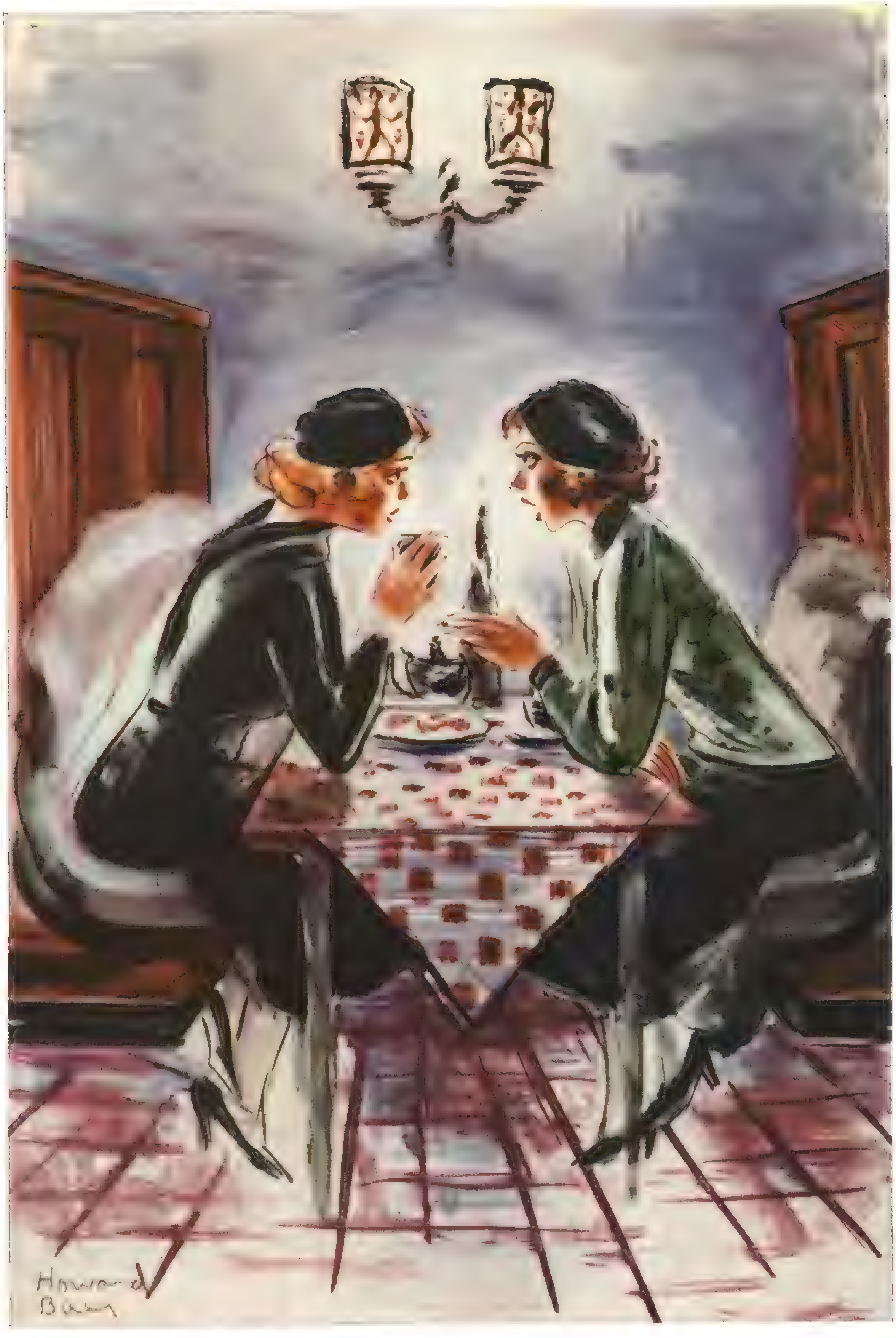
"Who is it?" Cummings asked.

"A lawyer in New York who had two hundred thousand in gold."

Cummings looked at the papers and read the name, "Frederick B. Campbell." "My God!" he said. "That man's been a close friend of mine for thirty years." He sat silent for a moment, then rang for a stenographer. "Take a letter to Mr. Campbell . . . 'I regret to have to inform you . . .'" The government has won the first skirmishes in this case.

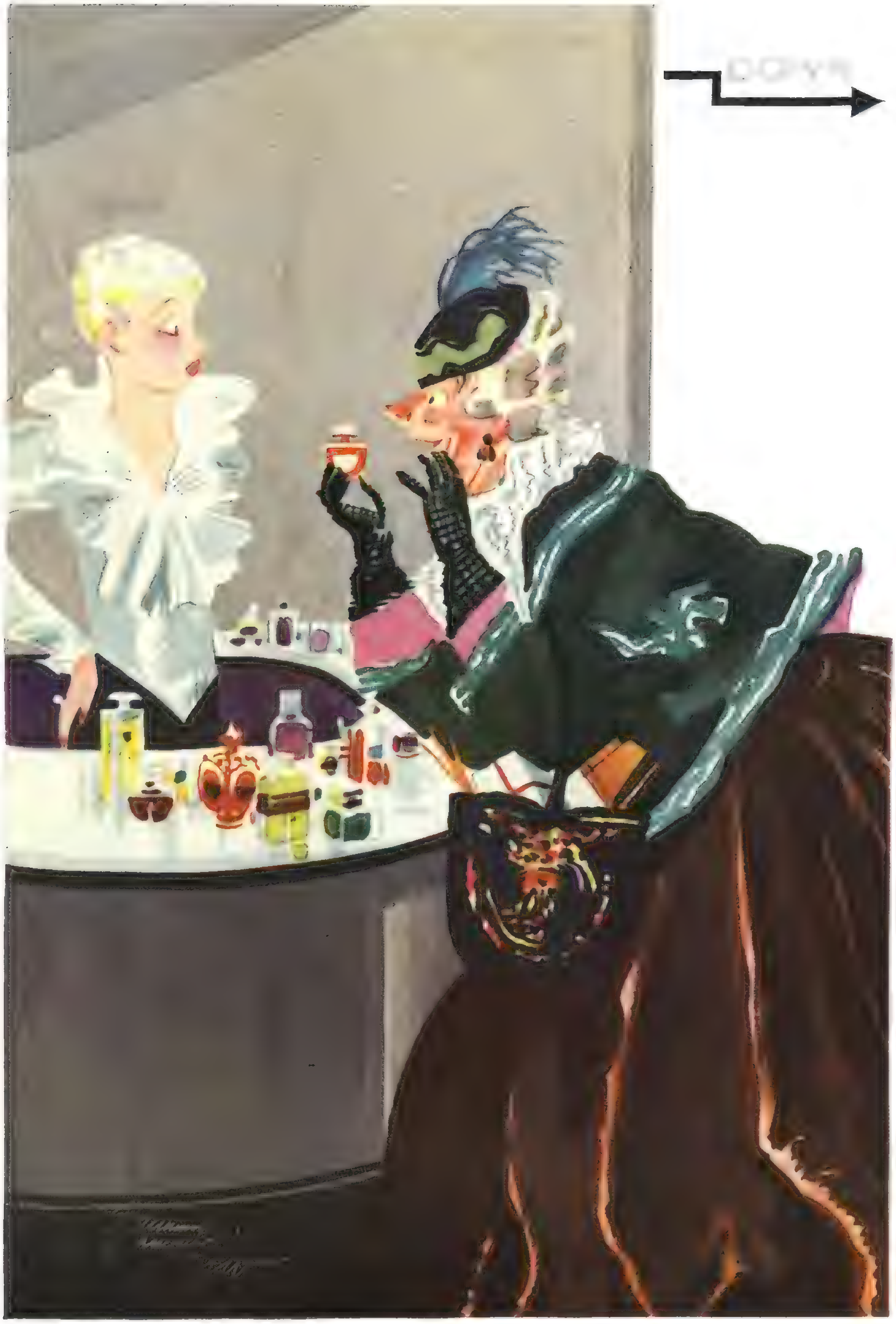
His reputation for the ready response still remains and grows. And it has made his weekly conferences with the press very popular. After a week in office he said, "I am astounded at the number of Democrats in my office. Their conversion was late in some cases but, I hope, sincere." Asked his opinion of the jury verdict which cleared Mitchell, the New York banker, in the trial for income tax irregularities, Cummings flashed, " . . . nevertheless, I still believe in the jury system." The newspapermen cornered him one day. Major Dalrymple, of the Prohibition Bureau, one of his subordinates, had stated that the Eighteenth Amendment should not be repealed. President Roosevelt, when asked his opinion, had said, "Major Dalrymple should read the Democratic platform." "And what do you think, Mr. Cummings?" he was asked. He did not wish to criticize a subordinate for the benefit of the press. He answered promptly, "I think everybody should read the Democratic platform."

Thus, among other things, he adds to the folklore of the New Deal.



Howard Baer

"Do you think he wants what I think he wants?"



"Is this the perfume that brings out the brute in men?"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

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and bounds. There is a man who knows how to deal with men and also how to deal with public opinion. The first accomplishment is by far the more important. The second is the forte of every able ward heeler. Your moderately prescient district leader knows how to assure himself of your vote and your "co-operation." It is largely a matter of giving you some cigars and promising to take care of you. That's the lesson in McGuffey's First Reader of politics.

There have been quite a number of presidents who have mastered the first lesson in the game of getting what you want. Not so many of them have learned the higher mathematics of dealing with the politicians who have decided you would be a swell fall guy for the presidency. Harding went into the chair like a condemned man who thinks his electric head-piece is a halo. Coolidge was yanked off his cracker-barrel and deposited back thereupon without ever getting any notion about anything except that the salary of a vice-president is inadequate to the degree of inconspicuousness a vice-president has to maintain.

Roosevelt (F. D., in contradistinction to the feebler, if more blatant, T. R.) knows his dees and dems and them and those. And, what is more, he knows it is the part of polity to give a job to your most intelligent enemy and, while assuring yourself of his loyalty, to milk him of whatever ideas he has that make sense. Our President is literally surrounded by people who are violently opposed (privately) to what he is doing. His secretary of state, Cordell Hull, would be campaigning against him if he weren't secretary of state. He has three secretaries, not one of whom knows what it is all about and disapproves of it on general principles.

But, serenely the genial and conscientious man consults Tugwell and Moley and does whatever they say that he finds, after due reflection, to be expedient. And for one of the rare times in the history of our democracy we have a president who is democratic enough to believe that professors are also people. Whatever else may happen under such a revolutionary dispensation, it should be a pleasure to reflect that brains are no longer at the terrific discount so usual in politics and that such at the present time is the case with anything else one has to offer. Loyalty to the President, I gather from *The New Dealers*, is so deep, so sincere and so unanimous among those he has gathered around him that his personal charm must almost have force enough to yank any country out of a depression. The economic plans of the President are frankly experimental. He has the courage to alter the plans when he finds they are not bringing about the desired results. Some of his doings may sound erratic; but, at least, he is doing something and not sitting there with his hands folded. It is a pleasure to learn from *The New Dealers* that Mr. Roosevelt takes advice from men of worth and dignity such as Felix Frankfurter of Harvard University instead of dictation from Wall Street. It is quite possible that Franklin D. Roosevelt will go down in history as one of our greatest presidents. According to his own admission, if he doesn't succeed in what he is attempting, it is taps for him and for the system under which we live. *The New Dealers* gives you a very good idea of the set-up down in Washington, along with the personal histories of the staff the President has gathered about him.

Today Vaslav Nijinsky, his mind a sponged slate, sits in a cell in a Swiss sanitarium, drawing schizophrenic pictures full of mathematically precise parabolas and imagining (the pitiful paretic) that he has consummated a marriage with God. The very idea of such a thing is enough to terrify you if you have witnessed Nijinsky's writhe eloquence in human symmetry, pattern and pantomime. Are you old enough to have seen him prancing? I am, messieurs, and I saw him execute a cadenza, lightly and with grace and with that rhythm of the human body which poets aspire to in words. I also saw him perform the vicarious nuptials of *L'Après-midi d'un Faune* to the shocked surprise of the fluttered patrons of the opera in Chicago. It is a relief to be reminded that Nijinsky couldn't read French and that he got his notion of the Mallarmè poem by having it described to him. Rodin, at the Paris presentation, yelled "Bravo!" and "Bis!" because he knew that Nijinsky had captured in an instant and had displayed it, a verse Rodin could never transmit into stone.

The Nijinsky tragedy is set forth at length by Romola Nijinsky in *Nijinsky* (Simon & Schuster, $3.00). I didn't like to read this book and I had several kinds of horrors while I was reading it, but it made me feel that, determined bourgeois that I am, there are a few things in heaven and earth that are beyond me, Horatio. And one of them is the puzzle of Nijinsky. His wife (bless her heart) has not made the problem any too easy: she has, in fact, complicated it. But to complicate this curious existence we have thrust upon us, rather than to clarify it, is, let us say, the métier of the incredible woman who resolutely married Nijinsky under delusion that she was saving him from Diaghileff.

Mathewson

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man staring at me and wondering. Well, what of it? I'm drunk. And what's more, I'm very drunk. But I remember you, young fellow. You used to be on the Globe-Democrat. And you had sense enough not to ask fool questions of an unhappy woman. I remember that. A whole lot more than most newspaper men remember even when they're not drunk. And what's more" . . . and here he hiccoughed and staggered and almost fell against me, "I've sense enough to get drunk like this once in a while and so escape the real damned drunkenness which is—which is —well—which is . . ."

But here he paused and with one hand lifted indicated a material and social circle which seemed to include the entire block, very likely the entire region, or St. Louis, or the world. And then finally, after hiccoughing and meditating and seeming to be trying to serialize his thoughts, he added: "Everything that you see around here. Me, you, these people, St. Louis . . . (hic) . . ."

"I see," I commented, but he paid no attention to me, rather staggering and nearly falling and then being helped by me to a nearby light post. "Look at 'em!" he went on. "Look at 'em!" (And once more waving a feeble hand.) "Ignorant! Dirty! Useless! Eating and drinking and loafing, and, and, reproducing themselves. For what? For what? So's there'll be more of 'em to eat and drink an' loaf an' reproduce. An' they're supposed to be sober. An' I'm drunk. An' everybody else that wants to eat and drink and . . . reproduce themselves in St. Louis an' everywhere. You're sober. An' I'm drunk. An' you want to reproduce. An' I don't. An' I want to think. An' they don't—or can't. An' they're sober. An' you're sober. An' I'm drunk. Ha! Ha!"

He attempted to lean forward and nearly fell. To emphasize his remarks he now lifted one arm semaphorewise and brought it down rather dramatically, but not heavily, upon me. Meanwhile I stared about me at the wretched cobbled street, with its low, old buildings, its nondescript population of negroes and whites, its degraded and if not evil merely dull and humdrum men and women, their stores, rooms, brothels, saloons, and their hot, smelly bodies, all sweating together in the heat. And although he once more staggered and fell against me, and I braced him up and stood him against the post, the while a small crowd began to gather, I felt myself newly and differently affected, emotionally as well as mentally exalted. For the thought to which he had just given expression was to me, at that time in my life, so new and strange and, after a fashion, refreshing. For how true it was, or seemed, that we, or these people at least, were dreaming—a wild, bitter, troublesome and yet colorful and exciting dream! And perhaps the dream covered everything semi-miserable, semi-contented, semi-brutal, semi-decent everywhere, not only in St. Louis but in the world, of which by this time I had had some twenty-two years of experience.

Here in this drab, decayed, out-at-seat, down-at-heel, poverty-limited street, with its dirty children, black and white, and its stray cats and dogs, I was swelling with an excess of sympathy, wonder, respect, even awe. Drunkenness? Drunkenness? Who was really drunk? This small, limp, Chaplinesque figure, with his reflector-like temperament and laboratory-like mind and its scalpel-like thoughts, or myself, or these people of this street, or of St. Louis, or of the world?

Delilah of the Latter Days

Continued from page 116

"No."

"Now, as to the rap you mentioned. The cops knew I done it and the jury knew. But the case was a pushover."

"I remember. They saw you running from the building with most of your hair singed off. But in court you looked O. K."

I bent an ear backward to hear what he said because the dame had brought up something that had us all stopped. The Chief just laughed and changed the subject.

Maybe no other dame ever treated him indifferent. Anyhow it worked. But he made no bum passes at her. Finally he did get nerve enough to take her hand in the car.

"A sweet little mitt," he says, "but them long finger nails remind me of cats. I don't like 'em."

"Neither do I, but they come in handy. With feelers in cars."

He looked at her a minute then he sits up and yelps:

"What's the matter with me anyhow? Am I cock-eyed or bow-legged or dumb or something?"

"Matter?" She looked surprised.

"Yeah. I don't usually have to chase dolls. I'm a swell dresser, I got plenty dough, and I know how to turn it loose. But here I make a sucker of myself over you and you don't give me a tumble."

"Let's talk about something else. Cows, for instance. What do you know about cows?"

"They give milk and they go 'Moo'," says the chief, very much burned.

"I'll bet little calves are cute. And little pigs—some of 'em are pink and you can feed 'em out of a bottle."

He says slow, "I'm wise to you. It's that dancing farm boy, Johnny. He's been filling you with hay. For two cents I'd put a pineapple in his corn flakes."

"You won't have to. He's sick of New York—wants to go back West."

"Well, that's just fine. Tomorrow he gets the gate."

"Fire him, and I quit the show." She looked at him steady and he dropped back on the cushions. He was stopped.

In the Delilah number the kids danced between the tables, him throwing her around limp as a towel. The chumps got a big kick out of it, dodging as her head or her legs whizzed past.

The night I'm telling you about, everything went O. K. till the dancers got to where The Chief was sitting. Johnny's hand musta slipped. Nobody, not even a dumb kid like him, would have done it on purpose. Anyhow as he swung her about her foot caught The Chief an awful wallop square on the beezer. To the chumps it was a howl. That sock woulda been enough even if the customers hadn't burned up the boss by laughing.

In the wash room I helped him bathe his schnozzle. I could guess what was coming. This dumb kid had slapped Curly in the face with the girl both was crazy about.

"Just what are we giving this guy?"

"The business," he says.

"The business?"

"Right."

Any other big timer would have let Johnny have it without giving him a break. The Chief was too sweet a mug for that. I had to offer Johnny his chance. I put it to him diplomatic.

"Listen, Johnny," I says. "There's a certain party that don't like you any more—"

"Oh, I didn't do it on purpose," he says.

"—and you're gonna leave that dame alone and you're gonna beat it. I mean, right now."

"I won't," he says.

"Because," I says, speaking slow and careful, "the last bozo that didn't lam when this party asked him got interred right afterward."

"I won't leave," says Johnny.

Well, there you are. I reported to The Chief. We called in the gang to decide on ways and means. The majority voted for a buggy ride. But The Chief said he was going to take this Johnny himself, right there in the Hot Spot.

We made an awful squawk. It was a helluva chance to take. But when Curly made up his mind it wasn't any use crossing him. We got busy on details. It was finally decided to split the mob and seat them in the Hot Spot at two nearby tables. An argument would start from one to the other, then a fight. The lights would be pulled and a free-for-all with shooting would follow in the dark. When the cops come and get the lights on, all they find is Johnny. On the floor and no good to anybody. Questions would only bring out that a row started between two tables and that in the excitement Johnny had got shot—accidentally.

The following night was the time set. That evening The Chief climbed into his tux and stuck a gardenia in his lapel.

"Let's get going," he says taking a satisfied look in the long mirror.

I dropped a rod in my shoulder sling and passed one to him.

At the Hot Spot me and The Chief took the special table in the corner. The other boys came in right after and sat down nearby. Nearby was a hidden switch which controlled the lights.

The prospects of doing a job never upset Curly Sutro. His dinner that night would have done credit to a guy from the bread line.

I got up finally and says, "Just gonna take a look around."

Everything outside checked O. K. Lookouts in doorways gave me the eye. Our two cars were running at the curb. On my way back there was a yank at my coat as I passed the screen in front of the girl's dressing room. It was Dee.

"What's on?" she says in a low voice. "Curly and that bunch at the next table. I've seen them jingle cats in here before. I'm afraid."

"The Chief wouldn't hurt you, sister. You're his headache and you know it."

"You can't switch me off. Johnny told me what you said to him and I know what it means. We'll leave town. You tell Curly that. Please."

"I don't get you."

"All right," she suddenly turned as hard as the sidewalks of New York, "if you don't stop him I will."

I didn't even tell The Chief what she said. The pay-off was due soon. Our boys at the next table began acting like they were boiled—squabbling among themselves and making cracks at people nearby. Just a build-up for the main act. Then the lights went low, the orchestra struck up a slow and snaky tune, the guy with the spotlight got the range, and Dee and Johnny came bouncing out for the Delilah number.

It was plain he didn't suspect anything as he tossed her around. But it was getting harder for her to hold that chorus smile. When they passed us the first time our boys gave him an awful razzberry. People at other tables shushed and glared. The Chief leaned over, pretending to be sore, and told the boys to cut it out.

Johnny and the dame circled the floor and started our way the second time. The boys shifted their irons under the tablecloth and threw us the eye. All set. I was looking at the exits to see that our out wouldn't be blocked, when unexpected things began to happen.

As Johnny and the little dame went whirling by, there was an awful bellow from The Chief. Next I know he is trying to bore a hole in my back with the top of his head. Then the house turns black and two shots whizz past my ear. In the dark customers scream and yell. There is a wild stampede for the doors. Tables crash, dames squall, men cuss.

Me—I grabbed The Chief, flopped to the floor beside him and unlimbered. We lay in the darkness till things kinda died down. Then I notice a funny thing. The Chief is shaking like he has a chill.

"Are you hit?" I whispers.

"No," he says in a strange voice. "It was me that shot and pulled the lights. Wanted to clear the room."

"We better take it on the lam."

"My hat!" he screams, "my hat! my hat!"

I thought he was being mighty particular for a time like that. But I fished around in the dark till I found his grey felt.

"All right," he says. "Let's go." He was still shaking.

Safe behind ice box doors, at the apartment, he flopped in a big chair and yelps for a drink. I noticed he seemed smaller and there was a different look about his face. He still had his hat on.

"Slugs," he says after a pause, "she got me."

He downed some hooch like a man in a dream. "I can depend on you, can't I, Slugs?"

"Did I ever fail you, chief?"

"Then get a load of this."

He grabbed off his hat. I nearly done a back flop. His head was as bald as an egg.

"She knew it," he says. "She gimme a funny look one day in the car and I saw it in her eyes. She knew I couldn't face that roomful of people like—this. When they danced by she grabbed—it off my head." He couldn't say the word, wig.

I was coming to. "That's why you pulled the lights?"

"Yeh."

I squawks, "You ain't the first guy that ever wore one of them things. What difference does it make?"

"It wouldn't make none to a dope like you. But I got my pride. I lost my hair

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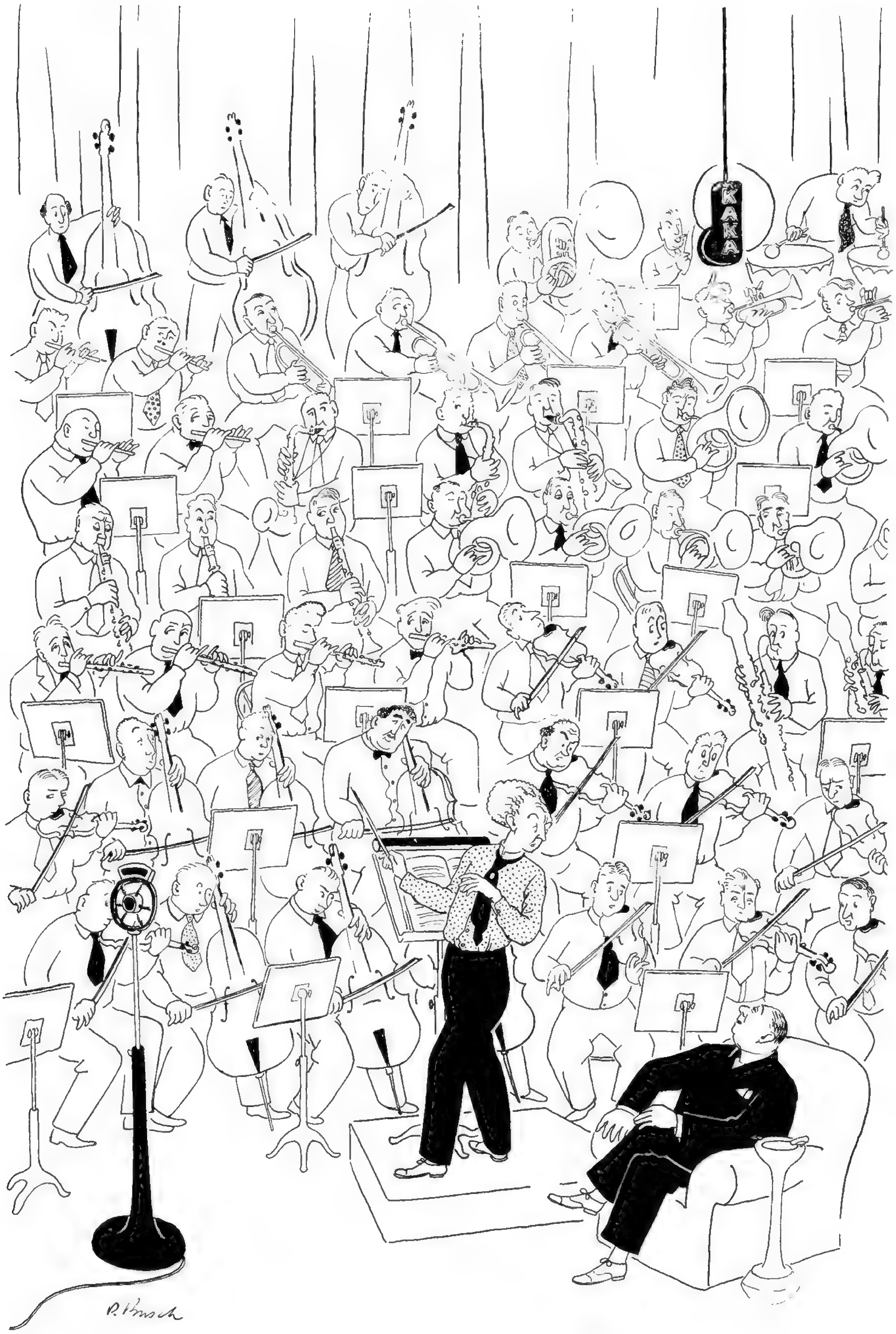

"And how much would it come to, without the trombones?"

Delilah of the Latter Days

Continued from page 126

when I was a kid. Typhoid. It ruined my looks and girls laughed at me. I couldn't stand that because I was always bugs for pretty dames. So I beat it to New York. I had them things made to order. People knew me by my red, curly hair. It was my badge—my trade-mark."

"There must be plenty more wigs in New York."

"Not like that. I'm telling you. The last two were specials. I had 'em made in Paris."

"Then where is your spare?"

He groaned. "It got burned off in that Queens laundry explosion. I beat the rap by using the second one."

"Don't let it get you down," I says. "We'll find another."

He cheered up some but he says, "It was a special red color and a special shape."

"Well, how about tracking down that little dame and making her return the one she took?"

"If we could only do that." A drop of something fell from his cheek into the empty glass. "We gotta get it back, Slugs. We gotta."

But we didn't. The little dame was nowhere to be found and neither was Johnny.

Curly Sutro's nerve went with his red scalp. And you know what I got to thinking? It reminded me of how it happened to this guy Sampson in the old book. The dame made a mug of him when she took his hair. Looked like The Chief's strength was in his hair too. When a hoodlum loses his nerve, he is sunk. It gets around. Nobody is afraid of him any more. There was plenty out gunning for Curly. It was only a question of which one laid him down.

You remember it came in a doorway on West Forty-ninth. We went in to see a wigmaker. While we looked at the name plates to get the floor, there was two shots. Blam—blam! Close together like that. I heard a fast car shift into high as the torpedo made his getaway. Curly pulled his hat down tight as I lifted him off the floor. He was slipping fast.

"In—hat," he says, very faint.

I didn't get it.

"Like—I—am," he says fainter still.

Then I understood. "Gotcha, Chief," I says. "Just like you are." But he wasn't listening any more.

The last thing he thought of was how he would look when he lay in state. And since it was what he wanted, we buried him in his hat.

Them? Oh, you mean the dark little dame and Johnny. Yeh, I saw them one more time. They were going toward a ferry in an old Ford they musta picked up second-handed. Suitcases were piled in the back seat. She wore a ring. He was driving bareheaded. On the radiator cap was tied something that looked like a red floor mop. But I knew it wasn't.

Going the Whole Way

Continued from page 76

This lasted for more than two weeks. If they noticed me, they did not deign to show it, and never ceased their conversation while I passed. One Saturday afternoon, with the sky grey and motionless and the water beneath it as still as a sheet of lusterless steel, and even the gulls silent, I saw them again sitting very close together, strewing grass blades over their laps and legs. Unexpectedly I said, "Good afternoon. Pretty cloudy, isn't it?" Both turned, gasped a little and said in unison, "Oh." Then the blond said, "For God's sake, you must be an angel. I was just thinking of heaven. A nice bright American heaven at that." We all laughed, while they studied me. Then we talked about the sheep, the tide, the old tower and about New York and Michigan and Maryland. Finally the brown-haired one looked at me almost pleadingly and insisted, "Isn't this the most peaceful place on earth?" I was forced to agree, but watched the swooping of a lonely gull while the other one cried, "Oh, this is just the place to forget everything. The completest place. You could even die right here and even the sheep wouldn't know what was up." There wasn't much to answer to that, so that I pointed toward the small yellow brick house past the graveyard and said, "That's where I live." They looked politely and answered, "Oh, isn't that cute," and "Isn't that the darlingest place to live." Then they looked at me curiously, and before I had a chance to lead the conversation elsewhere, the dark one asked, "But why do you hang out here? Or are you one of those ruin diggers or something?" When I told them that I lived there because I liked to live there, they stared unbelievingly and forgot to say goodbye when I left them immediately thereafter.

That evening later, after Aagje, my old housekeeper, had gone to her room and I was trying to start another chapter of my novel, I was startled by a loud rapping on the door. The villagers never knocked. They simply opened the door and shouted, "Folk," discreetly down the hallway. There was no doubt in me, it must be the American girls. They greeted me hilariously when I opened the door. "Look, we've found you, and we're going to keep you company. How's that?" As quietly as I could I tried to escort them and their basket of assorted wines, whiskey and gin past the door of Aagje's room, but they pushed past me and emptied the basket on the table. Nothing could stop them. I even lacked time for consternation. Both were nicely high. "I guess maybe we've got enough," they told me. "Now look here, we've got a good start on you. Now like a good brick, you'd better hurry and get started and catch up." They found glasses, they found everything. They did everything. They sang, they whistled, they danced. They stood over me in hopeful expectation and watched each drink disappear inside of me. "Atta boy," they shouted. " 'At's like a red-blooded American." The situation was most fantastic. I was quite overwhelmed, and even forgot to fear that Aagje might come in. "He'll soon catch up," they assured each other about me, as if I was a weird patient with a fascinating malady. I protested no longer. It was of no use. I merely sat and was served. They sang jumbled lines about night and day and drank more. It was even possible that their hilariousness was forced, they were so fierce about it. I did not know, but tried to diagnose them. Perhaps that was what was wrong with me, because the brown haired one scolded, "Say, come out of your shell, will you? Why don't you join? Look at us."

I looked at them wide-eyed, so that they could have no doubt about my looking. The blond came, sat on the arm of my chair and put her arm around my shoulder, "Do you know why we came? To this dump? Well, I'll tell you. It's an experiment, a noble experiment. Just like prohibition. We're trying to forget, see? And we're trying to go the whole way. The whole damned way. Make a good American job of it. We're going to forget. And you're going to help us forget tonight. You've got to, you're an American."

I laughed for I was suddenly full of laughter in spite of the badly concocted drinks. They tousled my hair. The other asked, "D'you know what we're trying to forget? Forget the whole way? Well, it's men and a whole lot of them. Men like you. The whole damn wild life. All kinds of men. See, they sent us out here, the folks did, big brothers and everything, and we're going the whole way. We're gonna show them what we can do all by ourselves. The whole goddamn way. That's why we came to this dump with its sheep and dikes and babies. It's a great experiment. We're going to do it." They tugged impatiently at my hair. "Don't you see what we want of you? Haven't you got any initiative? Can't you see we want more loving? Why the hell don't you do something?"

"Yes, why don't you do something?" wailed the blond girl.

"He needs more drinks," the other diagnosed.

I could not protest. They came in turn to be kissed. They stormed me, they tore at me. Their eyes were blotted and their lips hot and wet. I thought I was getting drunk, for my thoughts blurred to the ridiculousness of everything. It was a fast and furious, an earnest game. While one came to be kissed the other one waited impatiently or took another drink. Slowly they grew quiet. The dark one sagged in a corner chair and was sick and still. "It's a noble experiment," she muttered after a long pause. "Going the whole damned way completely." The other one slid to the floor humming about night and day. Then they became utterly still. I rose and called Aagje, and found her fully dressed, expecting me. She nodded a little mournfully as if she understood it all a little too well and should not be blamed for her understanding. She went to the girls and I went for a walk on top of the dike to think. Thoughts somehow got confused with the monotonous crooning of the sea. I passed sleeping sheep and started to desire sleep acutely. I went to sleep at the inn.

During the next few days I did not see them. In fact, I shunned them, for certainly by this time they should be repenting of their lapse from the noble experiment. They

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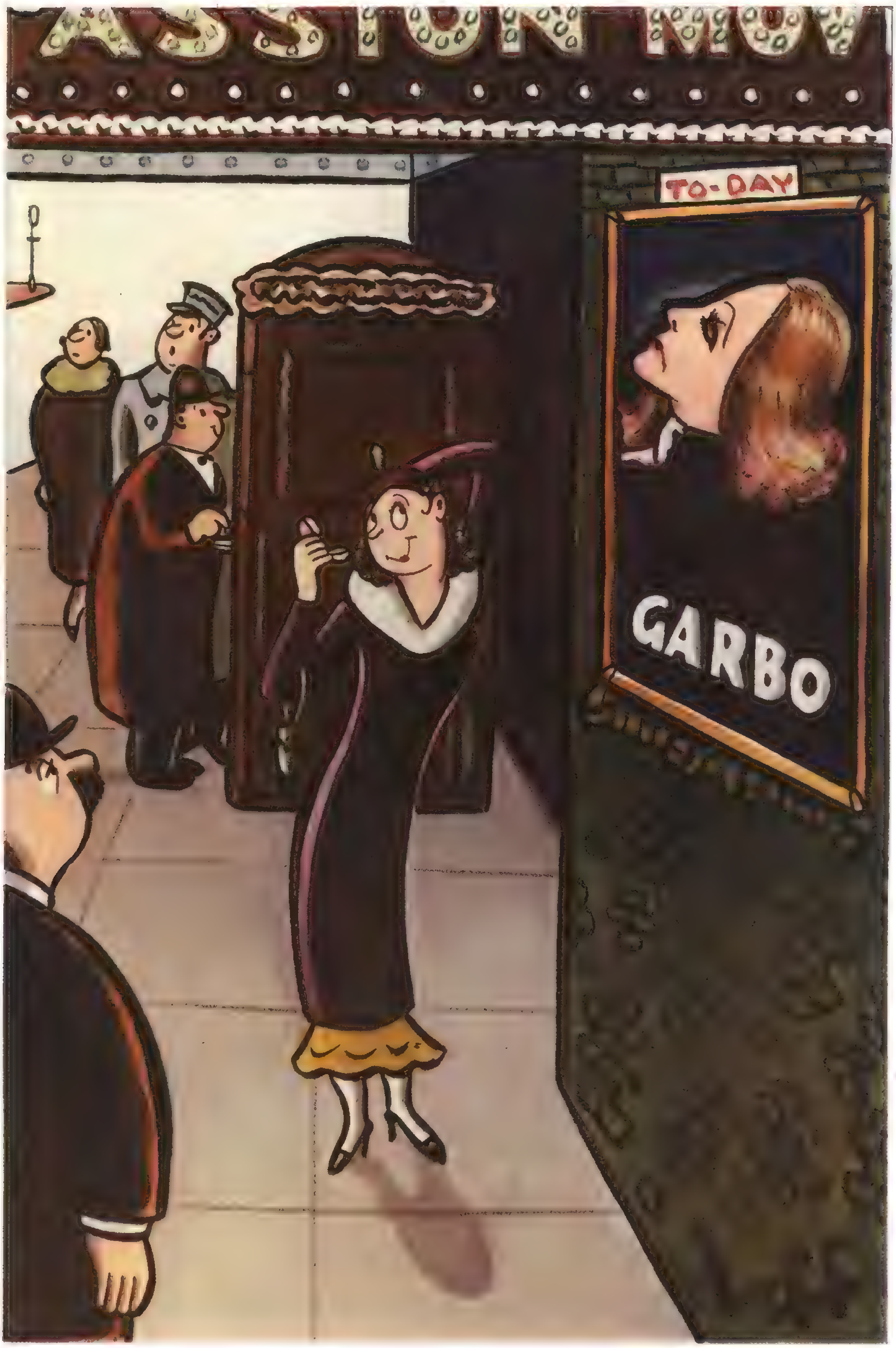
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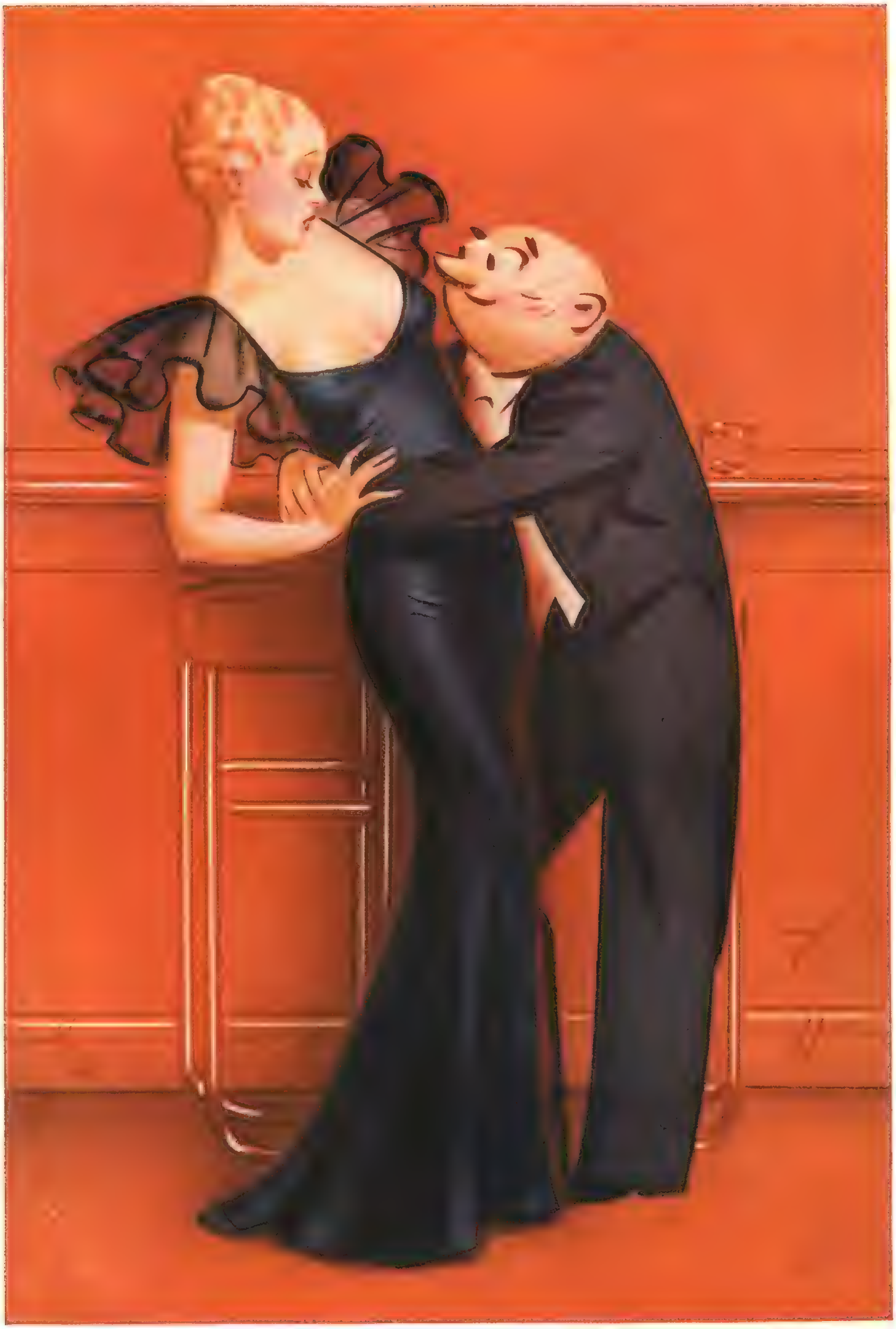

"I can't see why you're always mauling me"

Going the Whole Way

Continued from page 128

could be expected to repent as furiously as they had experimented. The sight of me would surely not be welcome. Aagje had only sighed heavy Dutch sighs and wagged her head when I had asked her about them. Still, I could not put them out of my mind, so that a few days later I maneuvered to meet them on the dike. They were not in the least abashed when they saw me, but waved and smiled broadly. "Say," said the blond, after I had reached them, "say, how in the devil can you stand this experiment? Don't you ever get tired of it?"

I told her very patiently about my trips on the bicycle, but she interrupted, "But say, fellow, that isn't going the whole way. That's not fair. Skipping out of town." She turned to her companion and said, "That's always men for you, isn't it?"

"If you want to do a thing you may as well do it completely," the dark one advised me earnestly. "What you're doing is compromising. That's half business. No wonder you can stand it."

"But I'm not carrying on a noble experiment," I protested. "I'm not trying to get away from anything."

They stared. "My God, you're not?" they cried. "What the hell are you doing in this place, fellow, tell us that?"

Very patiently I told them again, "Because I like it."

They turned their faces away and looked at the sheep. "Well, that's something altogether different," the blond one muttered tonelessly, as if all hope and courage had been sapped from her.

The next day I learned that they had left the village. I was not surprised. I was not surprised when I ran across them a month later during the fair in Groningen. Two American men were with them and they had been drinking. The blond girl saw me first and pulled me toward the others by my coatsleeve. "The fellow from that dump where we tried the noble experiment," she introduced me to the two men. Then she turned to me. "I tell you, that noble experiment was no good. Just like prohibition. You can't go all the way. I tell you, you might as well give up. Here, have a drink."

I laughed with them, while the dark one patted my hand consolingly. "But let me tell you what, fellow. You don't know what you missed when you let us go. See, we wouldn't even have left that town if you'd taken care of us. Don't you see, there was no use going the whole way like that. You would have been enough for both of us. You don't know what you missed. Well, anyway, the folks still send the mail to the little dump with the sheep and dikes and things."

I left them a little later. "He's dying a slow death there in that dump, I tell you," I heard the blond one say about me.

I walked on.

Gardens for Males

Continued from page 99

Men like rawish colors. Just as they like trombones and cymbals in an orchestra; they want something in their tone-colors, both in art and music, which has a punch.

Color in a garden, when properly used, is to accent basic elements of garden design, such as lines and masses. The edge of a border may be accented by a line of brilliant-hued flowers or foliage. The entrance to a pergola is accented by placing two bright-colored pieces of garden pottery on either side. Color is accent.

Men like primary colors, colors of force, in their gardens. Women like tints and shades. Few established landscape offices have escaped the feminine client who has said, "I must have a garden with nothing but flowers of lavender colors!" or it may be blue and white, or all blue, or pink and mauve or any other pastel color combination. Aiding and abetting this, or actually causing it are literally hundreds of garden articles written for women by women that have put hyper-emphasis on color harmony in the flower border. Striving to achieve that has forced the colorist into using blooms that have so little color force they will harmonize with anything. Once into this field of garden detail, the woman writer, and woman reader, reaches an ecstatic stage where all the rest of the garden elements may go by the board if they preserve their mauve-lavender-lilac color scheme.

Such gardens are neuter things; flattish. Good gentlemen, if you want a garden that will appeal to you, use color bravely. Plant such gaudy plunder as the flame-red Butterfly Weed, or the Red Hot Poker plant, dash Scotch Pinks, Parrot Tulips, and the brilliant Geums along the edgings of your borders, put gobs of scarlet Lychnis where you want color where it will make telling emphasis; get other emphasis by introducing the gorgeous Oriental Poppies.

Curiously, the ladies will like these colors too, once their vision tastes it. Most of them are barbarics at heart, bless 'em, and only think they like wishy-washy colors.

Here is a case in point. On one occasion a riding club asked for a planting plan for a bit of turf around the stables. Some keen wit had conceived the idea that stables might have a sprightly touch of landscape near them as easily as a sea of hot gravel.

Now, there was a problem for a landscape designer; what was the appropriate garden-idea for a hunt-club stable? Deliberately, every blossom worked into the beds was of first-power color. Strangely that bit of planting design resembling Joseph's coat after a trip to the dry cleaners, brought more favorable comment than any other planting we had arranged. Some of the very ladies who were members of the club and burbled in delight over that planting, were the ones who insisted that nothing but faint colors should be allowed in their home grounds. Yet, their flower borders might have had all the depth of color-richness found in oriental rugs on their floors had they allowed colors, instead of tints and shades in their gardens. They had read somewhere, a gushy, giddy discussion by some subdued soul who was bent on converting gardens of the nation into mousey, lavender tinted retreats for sensitive spinsters instead of rousing, stimulating, inspirational outdoor living rooms for virile women and men.

Men like color in their gardens. I believe women do too; but that a certain color trend in the mauve mode has inhibited gardenettes from finding how splendid color accents may be developed in every home garden.

Perhaps if men discard the inferiority complex that has caused them to abandon the garden art largely to women influence, and get into this game in earnest, they will not only be able to introduce color that will appeal to the masculine eye, but they may emancipate the woman who has been led into lilac color schemes through reading the dissertations of lady scribes campaigning for pastel tints in gardens.

Nothing can make a garden rowdy, good-natured and cheery so readily as plenty of strong color properly placed. At least, this is the way it appeals to a man.

There is another phase of home garden development in which men and women have divergent points of view. While she loves to putter with planting, pruning and trimming, a woman often gets the apex of her enjoyment in the garden, from merely looking out over the garden picture, or strolling near flower borders and looking on the detail of the planting arrangement. To her a garden often is a series of outdoor bouquets. The male likes to get out and stamp around, be active in the utilization of the entire ground area.

The central turf panel may be no place in which to stake out a croquet court; but he may do it nevertheless. A woman may think of a pool as a place in which she may grow aquatics; but a man probably thinks of a pool as a place where he may splash, yell and flounder. The man wants a pool in his home landscape primarily for a place to dive and swim; he looks for the proper place to put it after the use-idea has taken hold. The woman thinks first of the horticultural elements of the pool, the aesthetic effect; and then, if it can be a swimming pool as well as a lily pool, all well and good.

Picnic corners, outdoor grills where steak frys may be staged, bowling greens—this sort of thing makes direct appeal to the practical male mind. And with good design all of these may be worked into a relatively limited home grounds. They are not elements that a woman would think of spontaneously, as extremely desirable—but a man might regard them as not only a desirable, but an essential part of his garden.

Probably it is this same practical slant which makes a vegetable garden, be it ever so small, a part of a man's idea of a good garden. Neat square beds, edged by annual flowers for cutting, are a part of most all-around home gardens. A square of diggable earth, where a man may scratch and weed, and where he may grow lettuce, radishes and onions, and cutworms, nematodes and other varmints, appeals to a man. It appeals to

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Gardens for Males

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his practicality—this raising of his own vegetables. The woman knows, from practical experience, that such vegetables can be secured with far fewer ergs of energy, less travail and actual lower cost, from the neighborhood grocery. But after all, so can cut flowers be secured more economically from commercial sources. But who would, if they could grow their own? Have a vegetable garden for the old man—just see what a lot of fun and sunburn he would miss, what a lot of bragging about his brussels sprouts never could be done, if the vegetable garden were ruled out.

Fine garden making is an art based on science and handicraft. Just as oil painting is based on a fairly sound knowledge of pigments, their behavior and chemistry, so garden art is based on knowledge of the living plant materials. But the expression of an idea through either of these media is where the art angle comes in. In other fields of creative art, men have made their mark. But in garden art in America, except in the professional practice of landscape architecture, women have dominated American garden design.

Gardening is a man's game as much as a woman's. It offers high adventure in the realm of growing things. It is a bully good field in which the male can find an outlet for self-expression without taking up classic dancing or the saxophone. This art, both in the plans made for clients by professional designers, and in the amateur division, has been terrifically woman-dominated.

Incidentally, give thanks that they have brought the garden art along as far as they have.

It really is high time that the male assert himself, somewhat, and claim a share in the creative development of his garden. It is meet that he should unleash the urge to garden that he has modestly hidden so generally. The chances are, the feminine contingent will welcome this emergence from the chrysalis with a yell of delight—and establish her garden-minded man on the heavy end of a spade.

But things can be done with a spade, when it is wielded with ingenuity, appreciation and patience.

Here's happy blisters to you, brother—and hoping you find a little more fun and understanding as you garden because we have had this session together.

Little Angevine

Continued from page 55

the busy Ting kept the house shining like a new pin. When the telephone rang she looked toward it with an expression of sombre melancholy. Before she used to dance toward it, making merry faces at Ting, who often had to take it because Angevine couldn't understand.

But she understood this time. He was there, on the end of that wire, his dreadful face smiling as he said, "Ah there, my little Angevine." She saw Ting Poo, leaning on his mop, looking at her, and she began to tremble.

"He says he will come," she said, and Ting immediately became almost temperamental.

"Very good, Missy. You tell him yes plenty dollar. In my uncle's house in city, you comprenny?" He waved his hands. "I speak my uncle. All very good now." He stooped to look into her lifeless face as he added: "Ting Poo no caree, no like pipe-man. Ting fix him. Missy no cry."

"Oh Ting, what will you do? How can I give him any more money?"

"You tell him plenty money in city house. He go. I know pipe-bums. Must have money to pay for pipe."

Slowly the notion dawned on Angevine that the little yellow man was not so innocent as he appeared. There was an expression of competence on his broad face. She regarded him with new interest as he explained what she was to do.

It was he who opened the door and found Mr. Leicester leaning doggily on a cane, the brim of a furry fedora turned down over one eye. Mr. Leicester walked in without invitation. He was smiling. A novel notion had come to him. Suppose he . . . Since he was about to depart from these coasts—for California to be precise—there was no object in being considerate of George Marshall. Marshall, until this little rip had hornswoggled him, had been a bit of a roaming sailor . . . It would put a sort of crown on the whole affair. There was Casanova now . . .

There was also, he observed with smiling animosity, that infernal Chink. Oh well! Angevine, seeing him again, no larger than mortal man, had an odd sense of relief. She had imagined him growing, huge and sinister above her. She was no longer suffering from that paralysis of brain which keeps the bird fascinated by the approaching snake. Ting Poo's words held her steady. She began even to act. She stood before him where he sat in the little parlor, lolling on the lounge, smoking a cigarette which filled the room with a strange odor. His trembling hands were scarcely able to clutch his cigarette case as it fell to the floor.

"Oh Monsieur! Have mercy! I have no more money."

"Don't say that, Angevine. I would hate to inform Monsieur George of the truth, but no other course is open, unless."

"But Monsieur—so soon!"

"Listen, Angevine. I am going away. I shall turn over a new leaf, in California. You will never hear of this again. That is why I come so soon. It is cheaper for you, believe me. Let us go now and you can give me the money."

"Impossible today, Monsieur. It will be necessary to sell some paper, you understand."

"Tomorrow then."

"To sell so quick Monsieur, is a loss. I must go to the bank . . ."

"Well, that is all the same to me." He smiled at her through the smoke, approvingly. Angevine was very desirable as she stood there, in his power. Quite in his power. His imagination was stirred by that thought. A perverted artistry made the idea attractive. The memory of George Marshall, curt and efficient, patronizing and well-groomed, was hateful to the man he had helped. What a perfect method of equalizing the scores! He saw Angevine standing, her head bowed, her hands on her breast, but he did not perceive the subtle change in her expression.

"Oh Monsieur, what shall I say to my husband?" she pleaded in a low tone. "All my savings!"

"Ah, my little chicken, you will have to invent a pretty story. You are a clever chicken, you know, and a pretty one too. Tell him your Aunt Ernestine in Marseilles was in need of assistance. Or your Uncle Leslie. A most deserving case! I shall ask one little kiss as well, Angevine, to close the bargain."

"Oh Monsieur! Not—not here."

"Oh well, tomorrow at the place in Salutamus Street, eh. Salutamus it is. Don't be late now, my lovely one. And we shall say goodbye. After all, you owe all this to me, eh? A word to the good Mr. George, and where would you be? Think of that, Angevine, when you come tomorrow."

Drifting dreamily through the busy throngs of Rampart Street toward Salutamus, Mr. Leslie Leicester felt that he had at last done the right thing. He ought to have done it before. George Marshall's ship was due in today. If he had been anything like the shrewd judge of men he thought he was, Mr. Leicester told himself in good-humored contrition, he would have known that George Marshall would turn over his wages to that frugal little wife of his. Complete unquestioning trust. She had pulled the wool completely over his eyes. Mr. Leicester smiled as he thought of the story she would have to cook up. And yet, unless some emergency arose, she might not have to make any explanation at all. How very chic she was! Fancy that delicious creature blossoming out of the frightened little kid who had gazed into his eyes on the Marseilles dockside, with her "Oh Monsieur!" It only showed you, he reflected, how the wicked prosper. Why but for himself, unselfishly taking George Marshall up there, she'd never have got any breaks at all. What was a paltry thousand in payment for so much?

By the time Mr. Leicester had reached Salutamus Street and was looking for the George Washington Hotel for seamen, the thousand dollars seemed hardly enough. He would have decided to raise the price had he not been enchanted with sensuous antici-

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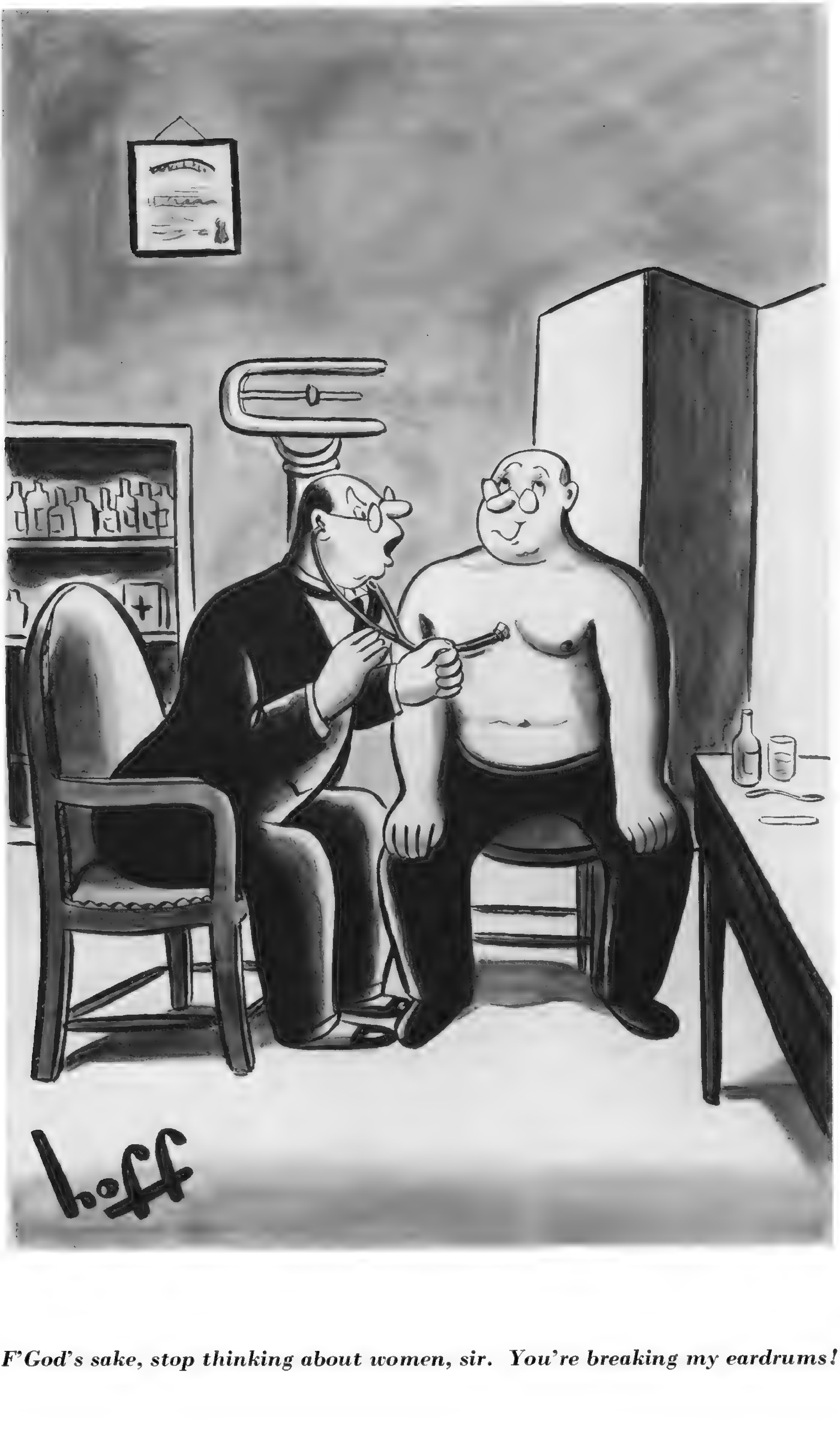


"F'God's sake, stop thinking about women, sir. You're breaking my eardrums!"

Little Angevine

Continued from page 132

pation of the coming interview. He intended leaving at once for the coast. He remembered a place, Santa Monica it was, where there were bungalows on a high mountain overhanging the sea, and a heavenly climate. He had always wanted to try his luck as a character actor in the pictures. He believed, with the leisure the windfall would bring him, that he could catch a director's eyes. He knew there was nowadays a money value in an appearance of dashing depravity. He would get himself up as an officer, in civilian clothes, of course, of the Legion of the Damned. He had always been an actor and not always a bad actor, he told himself. And how it would assuage his hate and minister to his vanity if he took with him one more trophy! After all, he argued, swinging his cane and inspecting the angle of his fedora in a shop window, after all he had found Little Angevine. He, with the eye of a connoisseur, had found the jewel in the mud. So . . . he paused and looked up at the entrance of the George Washington Hotel.

It was a flight of stairs and he climbed it leisurely. She would not be on time, of course. He gave her half an hour. She would hurry in, breathless, and he would make her wait. But at the top of the stairs a bronze dragon and the faint odor he knew so well fixed his attention. This was a Chink joint. Now he remembered. Over the clock in the room-clerk's office was another oriental animal, in turquoise blue enamel. A Kylin it was called. Mr. Leicester remembered hearing of the Turquoise Kylin. You could get a room there, on the quiet, and if you brought your own pipe.

The room clerk, a grave young Chinaman in a blue silk coat that buttoned closely about his neck, made no comment when Mr. Leicester asked for a room for an hour, pushing the register away with his cane. He then tapped the desk and said he expected a lady. Show her in at once.

As he went along the corridor, he took out one of his special cigarettes. He stopped to light it and in the glare of the match flame he did not see Ting Poo's face at a door-crack as he passed. The perfume of the drug always inspired Mr. Leicester with a superb optimism quite apart from the gorgeous dreams later on. As he sat in the room he had engaged he was struck by the way he was always running into Chinamen. They used to swarm on the ships and no doubt they did so still. Yet he hated them. They gave him what he could not do without, yet he hated them. When he went to see little Angevine there was that young Chink hanging around with his broom and duster. Mr. Leicester's bootlegger friend employed them. And here again he was among them. They got on his nerves. The way they walked down the street single file, and their impassive downcast glances infuriated him. He had never been able to make any impression upon them. In spite of himself he felt inferior in their presence, and he wanted to kill them all, to have them in his power.

This thought was always besetting him for he had never had anyone in his power. Even the women who had fallen into his hands for a time had never regarded him as powerful. They succumbed to some peculiar appeal of his personality, but it was never power. So, as he smoked his opium cigarettes his thoughts came back to the ravishing interview he was now awaiting, with a woman who was in his power by reason of her love for her husband and her desire for a stainless life. Doubly in his power because of his superior knowledge of the way the law worked for aliens and her own desperate ignorance of what her husband might do. It was perfect, Mr. Leicester decided, lying back in a cane chair, his eyes closed so that he might enjoy the sensation of complete dominance. And she was so meek and so damned good inside, he thought savagely. She would never turn on him or draw a gun. She would be too scared. She had a good intelligence and she knew it would be better to buy him off for good. She had the sense to see it was worth anything to be rid of him. Anything!

He opened his eyes for he thought he heard a sound. But the door did not open. Plenty of time. She would come, the sweet lamb, to be shorn. God tempers the wind to them. That was lucky, he thought, smiling.

Outside the door Wong Choi, Number One Chinaman of the *Camotan's* crew, pulled Ting Poo from the crack in the door of Mr. Leicester's room and set his austere Mongolian features close to the wooden panel. Behind him in single file were a dozen of his men, their eyes downcast and so silent they seemed to be ghosts. Wong Choi straightened up and moved back against the wall. Ting Poo, looking unusually intellectual in his stiff European collar and well-pressed blue suit, opened the door and slipped in.

Mr. Leicester, thrilling to the sound, opened his eyes again and was already making a dignified gesture, bidding his victim be seated, when he saw Ting Poo. The expression on his face changed until he was snarling. All the dislike of Ting Poo's race, which he had nursed for so long, made Mr. Leicester see red. He sprang up and raised his cane.

"Where have you come from, you—you?"

"Missy no come," said Ting Poo. "Missy say she very sorry, no money. Missy wish you bon voyage."

"Bon voyage!" Mr. Leicester raised his cane higher and made a lash at Ting Poo, who slipped back to the door. "I'll give her bon voyage, and you too, you yellow monkey!"

But Ting Poo was terribly hard to reach. He was like a wraith. He slipped past the whirling cane, which crashed on the table and brought down a vase. He went past the window, then over the bed and back to the door, where Mr. Leicester caught him across the shoulders. Ting Poo let out a shrill squeal. Mr. Leicester lashed at him again as he pulled open the door. As in a nightmare Mr. Leicester saw one small Chinaman become a dozen. He backed away, still laying about him, his mind hampered by the dream of little Angevine standing meekly before him, her hands on her bosom, whispering "Oh Monsieur!"

He found himself beset by yellow men who bore down upon him. He dropped his cane and struck at them with his fists, snarling, and still they came on. Now Mr. Leicester had a fancy, as those yellow sinister faces encompassed him, that he called to little Angevine to help him, and she stood with her sweet little face turned away as he slipped over the edge and fell, and went on falling.

When George Marshall left the *Camotan* that afternoon, after she was berthed and the passengers landed, he hurried. But he met a friend who was a master baker and Mr. Marshall needed a baker. He had had to fire the present incumbent, who was a hophead. He and his friend stopped at a place they knew and talked it over. There was a headline in the paper DRUG ADDICT FOUND UNCONSCIOUS: DIES ON WAY TO HOSPITAL: FOUL PLAY HINTED. Mr. Marshall looked it over. He pointed it out.

"Leslie Leicester," he remarked, nodding at the name. "I knew him. Gone right down he has. I tried to help him last time in but the stuff had him."

"Sure," said the baker, "it gets 'em. He probably got beat up in one of these joints. Just shows you."

Mr. Marshall went on home, leaving the newspaper where it lay. He had a clear conscience so far as Mr. Leicester was concerned, but he had never mentioned that gentleman to his wife and did not wish to revive her memories of Marseilles. The poor bum had been on his way out anyhow. All for the best no doubt. And soon the trolley reached St. Anne's Parish.

He was waiting that evening for Angevine to put on her things to go to a show. He was fussy about tidiness in the home. He would often run his finger along the edge of a chair or look under the furniture for dust. Little Angevine was a good housewife, he knew. She kept her house shining like a new pin. George Marshall was very much in love with his wife and he was very proud of her as well. He leaned down and picked up a cigarette stub under the chair. He held it to his nose and looked round at Angevine as she came in. He held it up between thumb and finger.

"Dope," he said. "Is that young Chink of yours starting in to be a hophead? Look here, dearie, you tell him from me he's going to get the bum's rush if he does."

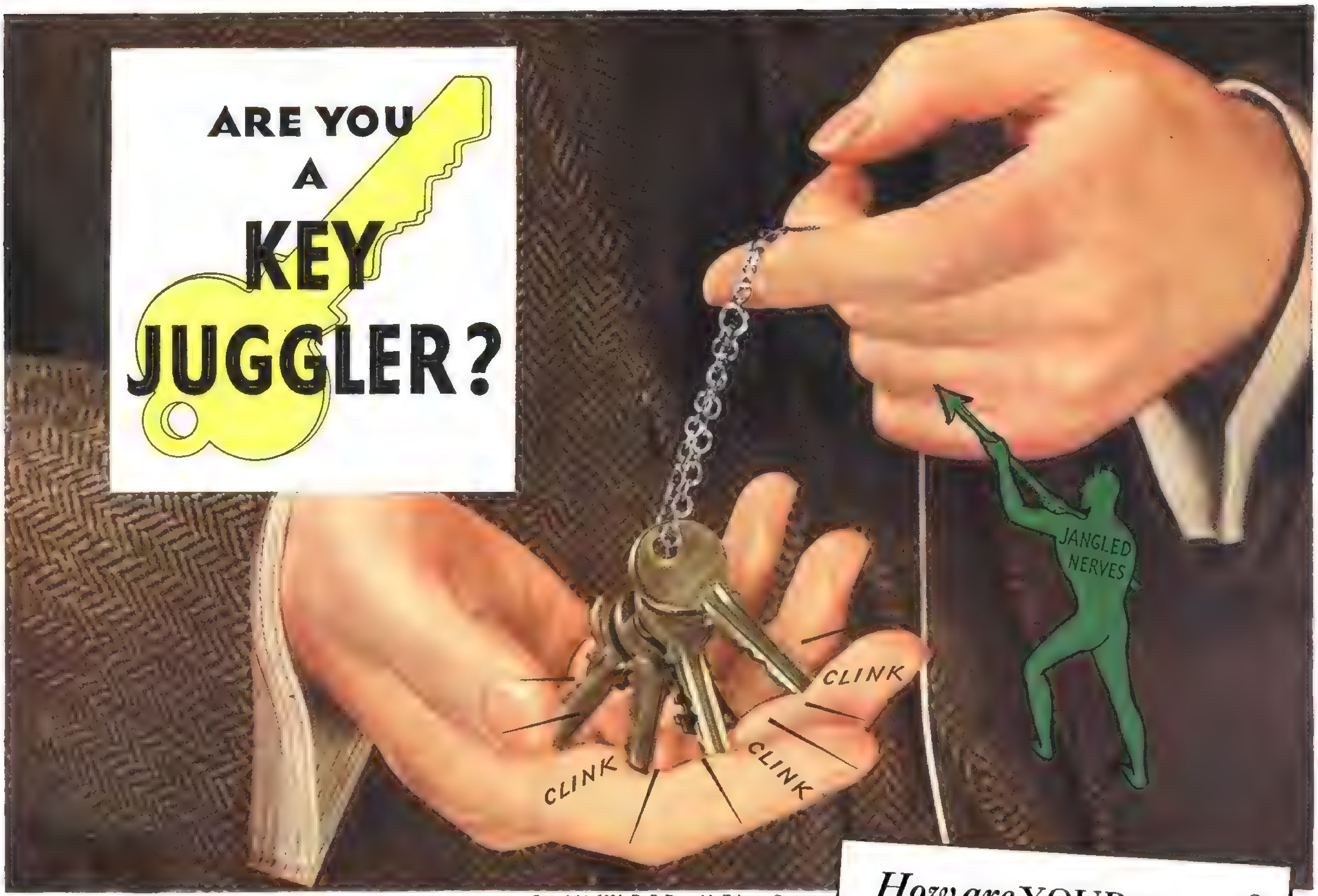
Angevine took the thing from him and dropped it into an ashtray. George Marshall was secretly convinced Angevine got prettier every time he came home to her. This first evening, when they went to a show together, was the supremely happy time of his life. It gave him a queer feeling to reflect he owed all this to a poor bum who had been found dead in a Salutamus Street alley. Angevine put her arms round his neck suddenly.

"I love thee," she whispered. "You are so good to Angevine. And Ting is good too. Ting takes great care of Angevine. He save my life. Somebody come. Ting make him go away. Ting says he gone away and nevaire come back."

"What!" said George Marshall staring at her and then at the ashtray. "You mean . . ."

Angevine nodded, her eyes shining, her head thrown back. Mr. Marshall studied her face a moment and then gazed at the carpet at his feet frowning. Then he put his arm round Angevine and picked up his hat.

"Come on," he said, "if we're going to a show."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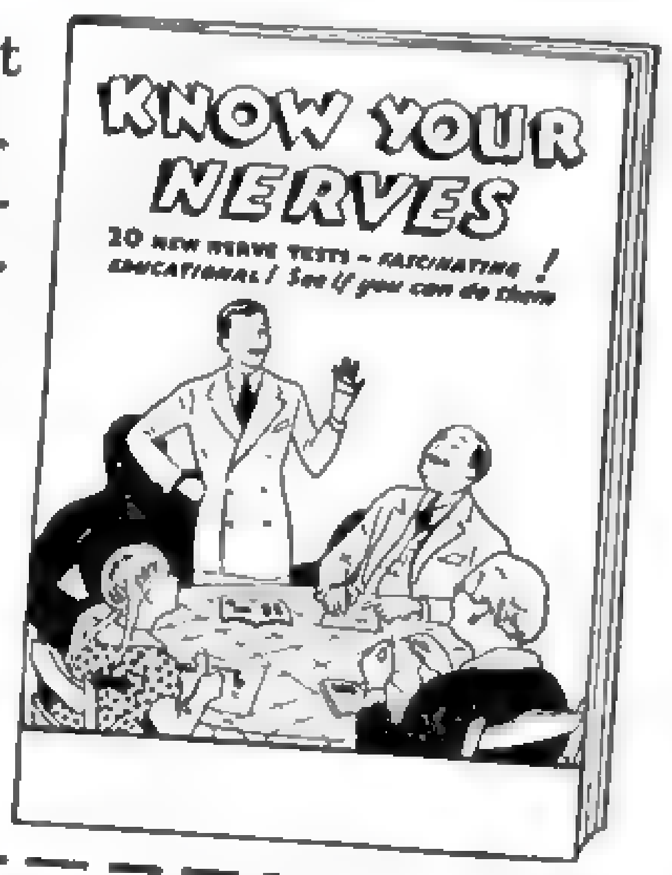
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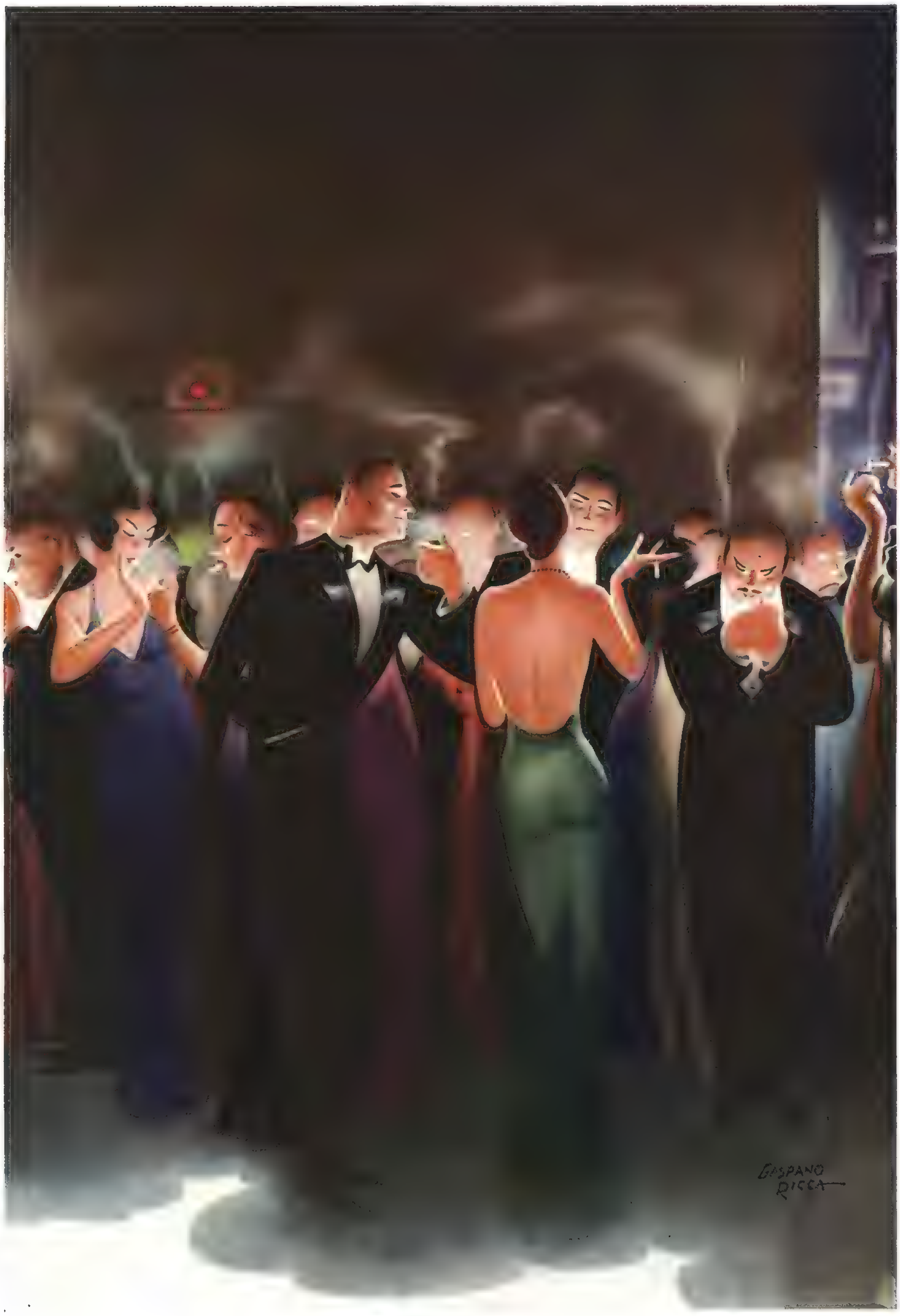
GASPANO RICCA

BETWEEN THE ACTS *by* GASPANO RICCA

Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

The sounding of trumpets and loud alarums at the advent of the plays of Mr. Keith Winter

by JOHN V. A. WEAVER

GLIMPSE LIST

YES! YES!

"AH, WILDERNESS"—George M. Cohan great in O'Neill's comic essay on fathers and moon-calves during our peg-top pant era.

"AS THOUSANDS CHEER"—Marilyn Miller, Clifton Webb, Helen Broderick, etc., in Berlin's stander-upper.

"CASINO DE PARIS"—A rowdy wow.

"DODSWORTH"—Sidney Howard dramatizes Sinclair Lewis' classic of super-solvent Americans abroad during the boom. Walter Huston superb.

"HER MASTER'S VOICE"—Capital froth with Roland Young.

"MEN IN WHITE"—Love, drama and idealism in a big hospital.

"SAILOR, BEWARE!"—Virtue's flagship mirthfully scuttled.

"SHE LOVES ME NOT"—You Nassau Maa-yun! Princeton goes chivalrous (laughter).

"THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS"—Revolutionary fun in bed.

"THE SHINING HOUR"—Introducing three British stars in an excellent English drama. Gladys Cooper, Raymond Massey, Adrianne Allen very welcome.

'THEY SHALL NOT DIE"—Thrilling propaganda against racial injustice.

"TOBACCO ROAD"—Henry Hull amazing in a splendid hook-worm clinic.

"ZIEGFELD FOLLIES"—Fanny Brice, Willie Howard and many more assets. The old Maestro himself seldom did better.

YES!

"MARY OF SCOTLAND"—Good lyric historical play, with Helen Hayes.

"NO MORE LADIES"—Good routine high comedy, Lucille Watson a scream.

"SUNDAY NIGHTS AT NINE"—Pleasant Sabbath revue at the Barbizon-Plaza.

"THE WIND AND THE RAIN"—Frank Lawton should be seen in this mild but effective sentimental English play.

"YELLOW JACK"—Microbe-hunters in pursuit—more of an illustrated lecture than a play, but interesting.

"ALL THE KING'S HORSES"—Moderately amusing musical.

OH WELL—YEAH

"BIG HEARTED HERBERT"—Slovenly comedy redeemed by J. C. Nugent.

"ROBERTA"—I must be wrong.

BY THE time these words reach your hungry eyes, the theatrical season of 1933-34 will, for all practical purposes, have washed up, relaxed, and sat back upon its laurels. It may arise, spasmodically, with a brief, shrill cry at the prodding of some ill-advised shoestringer, or to introduce some light production designed for the delight of perspiring visitors intent upon the inspection of warm ladies in cool clothing. It may also make one or two further successful additions to its serious collection. But even now, puzzled lowings and wistful whinnies are emerging from many a grange as the denizens are led into the fields so that the stalls may be occupied by paying guests. The thump of the hammer and the scrape of the shovel are heard in the hinterland, readying barns for another attack of that different hoof-and-mouth epidemic. The Broadway season has established its final rating—and that rating is very high.

So robust have been the shows which survive that I look to see many of them lasting deep into the dog-days, in active competition with the offerings of Ye Olde Fertilizers' Circuite. And out of the latest comers are several which should outlast lovers' vows and pussywillows. My approbation of a play is quite often, I have found, sufficient of a jinx to bring those warehouse horses up at a gallop, but at the risk of invoking the mark of Cain upon certain new arrivals I commend them to your earnest attention.

For a starter, there is the beautifully played and suavely written British "The Shining Hour," which introduces one of London's favorite stars, Gladys Cooper, who, in not so overwhelming a role as she usually takes, justifies her *reclame.* Raymond Massey and Adrianne Allen are of equal importance in this, and deserve so to be. The whole cast is satisfying. Keith Winter, a quite young man, has written a play which seems to puzzle some onlookers, since it starts with brittle, nervous comedy, moves quickly into tragedy, and ends with cold logic. I don't understand carpings about this method; why should plays be all of one piece? Certainly Ibsen—especially in "The Wild Duck"—established the break away from pigeonholing. There is, I fear, a little too much trace of Ibsen in "The Shining Hour," notably in the arbitrary device of a sudden, unmotivated and convenient fire which does away with the hopeless, sweet wife who stands between the husband and his *femme fatale.* Objectors have also attacked the reasoning behind that suicide itself, asking why a divorce would not solve matters in a modern world like this. I can only say that so skilful and clear are Mr. Winter's characterizations that these people behave with inevitability. As for the dialogue, I cannot recall any so flowing and civilized, with such a literary quality so untainted by stuffiness, in more than one or two plays of the last several years. I understand that Mr. Winter's first play, "The Rats of Norway," in which Miss Cooper appeared in London, and which she will do here next fall, is even better, and that a third, "Ringmaster," is sensational. All he seems to need is a little more plausibility of mechanics. He has everything else necessary to keep him where he has leaped—among the very few at the top of the heap. "The Shining Hour" is a hard-minded, but not a cynical work—an adult product of a swift young mind which will go far.

Another importation is "Richard of Bordeaux," a careful, perhaps slightly too subtle inquiry into the character of England's Richard Second. You must not conjure up visions of just another junk-shop full of canned peers and Aunt Nellie's velvet portieres. True, there is armor, and there are a lot of costumes, but they are all beautiful. And the people portrayed are individuals, humanized, interesting even if—maybe because—you don't know much about that specific corner of history. Some of the actors squeeze their opportunity for acting, but Dennis King does a tip-top job in the title role as he develops Richard from a nance sort of pusillanimity into fierce tyranny, with the unfolding of the pageant. Among the other especially valuable costume-wearers are Hugh and John Buckler, Margaret Vines and Henry Millinson. A spectacle, and a thoughtful character-study, "Richard" is (or maybe was) decidedly worth attending.

Max Gordon's newest hit ("The Shining Hour," "Her Master's Voice" and—over my dead body—"Roberta" being the others; incidentally, may I ask querulously whether we can't have some more Max Gordons in the theater?) is "Dodsworth," adapted with caginess by Sidney Howard from the novel by Sinclair Lewis. You will go to this, please, at once, and see dozens of acts, chapters from the life of the Poor Little Rich Man, played infallibly by Walter Huston—who thereby places himself with Messrs. Cohan, Bromberg, Hull and Olivier at the fore of the masculine performers for the year—and,

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Is War in Europe Inevitable?

Continued from page 26

vious Chambers, for, whatever may have been the opinion of the majority in them, or of the Prime Ministers who were supposed to represent it, the foreign policies of France were even then ruled and carried out by M. Briand. During ten years, rain or shine, Briand was in every Cabinet and he was there as Foreign Minister. M. Poincaré once confided to a friend that, in his Department, Briand acted dictatorially. Now, what were the high lights in Briand's long tenure of office? Certainly the Locarno Pact by which, in exchange for Germany's definitive renunciation to Alsace and Lorraine, France agreed to evacuate the Rhine region, and the preparation for the Lausanne agreement which liberated Germany of her financial obligations towards France. The country was perfectly conscious of all this and when it returned the present Chamber it wanted a continuation of the same attitude and of none other. If a referendum could be taken of the Frenchmen who wish not only for a *rapprochement* but for an alliance with Germany, the result might surprise the world; it would not astonish students of history.

In fact, what was the one quarrel of France with Germany? The annexation of Alsace and Lorraine against the will of those provinces. That motive not existing any more, there remains only the fear among the French of a German war of revenge corresponding to the fear among the Germans of a French preventive war. Such fears evidently can be allayed much more easily than a territorial readjustment can be effected. The League of Nations and international pacts have for fifteen years been the hope of the French. Their position in the Disarmament Conference, where they are represented by a Socialist and Internationalist, M. Boncour, is a proof of this. Another proof is the Briand-Kellogg pact. Another the willingness of the French to have the final figure of Reparations left to American experts, Gen. Dawes in 1923 and Mr. Owen Young, three years later. These are facts which cannot be disputed. A few months ago the subject of the geographical paper at the *Concours General* (a yearly competition for a prize among the secondary schools of France) was a description of the Economic Conditions in Germany. Four hundred papers were sent in. The Minister of Education could state, with conceivable pride, that not one of the young writers said a word which could not have been endorsed by a neutral dealing with the same subject.

The conclusion forcing itself upon the mind is that the public spirit of France may reflect anxiety about the national security but shows none of the bitterness in which wars have generally been known to brew. As a distinctly nationalist writer, Pertinax, said in *The New York Times* of November 11th, "the pacific, even the pacifist spirit of the French makes a preventive war unthinkable."

If it is inconceivable that France will attack Germany, is it not in the cards, on the contrary, that Germany will attack France? Clearly this view is that taken by Mr. Frank Simonds and by most of the specialists in foreign politics who share in his pessimism.

It must be admitted that at first blush they seem to be right.

Before he received absolute power, that is to say before he began to speak to the world at large instead of just speaking to his party, in short, before he became a diplomat, Herr Hitler wrote a book, *Mein Kampf*, two million copies of which have been sold, and that book is full of the idea of revenge. Herr Hitler has also frequently expressed his resolve that the frontiers of Germany shall extend to wherever the *Ja* sounds, and that includes not only Austria, the Italian Tyrol, some sections in Czechoslovakia and some in Poland, but Holland, half of Belgium and half of Switzerland. Finally he has said with considerable emphasis that the future of Germany lies in the East and "The East" can only mean Poland, and Russia which still remembers the ruthless treaty of Brest-Litovsk, in 1917.

To these doctrines he has added action.

It cannot be denied that the man who could treat the German Socialists, the German Centre, the diets of the *länder*, and finally the German Jews as Herr Hitler has done would not be restrained by sentiment from similarly treating mere outsiders.

Optimists may say that he is not equipped to wage a successful war. But to his own private army of 400,000 men he can now add the incomparable German regular army of 120,000 men, the police forces, the Stahlheim and the recruits in the so-called Labour Camps. During the past three months the British press has given out about the military possibilities of the Reich details which give much food for thought. Finally it cannot be disputed that the potential war equipment of Germany in aviation and chemicals is unrivalled in the world. What is lacking to give employment to those forces? A vision and a spirit. The vision is there: it is the restoration of the Reich to its place at the head of nations in all the chief domains. The spirit is also there, viz., an admixture of resentment for past wrongs and for suffering deemed unjust, with the certainty that Germany is once more the phoenix reborn. Such a state of mind is just the mental condition in which a wish easily becomes father to a thought. There is little doubt but if Hitler only said a few words his potential army would promptly be convinced that, with surprise and gas, a modern war can be despatched in three or four weeks at small expense in lives or money.

All this can be said, on the whole, to be true; it can also be said that Hitler, accustomed as he is chiefly to play on his people's emotions, is apt to be carried away by the very forces he lets loose. But he has shown in his handling of enormous human masses enough shrewdness to pass for statesmanship. People who regard him as an impulsive sentimentalist evidently have not watched his policy in his own country. Much nearer to the truth must be the trained observers who see his violent rupture with the League of Nations as a bluff (which has worked several times in the past) and his insistence on a powerful army as the foundation of profitable concessions in exchange for Pacific or African mandates.

Surely such a man can look intelligently at the map of Europe, and what does he read on it? The stern declaration that Germany is isolated; that, in the event of a war, she would be alone against a compact aggregate of nations. For, to the block, mentioned above, of France, Belgium, Poland and the three nations (Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Yugoslavia) making up the Little Entente, are now added Austria struggling against the Nazis for her national existence, Russia threatened by Hitler's hatred of communism and by his ambition to expand in the East, and finally Italy to whom the idea of the *Anschluss* is unbearable and for whom the three hundred thousand Germans annexed to her territory by the Versailles Treaty are a living bulwark. What remains? Only Hungary who may have political, but certainly has no sentimental affinities with the Germans. It is not much. Not much either is the vague hope of a Japanese alliance. Of all this Hitler is perfectly aware and in consequence it is safe to say that as long as the map of Europe remains what it is, Germany *cannot* go to war. As it has been clearly stated above that France who could launch into a preventive war is *not willing* to do so, our conclusion must be that there is no immediate danger of a European war.

Is there a probability that Herr Hitler may contemplate a war in the future?

Mr. Frank Simonds is sure he does. So is no less a personage than M. Trotzky who, in *Harper's Magazine* for September, has stated his reasons for thinking so in far and away the most astute article I have read. So do most American correspondents in Europe. But how can one infer, from what a man appears to be in a period of acute crisis, what he will be long after the crisis is over? Signor Mussolini rose to power in circumstances extremely similar to those in which Germany is at present; he too had a private army; he too exiled and persecuted his opponents; and, much more definitely than Hitler, he (in his famous speeches at Florence and Livorno) warned his compatriots that they would have to fight; he even stated the year in which the conflict was to happen, viz., 1935, and, the mention of that date—corresponding to the

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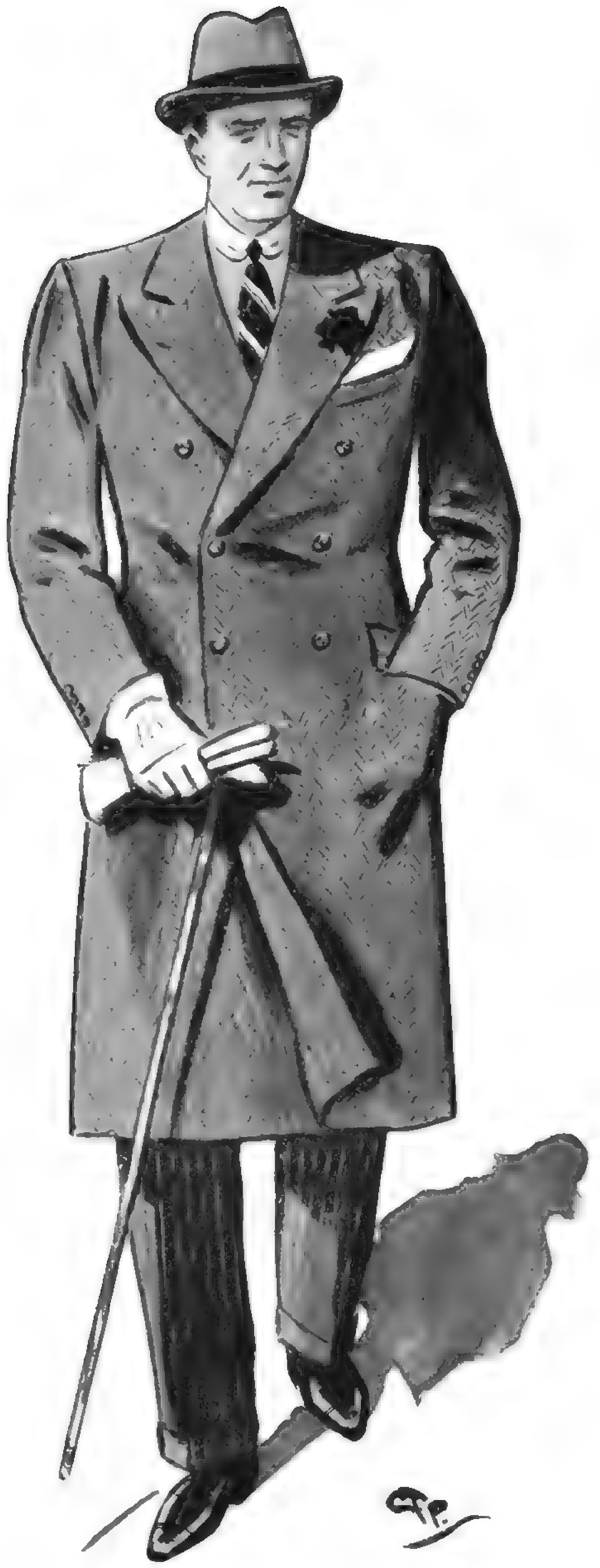

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Is War in Europe Inevitable?

Continued from page 138

year in which the French birth rate, on account of the losses of men in 1915, would be the lowest—left little doubt but that the enemy in that fatal year would be France. Yet today the world is apt to regard Signor Mussolini as a champion of peace and compromise. Is there any decisive reason for thinking that Herr Hitler's development will be different?

I hardly think so, although I know well how dangerous it is to expect the return of historic causes and effects in any past sequence, and how disappointed were those who tried to read the future of the Russian Revolution in the history of the French Revolution.

But probabilities are possibilities. It does seem probable that contrary to the anticipations of many of my Jewish friends in America, Herr Hitler's power will not be wrecked on the rocks of economic difficulties. The Germans prefer a dictator and, at all events in this case, they are right, for an economic dictatorship works better than any Reichstag ever could. (The managed currency of Germany which was quite as much of a problem is a success.) It will be even easier for Hitler to conquer his political difficulties; with no freedom of assembly and no freedom of the press, government is child's play. If Herr Hitler is allowed to live (it is frightening to reflect that political murder is a frequent occurrence in Germany, 400 having been recorded there since the war, to two in France) there is little doubt but his magnetism along with good German administration will satisfy his people. The very continuation of a government by authority is a national satisfaction and is conducive to a healthy national pride. Let me add that it is a dominant factor in the prestige of a nation as viewed by outsiders. What else has gradually changed the opinion of the world concerning the Soviets? Italian wisdom, so often right, is certainly right here: *tempo é galantúomo*, time always plays cricket.

With peace and the sedative effects of peace; with prestige and the satisfaction produced by prestige, a nation can live without thinking of violence. Germany will go on, no doubt, agitating for "the Revision of the Versailles Treaty." But the world, long vague or deceived about the meaning of those words, now realizes that President Wilson was right and Europe would be unthinkable without the presence of two nations long wiped out of the map, Poland and Czechoslovakia. Gradually Germany herself will realize it. She will learn that the absurdly misnamed corridor is no corridor but a province as large as half of Switzerland and one to which Frederick II had no more right than to the rest of Poland. Some arrangement can be made in that section likely to satisfy German insistence without seeming too unjust to Poland. A few minor adjustments may also be made in Upper Silesia. They would enable Herr Hitler to declare that the treaty *has been* revised. By that time, France, Belgium, Czechoslovakia and Poland would be less anxious about their security, disarmament might be possible, and Germany could no longer talk about inequality. All this would mean peace. Then would be the time to remember that Germany, in spite of her extremely low birthrate in the past few years, is restricted within all-too-narrow frontiers and give her some Mandates in the East or in the Pacific. Many people in Europe have long been agreeable to some such arrangement and it might have been possible in the near future had not Herr Hitler put the clock back as he has.

It seems therefore as if the future could be anticipated without too much alarm. But the world must pray that Hitler may be given wisdom, as the Anglican Litany prays "that the nobility and gentry may have understanding." At present the chancellor reminds us of the *Sorcerer's Apprentice* in Dukas' quaint music. Let him say a few imprudent words and sinister forces will be, perhaps against his will, conjured up, and the whole house will begin to shake.

Picture Executive

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will was not considered so important. The idea was to sell this year's supply, and not worry what might happen next season.

I remember one instance that was a panic. I was sales manager for an outfit we'll call Superfilm Productions. It was one of the big shots of the industry in those days, and the president (shall we name him Westervelt Beidelmann?) was looked on as a little tin god. They didn't come any bigger than Mr. Beidelmann . . . and since he was riding me most of the time I swung the whip over our salesmen. They had to sell Superfilm, no matter what the conditions, or else . . .

An exhibitor named Loeb had a theatre in one of Wisconsin's small towns. The salesman in that territory worked his head off trying to make Mr. Loeb use Superfilm. The answer was always no . . . and it didn't matter what argument was used. Finally I sent one of our high powered home-office men out to help the district lone wolf.

The two sat down to plan a campaign. Finally the Big Brain had an idea:

"Has Loeb ever seen Mr. Beidelmann?" he asked.

"No."

"Well, look. What's to prevent me from impersonating the boss? I'll get a suite at the hotel. You invite Loeb over . . . and if we can't sell him with that gag I'll eat the steps off the town hall."

There was no trouble getting the exhibitor to the hotel. He was a bit dazed and enormously flattered that the great Westervelt Beidelmann should condescend to see him. There was an expensive lunch and Corona-Coronas and plenty of conversation. When the meal was over, and the men stretched out in deeply cushioned chairs, our high pressure lad asked how Mr. Loeb found the drawing power of Superfilm in this delightful little city.

"But I don't use Superfilm," said Loeb, a little ashamed of himself, "but I'm going to . . . I'm going to."

"Well that's splendid," chortled the high powered one, "I haven't sold a picture with my own hands in years. So let me have the honor of selling you, Mr. Loeb."

"Sure," said the theatre owner, practically in a coma of delight at the honor done him. He affixed his signature to the contract then and there . . . and went away to tell everybody that the president of Superfilm Productions, himself, in person, had come to sell him a bill of goods. That was the kind of company to do business with, by golly!

The story might have ended on that uplifting note except for the salesman who had been selling Loeb before. He heard about the Beidelmann visit. It sounded fishy to him, since the trade papers reported Mr. Beidelmann in Hollywood the day he was supposed to be in Hohokus Center.

But the salesman was a diplomat. He bided his time. Within a few months there was a sales convention in Milwaukee, and the president of Superfilm Productions was to be present. So the salesman invited the exhibitor to go over with him.

"Sure I'm going," said Mr. Loeb, "if for nothing else but to say hello to my friend, Beidelmann."

They went to Milwaukee . . . and when Loeb met the real Beidelmann he realized he had been made the victim of a sales hoax. From that time on he never showed another Superfilm Production in his house. The trick was accepted as very smart, but a man who pulled a fast one like that in these days would be fired into the cold, cruel world without ceremony.

I started in "pictures" twenty-five years ago. In those days it was not a business . . . and even now in spite of enormous investments, incredible salaries and five million dollar temples dedicated to the god of cinema, there seems to be a general impression that the industry is run by egomanics and simpletons. This isn't true. There are incompetents and fools, of course, but there are many shrewd men, too. I know because I have worked with them.

Consider the difficulties under which we in the New York office labor. The studios are on the Pacific Coast, three thousand miles from the sales organization . . . and ten million miles away in point of view. Speaking in the language of another business; if we, as salesmen, feel that Palm Beach suits will be the big seller of the season Hollywood is quite likely to send us a supply of mink coats. All we can do is to try to persuade our customers that they want fur instead of the tropical weights offered by competitors.

This, of course, doesn't prove that the production chiefs are nincompoops, because success in producing pictures is dependent on guesswork. They try to outguess the movie-goer, and have what he wants when he wants it. Sometimes they succeed. Sometimes they fail . . . but they try as hard to make good pictures as we do to sell them. Smart fellows they are, too.

Nicholas Schenck has an amazing sense of box-office values. He can look at a picture,

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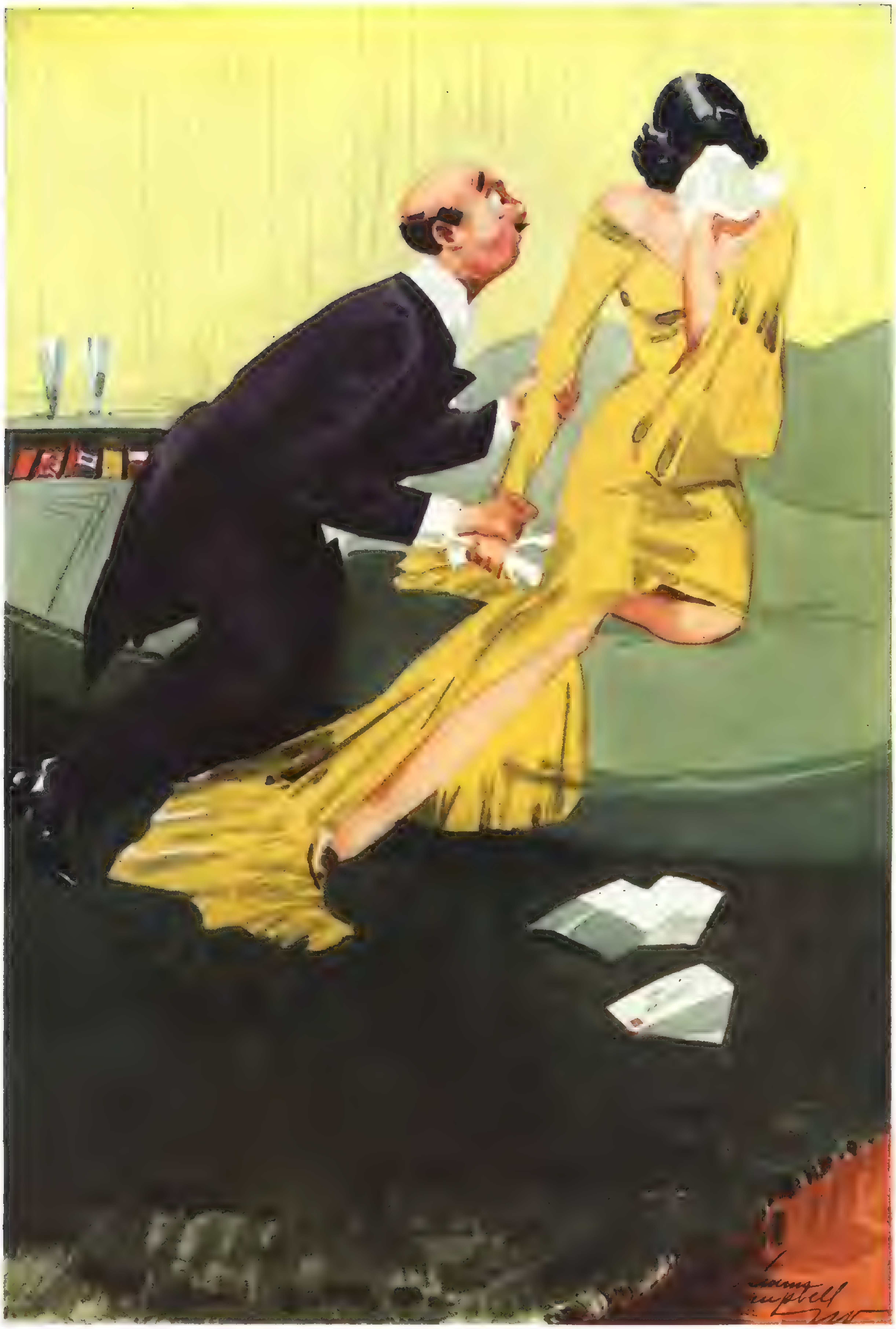
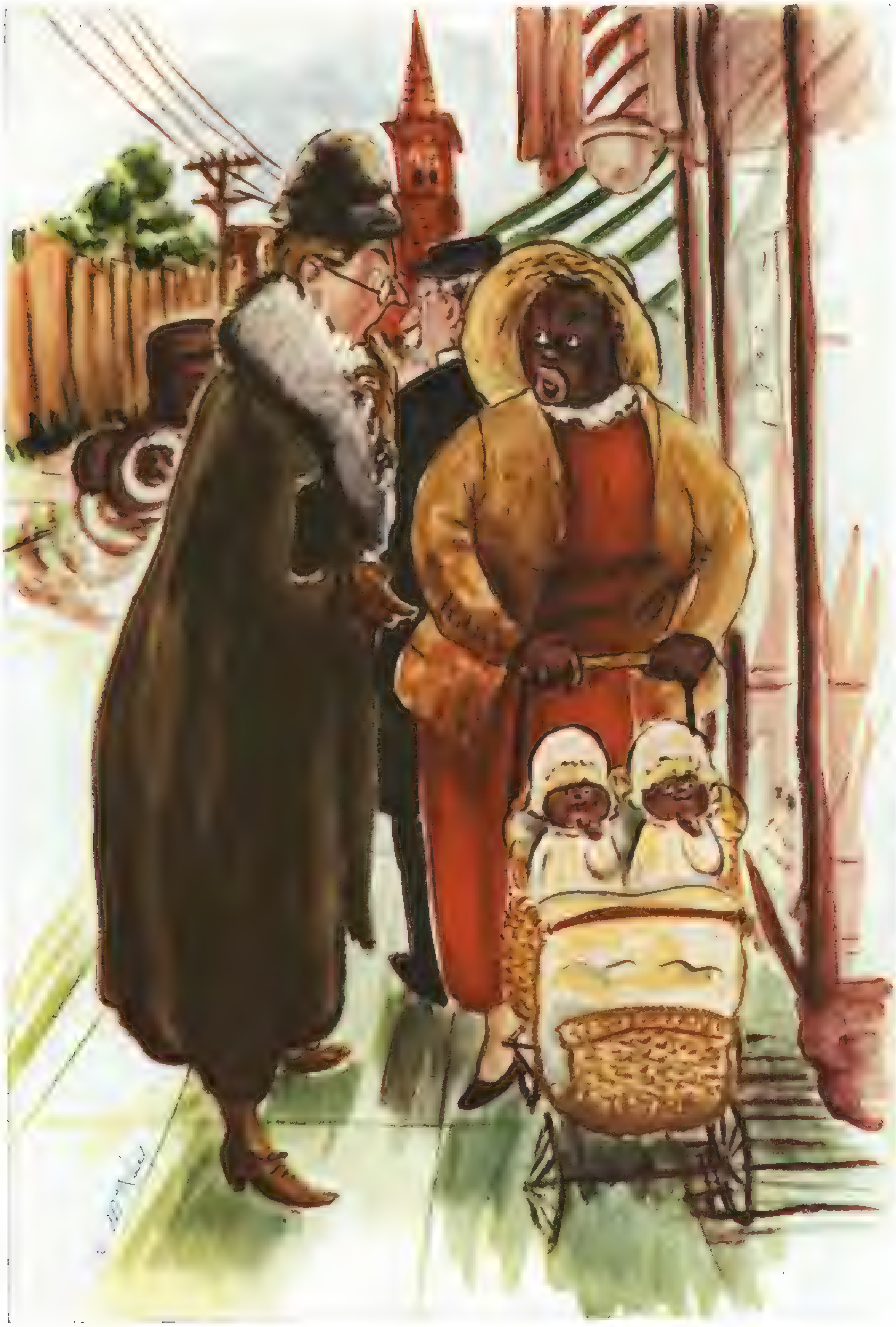


"—And a yacht, 'n a penthouse, 'n a diamond necklace, 'n Papa outa jail, 'n Mamma a new ironin' board"



"Why, Maizie—I thought you were an old maid!" "Yassum—but I ain't a fussy old maid!"

Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

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save for one bit of Bernhardt-burn, excellently by Fay Bainter. My interest was held throughout the chronicle, but it was not until afterwards that I became moved. Suddenly it became clear to me that here, in a much more striking form than in the novel, was a sharp and thorough summary of What Ruined America. In terms of this automobile czar turning from amassing money to a pathetic groping for the Broadening Things, seeking the secret of life in internationalism while his wife mistakes chi-chi superficialities for Refinement and rhinestone adulteries for Romance, Lewis, years before the crash, indicted the whole philosophy and psychology of the Boom. Through the cunning dramatization by Mr. Howard keeps seeping a warning for those of us who still hanker after that Babbitt Elysium of the overstuffed coffer and the mother-of-pearl saniflush, of capsuled culture and commercialized camaraderie, where the star-spangled banknote oh long may it wave! Not that there's any preaching—Croesus, no! The episodes are absorbing per se. Yet when you observe this kindly, shrewd and, according to his lights, idealistic fellow who has become a Big Shot by adhering to the highest tenets of the Supersalesman code, conscientiously laying up his treasure and vice versa—when you watch his bewilderment in the face of sophistication either false or real . . . well, my point may be trite, but I don't think it's valueless. Anyhow, go to “Dodsworth” for entertainment. You'll get it.

Outright propaganda is the Guild's “They Shall Not Die,” which left me sweating and trembling. This is no place to discuss the question of whether or no Mr. Wexley has rigged his case as he alleges the legal and judicial gentry of “A Southern State” did theirs against the negro boys. If what he shows is even near the truth—and there is no denying that great hunks are taken bodily from the Scottsboro court records—then I as a Southern-born bow my head in heavy shame. I realize how grave and complex is the color problem down there, but such frivolous cruelty, such bland cynicism as the State is represented in this play to have used are beyond bearing. Wexley has obviously exaggerated in some spots—not seldom to the detriment of his effects. But it is grand to see that Americans can still burst into violent protest against suspected injustice. I was racked and dejected. A perfunctory love-story has been added, raised to importance by the acting of Ruth Gordon who, with her pitiful earnestness, stands out from an enormous cast which is better than adequate. If what you ask from the theater is to be profoundly stirred, don't miss “They Shall Not Die.” You will be lashed into emotion, one way or another. You certainly will not sit unmoved.

The strangest exhibition in town is one played entirely by members of that same race defended in Wexley's piece. “4 Saints in 3 Acts” is a completely insane opera, which was an immediate sensation and has become The Thing to Attend. I had a great time at it, laughing continually without apparent justification, and enjoying the music which seemed mostly madrigals, modes and plain-chant jazzed up rather Gershwinly. The solemnity of the negroes, their lush voices, the baroque cellophane-and-cloth decorations, the crazy choreography, and, above all, the smart perfection of the production tickled me. Immense credit belongs, I feel, to Maurice Grosser, who created a scenario giving an illusion of meaning to the nonsense of the words, and to the wise gusto of Alexander Smallens, who conducted the orchestra. The words by Gertrude Stein have provided a field day for the poseurs, who pretend to read earth-shaking implications into such passages as

“Four saints prepare for saints.
It makes it well fish.”

or the arias beginning “Pigeons on the grass, alas.” and “He asked for a distant magpie as if that made a difference.”

I think the Stein had no intention beyond supplying sounds which, set to music, would be singable. Certainly whatever pattern the “plot” may have is supplied by the scenarist—and that is precious little. But the sound-patterns of these cuckoo syllables sing impressively, lyrically. I attended “Salome” the next evening, and the words were quite as unintelligible as those of “4 Saints”; but I was familiar with the action, and was not disturbed by not understanding the words, which are perfect vehicles for carrying the music. So with such a Stein passage as “Did he did we did we and did he did he did he did did did he,” etc. Set to the workmanlike cuteness of Thompson's airs, this jargon is far superior in euphony to night-club patter like “waddan-dadda” and “vo-de-o-do.” The show is organized, expert insanity, and affords a thorough mental holiday.

It is too bad that George Antheil could not have used a nonsense libretto for his new opera, instead of the pedantic gagging of John Erskine. “Helen Retires” is a startling advance from the juvenile lunacy of “Ballet Mecanique.” When Antheil finds a librettist who can approach the wit in his music, he will really attain the recognition he deserves, even from the pundits.

Well . . . this fading month has been one of high gratification in the show-shops, not really let down by Sidney Howard's other work, “Yellow Jack,” which he worked out from some pages by Paul de Kruif. This is not a play, but a frankly admitted “history” of the heroic fight against yellow fever, concentrating principally upon the great episode of the privates who gave themselves as experimentees to Walter Reed during the Spanish War. It is all one long act, in Howard knows how many scenes, and it may wear you out. But if you enjoy lectures, you will probably wish more of them could be thus illustrated and acted out. It is a dignified procedure, it has integrity, instruction and some drama, and is well performed by hordes of actors and one actress.

I beg you not to miss Billy Rose's “Casino de Paree.” He has taken a large theater, fitted it up with tables, and for a minimum charge—not high—you get good food and drink, a revue nearly as good as “As Thousands Cheer”—which is tops—and dancing to two great bands. Full-length show, every act a wow, stunning girls. Either at dinner time or after the theater. Broadway celebrities by the score on Sunday nights. It's the hottest spot in the city—and the best fun.

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The Art of Bartending

Continued from page 32

I think I succeeded in Montparnasse because I had a warm spot for the bohemians and those who were trying to escape from their educations for a short time. One must not be too commercially minded to deal with these people; one must be sympathetic. It is very easy to be a bartender to dukes and princes. All they require is that you keep your place. But in Montparnasse I had to be the shoulder on which most of my clients wept now and then, and the repository of their confidences.

I cannot begin to count the number of times I have been involved in other people's love affairs, asked to slip notes to others, asked to give stronger drinks to a certain person so she or he would become amorous, asked to lie to a husband or wife, to ward off suspicion. I remember two who were always playing a game with each other, while I stood in the dangerous in-between ground. One evening, for instance, the wife came in asking for her husband.

"I haven't seen him," I replied. She sat down to wait but a half hour later she departed with another man.

"Don't tell my husband you saw me," she said in leaving. Ten minutes later the husband came in.

"Have you seen my wife?"

"No, sir, she hasn't been in." I was fortunate on these occasions if some other client didn't pipe up and say "Yes, she just left." So he sat down and eventually departed with some chance acquaintance.

"Don't tell my wife you saw me, Jimmie."

"No, sir. I'll remember." Then some time later the wife returned and the comedy started all over again. It kept me busy remembering whom I'd seen and whom I hadn't seen!

Of course people make all kinds of dates in a bar which are forgotten the next morning. Many times I have seen a man or woman make a half dozen dates for the following afternoon in my bar, and then when the following afternoon arrived not one person show up.

Exaggeration of all kinds is a characteristic of bar life for drink makes people tell long stories of their exploits, prowess and positions.

When a man or a woman comes into the bar, I must size him up quickly to see if he wants to be alone or is really looking for companionship. Most people won't admit they are lonely, especially the over-reserved English people who nevertheless welcome conversation with someone else. As I am serving them they will talk to me, because they know me. When I have two such persons in the bar I usually manage to stand between them. First I talk to one and then I talk to the other, always trying to make them laugh at the same time. Soon they are talking to each other and I go away.

I have started many a romance in this way. Victor Pattou met his wife Sue in this manner, and a year later he brought a tiny baby into the bar, saying:

"Look what you caused, Jimmie!"

I always encourage people to talk together at a bar if they show any inclination whatsoever, for it means I will sell more drinks. But I learned long ago that people must never be introduced to each other. They may talk with pleasure, but they always resent a barman's making a formal presentation. Clients expect a barman to smile, be jovial and gay, but stay strictly within his realm. Even Americans, who are more democratic, will not stand any freshness from the barman.

There are many "lonely hearts" in the bars, especially women who crave the society of the male sex. Many of these women belong to the "alimony gang," as we call them, women who have come to Montparnasse after a divorce in England or America. Once here and established in an apartment, they look around for company, only to find that the women in Montparnasse number two or three for every man. Yet, there are some men available, and the women come to the bars to find them.

Sometimes—a surprising number of times—these women make passes at me or at the waiters, probably out of sheer desperation. But I always steer clear of such entanglements. Very often a client—especially a woman—with whom I have been out on a party, thinks she owns the place from that time on, expects free drinks, and generally makes a nuisance of herself.

So my system is to find a mate for the lonely hearts, and there is usually some man around to fall in with this scheme, whether he knows it or not. I get her talking with the man just before closing time. When the bar does close he usually suggests that she go with him to the Dôme or other cafe that stays open later. But having once made up her mind, she still has her eye on me.

"I'll go," she says, "if Jimmie comes too!"

Of course I go along. I buy them a drink at a cafe and then excuse myself, saying that I must see someone but that I'll be right back. If the girl asks me next day why I did not return I mumble something about having been involved in a business deal.

Women have been my big problem. I suppose every man has the same problem, but not in such big doses, for almost three quarters of my clients have been women. Women can hold more liquor than men, but when they get a little squiffed, they almost always make themselves much more conspicuous. The homelier they are, the more they want to show off. They will stop at nothing. Very often a woman will take offense at some imaginary insult in order to attract the attention of some man present, hoping that he will rise to her defense. He often does, not knowing it is just a little game she is playing. Men do this too to attract a woman, though less often.

Why must women be so noisy when they are tight? Other people don't like to see a woman tight, though they don't mind a man. Men drunks are often very humorous and good natured, while women so often become simple nuisances. In particular deliver me from the female practical joker, the woman who thinks it is humorous to pour a gin fizz down the back of another! I have had several like that.

And then there are the exhibitionists! One out of every ten women seems to be an exhibitionist with a passion for getting undressed in public. Or they try to imitate their idea of a French *poule, a la Vie Parisienne*, by cocking their legs up over their heads. I had one client, an English girl, who had a dressing gown that looked just like a street dress. She would sit at the bar and after a few drinks would pull it wide open, leaving herself stark naked underneath.

"Oh Jimmie," she would say, "I am so careless. I forgot to get dressed!" I cannot count the times I have had to wrap that dress around her and tie it securely.

You see it isn't so easy being a bartender. You have to be prepared for all kinds of emergencies.

Liquor always has one of three effects on people. Upon a few it brings a deep depression, because, I suppose, there is some sorrow there already. On the normal person though, the effect is either to make him amorous or belligerent, and he or she can jump from one state to the other without difficulty. If a man seems to be in a fighting mood, I try to find him a woman and all is peace. Then of course the two of them may become so amorous . . . but that is another story.

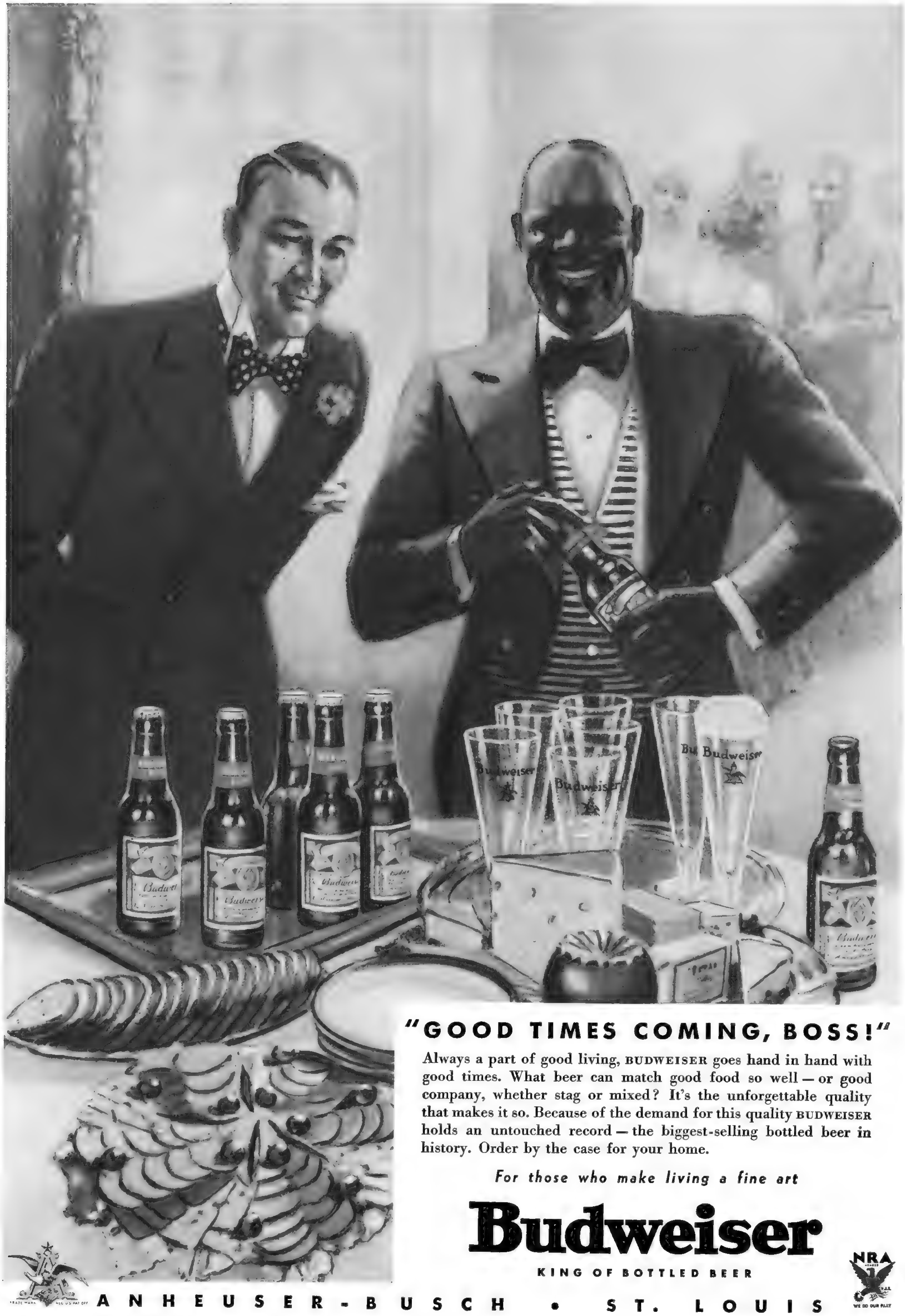
Other problems at a bar are the pests, the men who drink other persons' drinks, for instance. I had one man who would come in, drink every glass of beer in the room, and walk out before anyone could stop him. We finally had to turn the police on him. Many out-and-out beggars come to the bar too and they must be handled carefully. We cannot let them annoy our customers, yet we cannot throw them out rudely for fear of annoying any French who may be in the room. Quite often a Frenchman will call a beggar back and give him something just to annoy the Anglo-Saxons. Thus encouraged, the beggar will start on a tour of the room. Usually, I give him a franc or two on the understanding that he won't beg from the clients. The beggars have come to understand that we are a bit afraid of them, and they take advantage of it, coming back again and again.

Another class we must watch out for are the French workingmen who think we have just an ordinary *bistro*. They come in asking for a glass of red wine. Very often these people are peasants from the country; unused to Paris ways. So I always tell them the price first, because if they find it out afterwards, they never pay. Personally I like to get them out of the bar as fast as possible, for I never know just what may happen, though often they are jovial old duffers who think it is quite exciting to be with such well-dressed foreigners. Sometimes they have quite a bit of money and want to buy drinks for the whole crowd.

At other times, they are more difficult. Seeing women alone at a bar they think they must be *poules* placed there for their amusement. I hurriedly explain that "Madame is waiting for her husband," but that does not always quiet them. "Ou sont les poupées?" they demand insistently. We can refuse to serve no one in a public bar and so tact must be made an effective substitute.

The barman has so many problems, I could fill a book with them. Credit is one of the major ones and there is no way to avoid it. I can't ask a man to pay before he has been served, and then if he tells me he left his pocketbook at home, I can't call him a

Continued on page 146



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NRA
WE DO OUR PART

The Art of Bartending

Continued from page 144

liar! I may or may not be paid. Many well-meaning people forget they owe me money and go off to another country or are called home suddenly without settling up. Of course such cases usually represent small bills, but they add up none the less.

For you must understand that it is usually the bartender himself who takes the credit, and it is he who pays the owners, whether the client pays or not. Sometimes the house takes the credit direct, as in two of my bars in Montparnasse, but this is not usual, especially today when owners are afraid of credit.

The most difficult for me are the old clients, who for one reason or another, go broke, but are ashamed to drop out of the bar life. In fact they feel the need of liquor all the more. They never tell me they are broke, but talk of the cheque that is to arrive in a day or so.

"Jimmie," they will say, "I can't understand it, but my cheque hasn't come yet. I am afraid I'll have to run up a little bill on you until it does." What can I say? They are old clients, they have always paid before. Maybe the cheque does come, and maybe it doesn't. One day they go home and I am out a goodly sum. Then too if one of them gets into me for several hundred francs, I can't stop his credit for fear he will be angry, walk out and everything is gone. I tell you the life of a barman is a tough one!

Of course I try to differentiate the payers from the cheats, and through a costly experience, I have learned a bit about it. However it is dangerous to offend even the cheat, for he may take business away from the bar. I have lost much money through being afraid of offending people.

I stay away from the man or woman who talks too much about the money he has, or anyone who seems to be preoccupied with money questions. When I hear a man say, "Well, Jimmie, I've never asked you for credit, have I?" I'm warned right then. I give him a few drinks and then stop all credit. Some of these credit seekers have talked my hair off in an effort to run up "just a little bill."

The professional credit seekers, and there are not many of them, use the same system over and over. It is simple. A man comes in, perhaps with friends, orders several rounds of drinks, pays for them with a generous tip, and returns the next day, with other friends, still spending money easily. The third or fourth day he may run up a small bill, but the next afternoon he will be there to pay it. A little later he will leave a larger bill, which again he pays promptly the next day. But in the end he will run up considerable credit and walk out on me, never to return. Under this system a man can pay an average of about half rate for his drinks, moving from bar to bar every few weeks. Even so it seems hardly worth it.

One of the great difficulties about bar credit in France involves the law of the land, namely that a man cannot be sued for a bar bill which involves *only* drinks. To be collectable the bill must include some items of food, if only sandwiches. It is pretty hard to prove that a client in a bar consumed food with his drinks, unless he voluntarily signs an acknowledgment of the debt. The law is aimed to protect a man from being charged with drinks he did not have on the excuse that he was drunk and could not remember.

About ten per cent of the turnover of a bar represents credit and fully half of that is never paid. As the bartender is usually paid a small salary (around a thousand francs a month) and five per cent of the turnover, his profit of the turnover and the bad credit break about even. Of course he gets his tips in addition, as well as food and some drinks.

The English are much the cleverest at getting credit and I have lost more to them than to Americans. The Englishman has a slightly superior way with him that is hard to refuse, and he always has better excuses. The Americans are often clumsy and embarrassed, though there have been notable exceptions.

And women have been worse for me than men. I suppose I do not understand them so well, nor see through their excuses. It is so easy for a woman to "forget to pay." She doesn't mean to be dishonest, really. The only advantage in giving credit to a woman is that she only charges her own drinks, while a man on credit often treats the bar! Both try to borrow money from me, especially the women. "I must take a taxi home," she will say, but very often the money is used to spend in another bar after mine closes.

Most barmen have had heavy losses with bad cheques, but I have been lucky that way. In my experience I have had but three rubber cheques, thanks to a few wise principles I learned early. I never accept a cheque on a bank in a foreign country; I never accept a cheque of a third person; and I size up my client to see whether it is worth his while to give me a bad cheque for a small sum. To issue a cheque without sufficient funds in the bank is a serious offence in France and in payment of a credit bill I take a cheque eagerly for that is collectable where the bill may not be.

Frank at the Ritz and Zelli in his place in Montmartre have been real gambling bankers, taking all kinds of cheques many of which were returned. However these two men have gambled on the good will thus gained, to make profit anyway. I have never had enough money to do that. Zelli had whole drawers full of bad cheques, mostly on English and American banks, when his place was at its height.

In general, give me the artist in preference to the tourist. The artist may become a regular client, he usually pays well, and he is generous with his tips.

A barman makes his real profit from the tips, which, in the old days, were very generous. Men tip better than women, though a woman will often urge her escort to tip more than he intends, and Americans tip better than English.

The English have a curious way of tipping which I did not understand for a long time. An Englishman will order his drink and then say, "Have a drink," or 'Have you got your drink?" which is to tell me that I am to take the price of a drink out of his money, whether I actually drink it or not. Of course it puts the barman on a friendly level with his client. At first, not understanding this system, I lost much money through ignorance, but later I caught on. I used to keep two or three drinks ready under the bar. One would be angostura bitters and plain water with ice, which looks just like whisky or brandy; another, black currant cordial in plain water, which looks like port; another plain water with just a dash of bitters, which looks like "gin and it." Then when someone asked me if I "had mine," I would raise the appropriate glass from under the bar, for I believe in always drinking what the client drinks!

Another English way of tipping is to ask the barman to have a package of cigarettes or a cigar, which he is to take out of the bill as a tip. The English soon dropped this method in Paris, though, and adopted the American way of leaving the tip in money. The Americans often buy the barman a drink, too, but they insist on seeing him drink it.

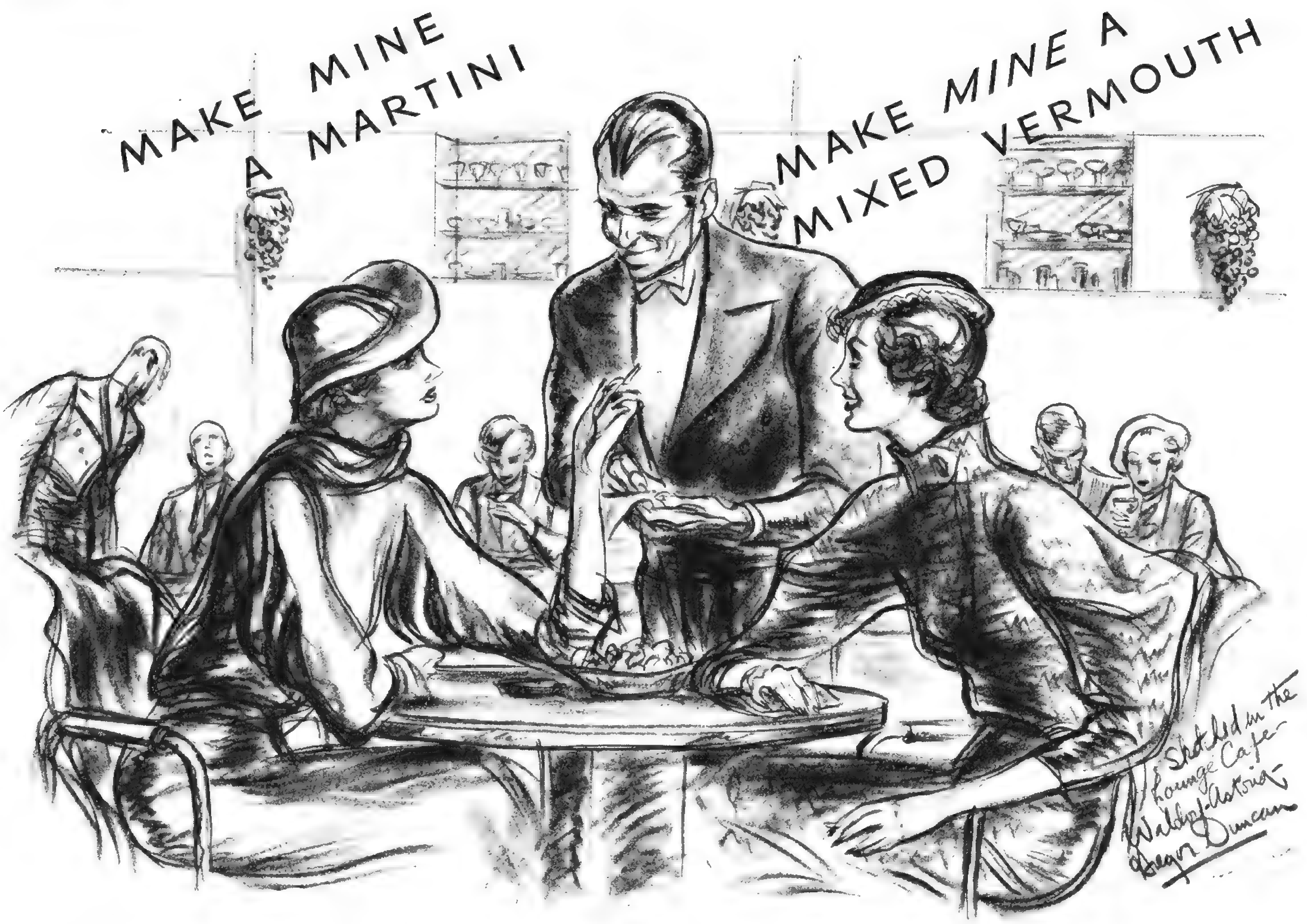
Beside our tips and salary, there are other little advantages for the barman, such as professional services offered free by doctors, lawyers and others, among his clients. Then too he obtains reduced rates at the theatres and cinemas, horse-racing tips, and even free entertainment at some of the less distinguished night life resorts, if you understand my meaning. When we steer clients to such places, we receive up to sixty per cent commission, and there is always twenty-five per cent commission from gambling houses, as well as free meals and drinks when we call.

The barman also gets a small commission from the liquor people, a franc a bottle for gin, brandy, and whisky sold, fifty centimes to a franc for bar champagne, up to five francs for the expensive champagne in the cabarets, and twenty-five centimes a bottle on everything else. That can mount up if the bar is doing a big business. At Christmas each dealer makes the barman a present of a bottle or so of his product to take home for a little private drinking in off hours.

It is the horse-racing tips that most barmen like best, for they seem to be inveterate gamblers. I used to be, too, but I was finally cured, though I am still not averse to taking a chance on a likely mare now and then. In some bars many of the clients are interested in racing and then the barman must keep well informed about horses. Montparnassians are not so strong on racing though, and I think that is why I drifted out of the habit.

Barmen like to shake dice too and some of them are exceptionally lucky. Personally I avoid shaking dice with a customer if I can, for either I lose which I can't afford or I win and the customer is annoyed. It is an unfair arrangement, anyway. If I lose, I can't force the customer to go on, but if he loses, then he continues playing until he has won again. I really prefer to lose because then there are no hard feelings.

It is funny sometimes to see the drunks when they want to shoot for their drinks. Perhaps they have run out of money and don't want to ask for credit. So they shoot dice, always cheating a little, clumsily, to make sure of winning. Of course I can say nothing.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You may have gathered that when we say "vermouth" we mean Martini & Rossi Vermouth. Modesty forbids us to say it is the best. But we do say (and you probably know) that it is the standard vermouth all over the world and has been for generations. You will want both kinds—the "Italy" and the "Dry" (Green Label).

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MARTINI AND ROSSI VERMOUTH

The AMERICAN MERCURY *heads in new directions*

I AM glad to be able to print below the partial contents of the May issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, for with that issue the new editorial direction of the magazine becomes quite clear.

First, I have abandoned completely its preoccupation wholly with the American scene; its interests will now include the European countries and indeed the whole world. It will treat foreign topics with the same uncompromising realism with which it for ten years dealt with purely American themes and personalities.

Secondly, THE AMERICAN MERCURY will be seriously concerned with the tremendous social, political and economic problems raised by the world crisis. In these days, a serious review cannot be devoted *merely* to the entertainment of its readers; but the MERCURY will make a particular effort to avoid monotony of either tone or subject matter, and to secure the greatest variety possible within the necessary limits of good writing and good sense.

Even so the magazine will, on the whole, probably bear a closer resemblance to Mencken's MERCURY than to any other periodical. It will delight, as always, in deriding pompousness and quackery in all places, in belaboring every known variety of puritan or wowser, in denouncing all attempts to suppress free utterance.

But it will be less concerned with the now comparatively harmless forms of imbecility displayed by Rotarians, Babbitts, and the lower inhabitants of the Bible Belt; it will give more attention to stupidity and swinishness in high places, where they are most likely to produce disastrous results.

More space than heretofore will be given to reviews of current books.

Finally, the magazine will not be wholly serious, but will include in every issue material, whether treating the various arts or sciences, short stories, poems, or just amusing odds and ends that have no other aim than to furnish entertainment to its readers.

Publisher

Partial contents of the May issue

THE PLIGHT OF THE DOCTOR

by George W. Aspinwall

A moving plea for the thousands of doctors who have been robbed of their means of livelihood by the advent of free clinics, insurance medical service, etc.

THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR MYTH

by George E. Sokolsky

Mr. Sokolsky, who is one of the foremost authorities in the United States on the Far East, here presents the novel idea that all the talk about an impending war between Russia and Japan is mainly wind. The simple facts, he says, are that the two countries have really nothing to fight about, and that a war, if it ever did come, would do neither land any good.

BOOM TOWN

by Thomas Wolfe

In this powerful story the author of "Look Homeward, Angel" returns to the mood of that book, recapturing its incomparable richness.

HOW TO MAKE A REVOLUTION

by Raymond Postgate

Mr. Postgate, one of the ablest students of politics and economics in England, offers specific suggestions for revolutionary success, among them a set of rules for winning over the Army and Navy to the cause of the revolutionaries. His article will perhaps shock those who prefer to remain blind to what is happening in the world, but all intelligent men and women will welcome his discussion.

THE PLANLESS ROOSEVELT REVOLUTION

by Lawrence Dennis

Mr. Dennis says that the President has no definite plan of action, and without a plan there is no revolution. One set of White House Spokesmen is clamoring for higher prices, another is clamoring for lower prices; some are for economic nationalism, and others are for economic inter-nationalism. Mr. Roosevelt himself has made statements which fit into all four groups. One of the most vigorous onslaughts upon the New Deal which have yet been published.

GERMANY SINKS INTO SLAVERY

by S. Miles Bouton

The Germans, Mr. Bouton says, are a singularly unpolitic, unrealistic, and fickle people, ever ready to lick the boots of whatever brazen man manages to get to the top. The Third Reich of Hitler, he argues, is doomed, but whether its end will come through revolution or war remains to be seen. If it be war, that will also be the end of Germany.

AMERICAN PROPAGANDA IN RUSSIA

by Anna Louise Strong

Does Russia stand to lose more from American propaganda within its borders than America stands to lose from possible Russian propaganda here? A fresh point of view ably expressed.

BREACH OF PROMISE: STILL A RACKET

by Anthony M. Turano

The old blackmail game, with amusing quotations from actual cases.

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Illustrated above is the button-down model. Arrow style and Arrow tailoring are "written" all over it. It boasts the Arrow Collar, of course. And is Sanforized-Shrunk—which is the reason why it holds its correct size forever.

Arrow GORDON comes also in plain collar and other smart style models. Your Arrow dealer is featuring them now. See them. Try them. They'll bring you the most comfort you ever bought for $2.00. If it hasn't an Arrow label it isn't an Arrow shirt.

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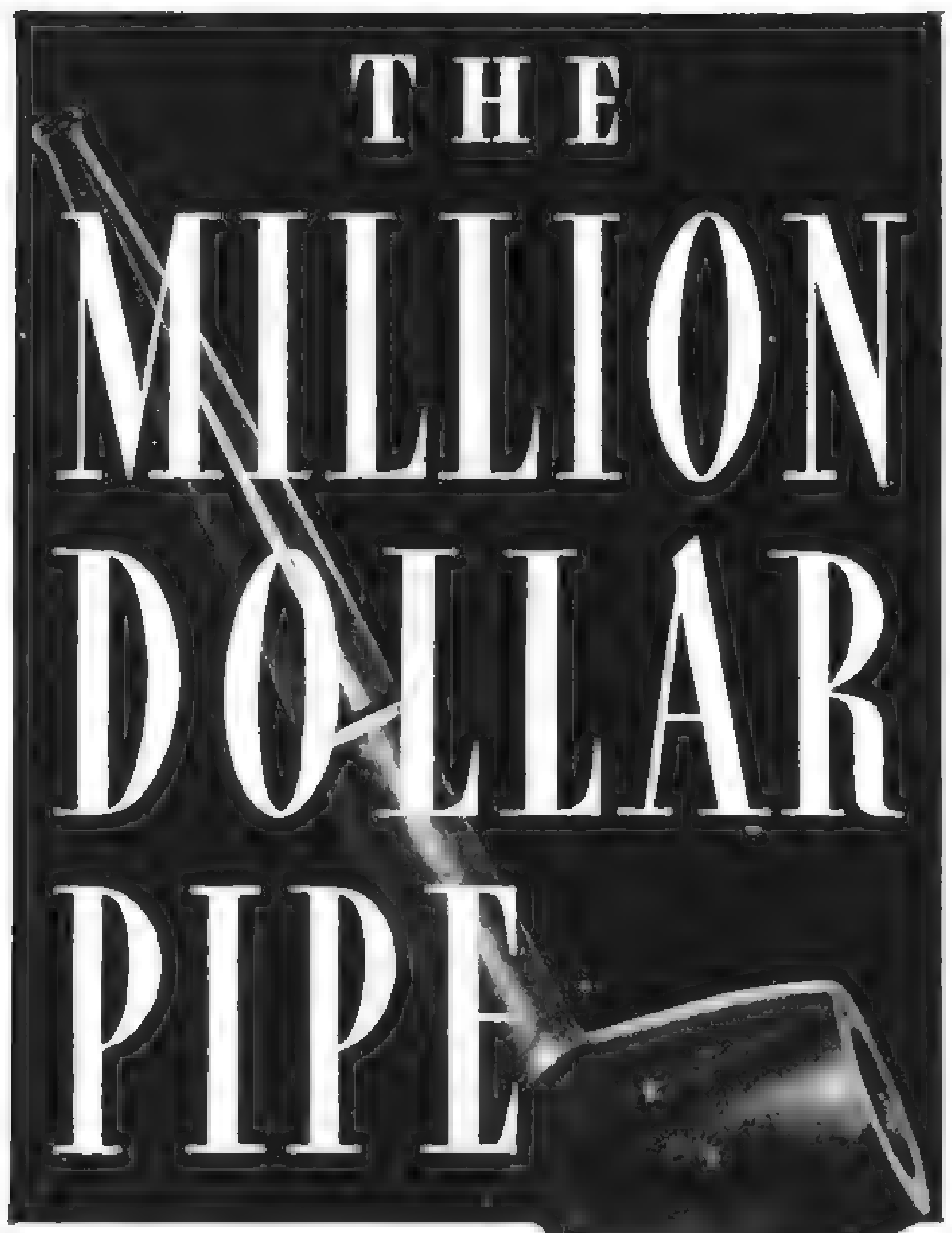
sanforized shrunk · ARROW SHIRTS · *a new shirt if one ever shrinks*



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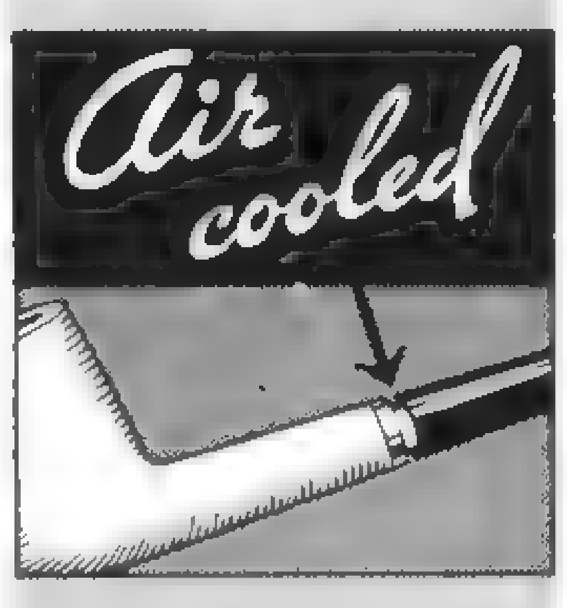

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Bridge Manners

Continued from page 36

None of the masters in this country—and if you want to know the ones I consider the masters, they are: Burnstine, Culbertson, Gottlieb, Lightner, Schenken, Vanderbilt, von Zedtwitz, and Watson—none of these ever gives anything away in the manner of his playing. Besides, all of them practically bend over backwards in their determination to be meticulously ethical. But I know other excellent and thoroughly ethical players, in the second and third classes, who have certain little psychological quirks—of which they seem to be unaware—that are quite revealing.

Baron von Zedtwitz—whom I consider the finest bridge psychologist in this country—and I once discussed this subject, and on comparing notes, discovered that we detected identical peculiarities in certain players. We agreed that it was not unethical for us, when opposing them, to make use of whatever information was conveyed to us by their odd little habits. As a matter of fact, we came to the conclusion that it was virtually impossible for us to refrain from profiting, since these players always did exactly the same thing under given conditions, and as long as we *had* the information, we couldn't ignore it.

In certain hands, for instance, it is always obvious that the declarer is going to finesse for the queen. Well, the Baron and I discovered that one old time tournament player—when opposing the declarer—always plays the low card quickly if he has the queen, and slowly if he hasn't. The variation in the speed with which he plays under the two conditions is very slight, but sufficient for us to know to a dead certainty whether or not he has the queen. I know that he himself does not realize there *is* any variation.

There are other players who have little tricks—entirely ethical, however—with which they try to be deliberately misleading. I know one man, for instance, who always makes a "fancy" play when he sees a suit is going to break evenly between himself and his partner. Instead of dropping a low card, as he might be expected to do, he will pick a middle card—say a nine. I know another man, a leader in the second class, who is continually endeavoring to give the declarer the wrong picture, by various little peculiar plays. The Baron and I talked him over, too, and agreed that any time we caught him attempting to give us the impression he held a certain card, we could be sure his partner had it—so he doesn't annoy us any more.

"Psychic" bids have caused a lot of argument, pro and con. I say they are admissible if not too complicated or unusual, and provided they convey the same meaning to the opponent as to the partner.

To display temper under the continued pressure of poor cards is one of the commonest and worst breaches of good bridge manners. When the cards are running against you the only thing to do is sit tight and pass. As for bawling out a partner across the table, that practice is such bad manners there doesn't seem to be much to be said about it.

In this connection, I once saw Mike Gottlieb display one of the finest examples of *good* bridge manners I have ever been fortunate enough to encounter. It was in an individual tournament, and up to the last session, Mike stood second. In the first round of that last session he had the bad luck to cut one of the weakest players as partner. I was playing against the pair, so I saw the whole thing.

In one hand, Mike had the ace of clubs and nothing else higher than jacks. But even with his worthless hand, he bid twice, neither time clubs, however. The partner, who had practically all the ace cards in the deck, got the contract for four spades, and made six. He was furious, and just about jumped down Mike's throat.

"Why didn't you show me your ace of clubs?" he snorted.

Now I thought Mike would have been only right in replying, "Good God, man, you had enough pictures in your hand to open a gallery—everything except the ace of clubs. I bid twice. What did you think I had?"

But Mike merely smiled and said, "Partner, I think you're right."

Incidentally, the partner was fighting hard for thirtieth place, and as a result of the bad score during that session, Mike virtually got put out of the championship.

Dave Burnstine, recent winner of the National Individual Championship, is another expert who has beautiful self-control in the face of withering and unjust abuse from an irascible partner. He also has a keen sense of psychology, in his appraisal of partners, and a sense of humor, too. I remember a hand when Dave's partner bid a club. Dave bid a heart, and the partner promptly raised it to three hearts. Everybody passed, and the four hearts were made.

The partner ripped into Dave unmercifully for not bidding four hearts. Dave took it quietly, but later he remarked to me privately, "Of course, I should have bid four. But if I had the damn fool would have raised it to five." And he would have, too!

The most superb example of good bridge manners I ever saw occurred in the apartment of Harold Vanderbilt about two years ago. There were only four of us there, Vanderbilt, a young man named Smith, a third player who was quite good, although not an expert, and I. From the start, it was obvious that Smith knew virtually nothing whatever about bridge. The stakes were substantial.

When we stopped playing, Smith was the only loser, but Vanderbilt paid for him. That was certainly generous, but it seemed odd.

A year passed, during which I played with Vanderbilt numerous times. Finally my curiosity got the better of me. I asked him if he remembered the occasion and why on earth he happened to have such a poor player as Smith in a good game.

Vanderbilt laughed. It seemed that at the last minute someone he had invited to play that night disappointed him, so he told his secretary to ask a *Mr. John Smith*, an excellent bridge player. But the secretary misunderstood and called a *Mr. George Smith*, an excellent tennis player, who frequently played *that* game with Vanderbilt. And the secretary neglected to say that he was being invited to play bridge. So, on arrival, when he discovered what he had got into and confessed his appalling ignorance of bridge, Vanderbilt, the perfect host, said, "Oh, don't mind. Don't mind. Just do the best you can, and I'll underwrite your game!"

6
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is here! at a price that will be sweet music to your ears!
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L'Affaire Cooky

Continued from page 88

Charlie made a move to go, but the official stopped him. He went out for a minute and came back with another official who apparently was his superior. The two were talking earnestly together. The official introduced his superior.

"Would *you* pay twenty-eight francs for the cookies?" Charlie demanded.

"No, monsieur," replied the superior.

"Then why do you expect *me* to pay twenty-eight francs?"

The superior smiled. The logic was irresistible. With a grand gesture, he reduced the charge to one franc for the stamp tax. Everybody smiled. Leaving the cookies in the care of the attendant, for it was against the law to move it from the store-room as yet, everybody went back to the office and Charlie paid one franc. The documents were stamped all over again and everybody trooped back to the store-room.

Charlie thought that now at last the moment had come for him to receive the package. But he was mistaken. His troubles were really beginning. The official ordered the attendant to open the package for the formal examination of the contents. The wrappings were torn open, the lid of the coffee can pried off and there at last, in the dim light of the vast store-room, surrounded by officials, gendarmes, clerks and attendants, his mother's cookies were once again revealed to the human gaze. Impulsively, Charlie reached out, took one of the cookies and had lifted it half way to his mouth when the official in a horrified voice cried out, "Stop! It is against the law!"

Charlie looked dumfounded. "What's the matter now?" he asked Max.

"Please replace the little cake," said the official. "As all formalities have not yet been completed, it is against the law to eat it."

The official took the box from the attendant and looked at the cookies attentively. "Bon!" he said, satisfied that they were really cookies. "This way, please."

Once again leaving the cookies with the attendant, they went to the official's office this time. He filled out a brand new form. He stamped it. He attached it to the other documents and said, "Thirteen francs, please."

"Wha—what for?" asked Charlie, stunned.

"For the duty and the stamp, monsieur," replied the official.

"But—but I thought it was all reduced to one franc," said Charlie to Max.

"That was for storage," replied Max. "This is for duty—duty to the French Republic, my boy!"

"If my mother bakes me some cookies, do I have to pay the French Republic thirteen francs?" demanded Charlie bitterly.

Max turned to the official. "If his mother bakes him some cookies, does he have to pay thirteen francs to the French Republic, monsieur?"

The official shrugged his shoulders. "It is the law," he said.

"I refuse to pay," said Charlie.

"He refuses to pay," relayed Max.

"He refuses to pay," the gendarmes and officials chorused.

By this time, news of the affair of the cookies had spread all through the customs house. The words, "He refuses to pay!" spread like wildfire from one department to

Continued on page 154B

Picture Executive

Continued from page 140

and tell instantly what its financial fate will be.... Sidney Kent might have been a great evangelist had he not chosen to play an executive role.... L. B. Mayer is a production genius, with a flair for picking able lieutenants.... The Cohn Brothers combine showmanship and an uncanny ability to produce good pictures at the lowest possible cost.... I might add to the list William Fox, Jesse Lasky, Winfield Sheehan, the Warner Brothers, Darryl Zanuck, Carl Laemmle, David Selznick, Emanuel Cohen. Some, like Thalberg, work intimately with every picture from the picking of the story to the final cutting . . . others, like Jack Warner, have relatively little to do with the actual production.

They hire and fire . . . sign contracts . . . settle the million differences of opinion that rise daily. They act as a bridge between production and distribution. They work fifteen hours a day, including Sunday . . . get large salaries . . . and die young.

But we, in the sales end, can't feel sorry for them.

Hollywood feels that the business organization, having no artistic soul, can't possibly know what constitutes good pictures. A rousing reception at an opening night makes them certain of success. The boys go around slapping each other on the back and predicting an unprecedented box office draw. They are too close to their subject for proper perspective.

A certain famous comedian watched the preview of his latest feature. Next day he met a sales executive in the Brown Derby.

"Boy!" he chortled, "that picture of mine was a riot in the studio last night."

"Yeah?" said the executive, who isn't blinded by contact with the stars, "and how many studios can it play in?"

He knew the picture was bad . . . and that producer, director and star had hypnotized themselves into believing it a classic. The salesman could not afford to kid himself. He had to go to the exhibitors in the cold light of day and try to convince them . . . and they take lots of convincing.

Our sales organization maps the United States into sections with certain sales percentages allotted to each. For instance:

A picture costs $500,000 to make, with an additional $25,000 expended for prints. The theatres must gross $800,000 for us to break even. Detroit, with a 4% quota, has to show a $32,000 return or the district sales manager will find it necessary to do a lot of explaining. New York is rated 14-1/10%; Boston 6½%; New Orleans 1-2/10%, and so on.

Let me point out, however, that these figures are flexible. They are shifted according to conditions, and we keep the closest possible watch on the economic pulse of the country. If steel is booming and wheat is low, we cut the demand on the Minneapolis branch office, and require Pittsburgh to take up the slack. I doubt if any industry exercises greater clinical care in its study of general conditions, for while people must have clothes and food and a roof over their heads, even if the pay-checks have stopped coming in, the demands of nature do not include attendance at motion picture theatres.

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CLOTHING FOR SPORT

Brooks Brothers were producing specialized clothing for golf in the days of "cleeks" and "lofters"...when Old Garden City was new, and St. Andrews had nine holes. Our tennis clothing goes back to the days when Customs inspectors searched vainly (and wired Washington) for a classification under which to tax "stringed racquets from Bermuda." Our polo outfits were being made when ponies measured only thirteen hands, and John Watson took the Westchester Cup back to England. And so with every amateur sport in America...Brooks Brothers have from the very beginning helped to establish those clothing standards which, in their modern 1934 form, are recognized all over the civilized world.

Brooks Brothers' travelling representatives are now visiting 43 cities all over the United States, in addition to many of the best-known preparatory schools and colleges in the East. If you will write to our New York store, we shall be glad to send you the current itinerary, together with an illustrated circular.

ESTABLISHED 1818
Brooks Brothers,
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Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
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NUMBER ONE WALL STREET · NEW YORK

★ Catching Up ★ With the Known Fake Subscription Salesmen

ESQUIRE regrets that its popularity has served as a bait by which swindlers have been able to victimize people in numerous instances in different sections of the country. Fake subscription salesmen, variously representing themselves as: traveling representatives, members of special sales crews, district circulation managers, etc. have been taking subscriptions, collecting cash and pocketing it without turning in the subscriptions to ESQUIRE. ESQUIRE has no connection whatever with these activities, is seriously embarrassed by them, and is determined to stamp out the nuisance quickly. Through the facilities of two national detective agencies and by the co-operation of local authorities in communities from which reports of fake subscription selling have been received, we have made considerable progress to this end. Four of these crooks have been caught and are behind bars. Further arrests are expected daily but meanwhile we want to serve due warning to beware of paying money to any of the following who may still be at large:

W. J. QUIGLEY—5′ 8″ tall, 170 pounds, light complexion, sandy hair; claims to represent the H. & H. Periodical Service of Chicago, by whom he was long since discharged but whose receipts he still uses (or has had duplicated); makes unauthorized (and nonexistent) "special offer" of five issues of ESQUIRE for $1; has been reported in Texas, Louisiana, and Mississippi.

J. CORSON—a Philadelphian who has been selling fake subscriptions to ESQUIRE in various Connecticut school and college towns.

J. M. FENTRESS—a young woman of smart appearance selling fake subscriptions in Philadelphia and Cleveland, accepting checks which she cashes with the following endorsement: "Esquire Publishing Company, by J. M. Fentress, district manager." ESQUIRE has no district managers or company representatives.

ANNA BIEHL—either a partner or an alias of J. M. Fentress, active in the business district of Philadelphia.

A. W. CUMMINGS—operating in Denver and Colorado Springs, and Cheyenne, Wyoming, using receipt of "New Readers Association, Inc., 59th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York City," a fictitious concern; receipt lists thirty-six well known magazines at cut rates including ESQUIRE at two years for $5.00; tells his victims that this is a short time offer, to build up and stimulate subscriptions. ESQUIRE makes no special offers.

HAROLD A. PRESTELL—uses same spurious credentials, and makes same fraudulent offer, as Cummings, and operates in same vicinity. (Possible alias for Cummings). About 5′ 9″, fair complexion, smooth shaven, well groomed, about 21 years of age.

J. L. OWENS—operates in same district, uses same credentials and makes same offer as Cummings and Prestell (possible alias).

J. KROLL—believed to be an alias of Chester Krollczyk, also alias Chester Kroll, notorious subscription swindler, with prison record; 5′ 10″ tall, 155 pounds, blue eyes, light brown wavy hair, speaks with slight Polish accent; works New York and Pennsylvania, has recently been reported selling fake subscriptions to ESQUIRE in Pennsylvania college towns at special rate of $2.50 per year.

E. M. GUSS—5′ 2″, 120-130 pounds, about 45 years of age, slightly gray, crippled, walks with limp; works western towns and villages, giving receipt signed "E. M. Guss, Bismarck, N. D."

DAVID L. SIMPSON and **J. T. NORRIS**—probably in prison by the time this appears in print; held in Pittsburgh as this is written; recently active in various Pennsylvania college towns where they have sold unauthorized cut-rate subscriptions to ESQUIRE, pocketing the proceeds.

$50 REWARD

for information resulting in the arrest and conviction of any of the above-mentioned known vendors of fake subscriptions or that of any others who may be engaged in this confidence game. Correspondence is invited concerning any offers, of any kind whatsoever, in which ESQUIRE is promised at less than the regularly established subscription rate of $5 per year or $8 for 2 years. ESQUIRE offers no cut-rate subscriptions, no premiums, employs no sale crews, is not available in combination offers at special prices with any other magazines. ESQUIRE does recognize the fact that there are honest men and women, resident in almost every community, who make a living out of legitimate subscription sales. ESQUIRE hopes that its present drive on fake subscription racketeers will soon benefit these honest men and women upon whom the burden of proof of honesty is currently, and unjustly, cast. Meanwhile, ESQUIRE can assume no responsibility for the activities of fake subscription salesmen.

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. • 40 East 34th St., New York, N. Y.

"Horses, Horses, Horses"

Continued from page 81

hot-head whose name was Pauncefort-Pauncefort, younger son of the Honorable Granville Pauncefort-Pauncefort-Pauncefort, suggested that we take up the chase of "Master Reynard" whose name was Fox-Fox. The younger crowd echoed the cry, and Melton-Mowbray, in a weak moment, assented.

As I heard later, this was not cricket, in English hunting circles, as according to tradition, the fox (Fox-Fox) should have been allowed to finish *his* dish of tea, before being disturbed for the next chukker. Accordingly, when we started off in full hue and cry, the fox, instead of taking to flight, as is customary, turned on us angrily and changed the fox hunt into a man-hunt.

An incredible picture was presented as we all fled over hill and dale toward Tottering Towers, with the fox in pursuit and he pausing only now and then to utter a hoarse "Tally-ho." Fortunately we all gained the safety of the turreted walls in time, the drawbridge was raised and Fox-Fox was left outside, gnashing his teeth and snapping sullenly at a bunch of sour grapes which hung over the castle walls.

The rest is history.

Within twenty-four hours the Conservatives were overthrown, Bond Street was a shambles, Melton-Mowbray was exiled to Gibraltar, and all the members of the Tottering Towers Hunt had drowned themselves in a huge cauldron of hot tea. That is, all except myself. I returned to the States and hastened back to the old manse in North Carolina as fast as friendly motorists would give me a lift. I had seen the light!

Technique of the Hunt—"It Was That Long!" (The master reminiscing with the pack over a fox which escaped. The trophies of the chase may be seen above.)

Call us uncivilized if you will, sing the praises of British fox-hunting if you must, I stand with my forefathers on the Sport of Sports. I know now, that far sweeter to my ears than the stilted English warning cry of "What ho—I spy," is the virile American shout of "There goes the So-and-so!"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Raymond Knight would like you to know that he is much, much older (as well as much handsomer) than he looks. This is a subtle hint that he is ready to draw upon his experiences in a dozen other careers if you'll give him the slightest encouragement . . . or even if you won't.*

The Candid Cameraman

Hearty cheers for Mr. Arliss and the damnation of faint praise for everything else

by MEYER LEVIN

It looked like a zero month in the cinema until "The House of Rothschild" came along. The new George Arliss picture is one of those steadily excellent entertainments not to be expected more than twice a year from Hollywood. Although as a whole it does not deserve to be classified as a work of art, "The House of Rothschild" is a very superior piece of craftsmanship. George Arliss' performance as Nathan Rothschild ranks as art, in contrast to his characterization of old Meyer Rothschild, in the early part of the picture, which is craftsmanship, and in greater contrast to his recent performance of Voltaire, which was cheese.

It may seem purposeless to quibble here about the distinction between art and artisanship in the films, but I feel that a great deal of hooey is going to be written about this picture, and I want to draw my line. "The House of Rothschild" contains a little too much "careful handling of a delicate subject" to be art. One is aware, always, of a politic hand guided by an eye on the box office. A true work of art in motion pictures is of course so rare as to be almost nonexistent; it must be pervaded by a creative, rather than a manufacturing energy. "M" was such a picture, "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" was such a picture, so was "Variety." In them we were conscious of no other purpose than to tell a story beautifully. But "The House of Rothschild" tells a story as well as it may be told without stepping on anyone's toes.

The delicate question is that of anti-Semitism. An anxious house manager asked me if I thought the picture would offend Jews. Certainly not: it presents them exclusively in noble aspects; even where old Meyer is shown bribing the tax collectors the treatment is whimsical, and we are carefully given pressure of necessity motivation. Then, said the house manager, would the picture offend the Gentiles? Certainly not, for, aside from one fanatical villain, it presents them as being just in their dealings with the Jews. It is a fine surface treatment of the problem, with many, perhaps a little too many, clean and uplifting sentiments.

Aside from this slightly sanctimonious tone, which I somehow associate with Arliss, a man who crusades for better things, the production is infinitely pleasing. It has historic interest — Napoleon, Wellington, Talleyrand; it has highly dramatic action—pogroms in Frankfort, tense battle of financial titans, Waterloo background; it has romantic interest in the Jew and Gentile love theme, with sorority-girl Loretta Young on the verge of unconvincing as Shylock's daughter; it has social and economic meaning—the rise of the amazing family of international bankers, the purchase of civilian rights for the Jewish people, the part that money played in the Napoleonic wars (how carefully we are told that the Rothschild money was lent only to *end* the fighting!); it has oblique reference to present-day problems in Germany.

In general character, and in many details, the picture resembles "Disraeli": however, "The House of Rothschild" is a much better picture. And Arliss's characterization of Nathan Rothschild, hard, warm, resourceful, with a touch of the Mad Hatter about him, created with a minimum use of this actor's sometimes obtrusive tricks of voice and gesture, is indeed a work of shrewd art.

In a class one degree beneath "The House of Rothschild" is "Men in White," the film version of the play that broke the drama depression on Broadway. At last I can say my piece about this opera. Every time Johnny Weaver, over on the theatre page, uncorked his cannon to boom forth the tidings that here was a great production of a great play, I grew melancholy. The editor got to think I took it as a personal affront. "Men in White" is one of those lucky jobs. It got a great production on the stage, and a great production in the films, partly because it uses a hospital for atmosphere and a hospital is a ready-made theatre. On the stage, J. Edward Bromberg lifted the whole tone of the piece by his characterization of Dr. Hochberg, who is the warmly human personification of everything that is noble about scientists and doctors. It seemed a miracle that two people could play that same part equally well, but Jean Herscholt, in the film, is so good that one begins to wonder if he isn't better than Bromberg. It would be impossible to decide for the simple reason that his characterization is different. Where Bromberg is truculent, terse, almost angrily noble, plunging around with an uptilted chin and a cocked head, Herscholt is mild and heart-breakingly substantial.

It will at once be objected that there must be a great deal in this part for two actors to get so much out of it. There is. In that one part. The rest of the play is meretricious. The central story is about an interne engaged to a Park Ave. girl; he can't get off quite often enough to entertain her. We are asked to feel sorry for this poor hard-worked young medico because he and his stupid girl friend make a life-shaking problem out of how to arrange their dates. We are told to contemplate the terrific burden of this poor boy who, alas! is going to marry an heiress and become a great physician, but he must work so hard! I, for one, can't generate any sympathy. We work hard in all professions; men like to work, and medicine is fascinating. Besides, medicine is after all a protected profession; I can think of a lot of jobs where romance is less possible. This basic story-weakness keeps "Men in White" from the top class. Our sympathy is all with the poor little nurse whom the interne gets into trouble, and who has to die so Park Ave. can marry her doctor.

But the atmosphere treatment is superb. The continual rasping of the telephonic name-calls for the doctors, the priestly ritual of preparing for an operation, the stylized simplicity of the white uniforms, the metallic precision of instruments, machines, creates a sharp-edged world of perfection that forms a remarkable background of contrast for the warm, uncertain, but persistently questing humanity of Dr. Hochberg. With this atmosphere the author could have made a really beautiful play, just as successful, but more honest.

The film's most effective moment is in the scene of the girl's death. The interne gets up from beside her bed, and as he goes out, distractedly pauses to turn the handle that lowers the bed from a propped to a lying posture. There is a close-up of the dead girl's face, slowly arcing downward until it passes from the bare gray screen.

Several pictures that should have been good turned out severely disappointing. "As the Earth Turns," screened from a farm novel, fails altogether to capture the earthiness of the story, in spite of fine performances of the father and daughter. Bad direction. "Harold Teen," which one might have hoped would prove a great piece of Americana, turns out as a so-so bust with Pop Jenks the only one who preserves the comic-strip character. George White's "Scandals" is an over-touted third-rate musical, starring sugar-candy Rudy Vallee, than whom there is no one I would rather not see. Or hear. And "Scandals" boasts a fan-dance number by baby girls that is the apex of bad taste. "Rip Tide" has Norma Shearer in one of those sophisticated suffering roles. A few fine moments, but boresomely smart.

On the other hand, the new Cagney picture, "Jimmy the Gent," is faster and funnier than its predecessor. One of its gags might open a whole new field of sound-effects. Jimmy drinks tea until we hear the sound of tea glugging around in his innards!

And there is Walter Huston's fine performance in "Keep 'Em Rolling," a sappy and dangerous idealization of war. There is a scene where he tries to shoot his old horse, whose grave he has dug just on the other side of the Arlington Cemetery wall. The acting of man and horse won't leave a dry eye in the house.

"Show Mr. and Mrs. F. to Number—"

Continued from page 19

1925 At the hotel in Sorrento we saw the tarantella, but it was a *real* one and we had seen so many more imaginative adaptations . . .

A southern sun drugged the court of the Quissana to somnolence. Strange birds protested their sleepiness beneath the overwhelming cypress while Compton McKenzie told us why he lived in Capri: Englishmen must have an island.

The Tiberio was a high white hotel scalloped about the base by the rounded roofs of Capri, cupped to catch rain which never falls. We climbed to it through devious dark alleys that house the island's Rembrandt butcher shops and bakeries; then we climbed down again to the dark pagan hysteria of Capri's Easter, the resurrection of the spirit of the people.

When we got back to Marseilles, going north again, the streets about the waterfront were bleached by the brightness of the harbor and pedestrians gayly discussed errors of time at little cafes on the corner. We were so damn glad of the animation.

The hotel in Lyons wore an obsolete air and nobody ever heard of Lyonnaise potatoes and we became so discouraged with touring that we left the little Renault there and took the train for Paris.

The Hotel Florida had cat-a-cornered rooms; the gilt had peeled from the curtain fixtures.

When we started out again after a few months, touring south, we slept six in a room in Dijon (Hotel du Dump, Pens. from 2 frs. Pouring water) because there wasn't any other place. Our friends considered themselves somewhat compromised but snored towards morning.

In Sailes-de-Bearn in the Pyrenees we took a cure for colitis, disease of that year, and rested in a white pine room in the Hotel Bellvue, flush with thin sun rolled down from the Pyrenees. There was a bronze statue of Henri IV on the mantel in our room, for his mother was born there. The boarded windows of the Casino were splotched with bird droppings—along the misty streets we bought canes with spears on the end and were a little discouraged about everything. We had a play on Broadway and the movies offered $60,000, but we were china people by then and it didn't seem to matter particularly.

When that was over a hired limousine drove us to Toulouse, careening around the gray block of Carcassonne and through the long unpopulated planes of the Coté d'Argent. The Hotel Tivollier, though ornate, had fallen into disuse. We kept ringing for the waiter to assure ourselves that life went on somewhere in the dingy crypt. He appeared resentfully and finally we induced him to give us so much beer that it heightened the gloom.

In the Hotel O'Connor old ladies in white lace rocked their pasts to circumspection with the lullabyic motion of the hotel chairs. But they were serving blue twilights at the cafes along the Promenade des Anglais for the price of a porto, and we danced their tangos and watched girls shiver in the appropriate clothes for the Coté d'Azur. We went to the Perroquet with friends, one of us wearing a blue hyacinth and the other an ill temper which made him buy a wagon full of roasted chestnuts and immediately scatter their warm burnt odor like largesse over the cold spring night.

In the sad August of that year we made a trip to Mentone, ordering bouillabaisse in an aquarium-like pavillion by the sea across from the Hotel Victoria. The hills were silver-olive, and of the true shape of frontiers.

Leaving the Riviera after a third summer we called on a writer friend at the Hotel Continental at Cannes. He was proud of his independence in adopting a black mongrel dog. He had a nice house and a nice wife and we envied his comfortable installations that gave the effect of his having retired from the world when he had really taken such of it as he wanted and confined it.

When we got back to America we went to the Roosevelt Hotel in Washington and to see one of our mothers. The cardboard hotels, bought in sets, made us feel as if we committed a desecration by living in them—we left the brick pavements and the elms and the heterogeneous qualities of Washington and went further south.

1927 It takes so long to get to California, and there were so many nickel handles, gadgets to avoid, buttons to evoke, and such a lot of newness and Fred Harvey, that when one of us thought he had appendicitis we got out at El Paso. A cluttered bridge dumps one in Mexico where the restaurants are trimmed with tissue paper and there are contraband perfumes—we admired the Texas rangers not having seen men with guns on their hips since the war.

We reached California in time for an earthquake. It was sunny, and misty at night. White roses swung luminous in the mist from a trellis outside the Ambassador windows; a bright exaggerated parrot droned incomprehensible shouts in an aquamarine pool—of course everybody interpreted them to be obscenities; geraniums underscored the discipline of the California flora. We paid homage to the pale aloof concision of Diana Manners' primitive beauty and dined at Pickfair to marvel at Mary Pickford's dynamic subjugation of life. A thoughtful limousine carried us for California hours to be properly moved by the fragility of Lillian Gish, too aspiring for life, clinging vine-like to occultisms.

From there we went to the DuPont in Wilmington. A friend took us to tea in the mahogany recesses of an almost feudal estate where the sun gleamed apologetically in the silver tea-service and there were four kinds of buns and four indistinguishable daughters in riding clothes and a mistress of the house too busily preserving the charm of another era to separate out the children. We leased a very big old mansion on the Delaware River. The squareness of the rooms and the sweep of the columns were to bring us a judicious tranquility. There were sombre horse-chestnuts in the yard and a white pine bending as graciously as a Japanese brush drawing.

We went up to Princeton. There was a new colonial inn, but the campus offered the same worn grassy parade ground for the romantic spectres of Light-Horse Harry Lee and Aaron Burr. We loved the temperate shapes of Nassau Hall's old brick, and the way it seems still a tribunal of early American ideals, the elm walks and meadows, the college windows open to the spring—open, open to everything in life—for a minute.

L'Affaire Cooky

Continued from page 152

another until they reached the furthest corners of the building. Everybody dropped work to discuss the case. Employees formed in excited groups all over the building. Bitter arguments took place, in some cases leading almost to blows. One faction said the American was to be admired for his heroic stand; another faction said he was trying to tear down the foundations of the Republic. The socialists and the conservatives split sharply on the issue. The monarchists tried to incite them against each other for their own advantage. Little knots of worried officials hurried from office to office, conferring. After what seemed like hours of excitement, a committee of officials approached Charlie and Max.

"Nothing further can be done today," the spokesman said. "The entire question will have to be reviewed by the Ministry of Commerce. It will take a long time, without doubt. Monsieur Ha-rees will be good enough to hold himself in readiness for examination from time to time. But he may rest assured that in the end, justice will be done."

"Listen," said Charlie from the depths of his being, "I'm a painter. I want to paint. That's why I came to France. I will *not* make these cookies my career."

"What are you going to do?" asked Max. "You can't just drop it. They won't let you."

"I know," said Charlie wearily. "I'm going to pay."

"Traitor!" hissed Max.

Charlie paid. The officials looked relieved —a serious governmental crisis had been averted. Loaded down with documents, he carried the package of cookies out of the customs house. A few employees hissed at him as he passed; others applauded. They all went back to work reluctantly.

This was in the middle of February.

When Charlie got back to the studio, there wasn't much good light left for painting. Anyway, he felt like a convalescent—he just wanted to lie down and rest a while.

A letter was awaiting him from his mother. She wrote him all the local news, told him how badly they had missed him at Christmas, how glad she was that he had enjoyed the cookies and—Charlie read the last paragraph and sank down on the couch. It read:

"I only wish I had thought of it at the time, but I could have sent a fruit cake just as well and it would have been nicer for the holidays. However, better late than never, I always think, so I am sending one now—a nice great big one, twice the usual size."

Tomorrow's Men

Continued from page 41

them, and that still others are poor because they choose to be. St. Francis, with his Lady Poverty, cut no great figure during the dynasties between Mark Hanna and Calvin Coolidge. From those dynasties, however, the younger generation is not at this moment taking its ideals.

Many ministers and priests see the prospect of a revived interest in religion, and of a return to the churches. It seems to me that the religious impulse is stronger throughout the world than at any other time during my mature life, but it takes new forms, and what effect it will have upon the churches, I doubt if any of us can foresee. A vital religion, as I understand it, looks to the future.

It is the worship, in spirit and in practice, of an ideal which usually is incarnate in a divine or sainted personality. If I were to name the most religious country in the world today, I'd choose either Russia or Japan. I'd refuse to be misled by Russia's attack on Christian churches. Russia is inventing her own church, and articulating her own God. The process has been highly emotional and instinctive, as befits the birth of a religion.

In Germany Hitler too has been trying to manufacture a religion, but he goes at it with German method, and perhaps with German lack of humor. Our newspapers report only the superficial incidents of his attempt—his wish to revise the Bible, or bring back the old deities of Valhalla, and especially the grotesque paradox of his hope to salvage the Old and New Testaments from the Jewish races.

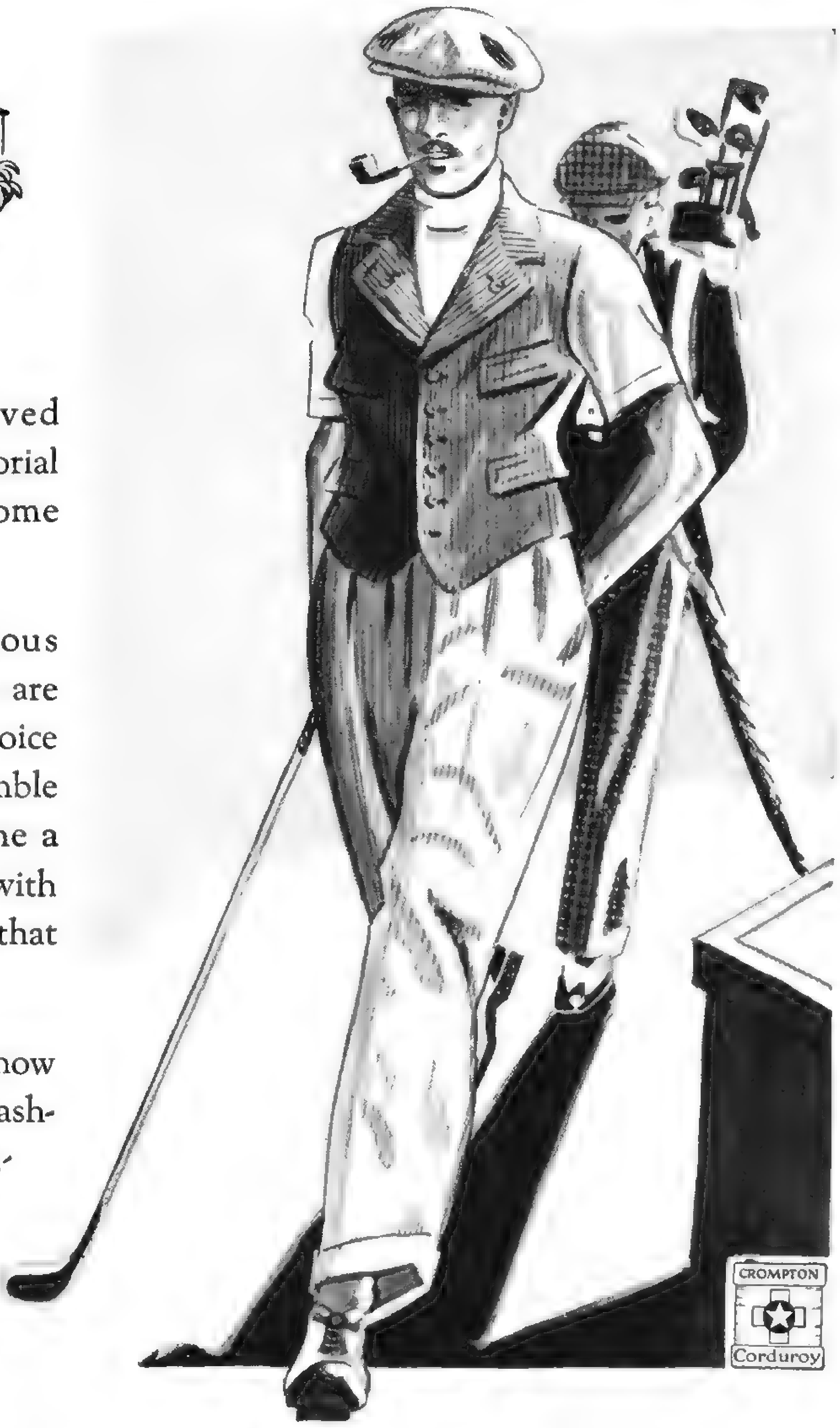
In America I see no attempt as yet to invent a private and national God, but I do see a tendency away from much that the Christian churches profess. As I know them, the younger generation have no interest in heaven as a future state, and no ambition to save souls—neither their own nor anyone else's. The promise of paradise and the threat of hell are obsolete, and missions are coming to an end. Men of my own age do not care to admit this, but no other deduction, I think, can be drawn from the attitude of the youngsters.

Whatever God they are looking for, they wish to find here and now, and they believe in the possibility of such a good life that even in our temporary days the worthy soul may live immortally. Directly or indirectly the modern youngster owes something to Spinoza.

Of the organized churches he is a little suspicious, though he loves the beauty of their tradition. I think they could win his allegiance in a minute if they could free themselves from past centuries, and set before him the vision he seeks. I doubt if they can do this, but perhaps they can. If he lingers respectfully and wistfully around the doors of a Christian church, I believe it is because Christ in the Gospels would satisfy him. But Christ, as interpreted by Christian theology, and by the official conduct of organized Christianity, does not interest him in the least.

He would rather have such a religion as the Japanese enjoy, or the Russians—or even the Germans, after Hitler gets their new religion finished.

"OKAY, CORDUROY!"



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CROMPTON CORDUROYS

A Night at Sea

Continued from page 30

own idiotic unfeelingness. Not even those who work with me and know my fatal secret are moved by it. Take yourself, for example—do you feel terrified at all on my account?"

"Do I feel terrified on your account? I must confess, no. Actually, not at all."

"And, of course, you don't feel at all sorry for me?"

"No, nor sorry. And I venture to say that you have no belief whatsoever in those blessed places, in which there is neither grief nor affliction, but only paradisal apples?"

"What sort of faith can you and I have?"

And again both lapsed into silence. Then they took out cigars and began to smoke.

"Just make a note of it," said the first passenger, the one who lay under his plaid rug, "neither of us showing off now, neither is playing a part before the other, as before an imaginary listener. We both of us are, in truth, speaking quite simply and without premeditated cynicism, without any spiteful boast, in which nevertheless there is always some sort of compensation; now, let us glance at the position in which we find ourselves. We are conversing simply and grow silent without the least significance, without the least stoical wisdom. Generally speaking, there is no more sensual animal on earth than a human being; the cunning human soul is capable of extracting self-gratification from everything. But I don't see even this in the episode which involves me with you. It is all the more curious because it is necessary to add to our, as you express yourself, idiotic unfeelingness the whole peculiarity of our mutual relations. For, after all, there is a terribly close bond between us. That is, to speak more precisely, there should have been a bond between us."

"There's no gainsaying that!" replied the other. "Of course, I have brought horror into your life. I imagine that you've survived it."

"Yes, and even more than you can imagine. And, generally speaking, it is horrible, that whole nightmare which is experienced by the male, lover, husband, whose wife has been taken, enticed away from him, and who for nights and days, almost ceaselessly, every instant, shrinks from the agonies of wounded self-love, from the terrible jealous fancies about the happiness experienced by his rival, and from the hopeless, perpetually thwarted tenderness—to be more precise, sexual emotion—toward the lost female, whom, at one and the same time, he desires to throttle in the most ferocious hatred and to shower upon the most humiliating tokens of truly canine submissiveness and devotion. This, in general, is unutterably horrible. Add to this the fact that I'm by no means an ordinary human being, but an individual with a heightened consciousness, with a heightened imagination. Now you can surmise what I have undergone in the course of years."

"Not years, surely?"

"I assure you, not less than three years. Yes, and even later the mere thought of you and of her, of your intimacy with her, would scorch me as with a red-hot iron. That's comprehensible too. Well, to rob a man of his bride-to-be, that's one thing. But to seduce a man's mistress or, as in my case, a man's wife! She, you must remember, with whom you slept—pardon my bluntness—was known to me in all the peculiarities of body and soul like the five fingers of my own hand! Just think what scope it gives to the jealous imagination. How is one to survive the knowledge of her domination by another? It is all simply beyond human endurance. Can you wonder then that I nearly drank myself to death, that I lost my health, my will? That I lost the prime development of my strength, of my gifts? I can say, without exaggeration, that you simply broke me in two. I'd grown together, of course, but what was the sense of it? In any case, little was left of my former self, and it couldn't have been otherwise. For you'd broken into the holy of the holies of my existence! Prince Gautama, in choosing for himself a bride and on seeing Yasodkhara, who had 'the form of a goddess and the eyes of a doe in spring,' was so stirred by her that he raised the very devil of a mess in competition with the other youths—he shot from his bow, for example, so that it was audible for seven thousand miles—then he removed his necklace of precious gems, and, putting it on Yasodkhara, said: 'I chose her because we played together in the woods in ages long gone by, when I was the son of a huntsman and she a maid of the woods: my soul suddenly remembered her!' She had on that day a black-golden mantle, and the Prince glanced at her and said: 'She's wearing a black-golden mantle because myriads of years ago, when I was a huntsman, I saw her in the woods in the shape of panther: and my soul has suddenly remembered her!'—You'll forgive me for indulging in all this poetry, but there is a great and terrible truth in it. Just try to penetrate into the meaning of these astonishing words! I am referring to the suddenly awakened memory and to the horror which occurs when this most sacred of meetings in the world is violated by a stranger. Who knows—I might have also shot so it would have been audible for thousands of miles. Then—suddenly—you appeared . . ."

"Well, and how do you feel towards me now?" asked the gentleman with the erect shoulders. "Spite? Repugnance? A thirst for vengeance?"

"Just think of it: simply nothing! Notwithstanding your tirade, simply nothing. Horror, horror. There's your 'my soul suddenly remembered'! But you know that well yourself, I mean that I feel nothing. Otherwise, you'd not have asked."

"You're quite right. I know. And that too is very terrifying."

"All the same, we're not a bit terrified. The whole horror consists in that we're not a bit terrified."

"Yes, that's it. Not a bit. Men say, there's a past! That's all nonsense. Strictly speaking, human beings have no past. Only, perhaps, they catch a faint echo of something experienced at one time . . ."

And once more a silence fell upon the two men. The steamer trembled, went on; with a measured rhythm rose and fell the soft din of the drowsy wave which came alongside; rapidly, monotonously, behind the monotonously sounding stern, revolved the log-line, now and then giving vent to a slight, mysterious ringing sound: dzin-n . . . Then the passenger with the erect shoulders asked:

"Well, tell me . . . What did you feel when you heard of her death? Did you feel anything?"

"No, almost nothing," answered the passenger under the plaid rug. "I only felt a certain astonishment at my unfeelingness. I opened a newspaper in the morning, and there lightly struck my eye: 'By God's will, etc., etc. . . . ' Because one is unaccustomed to it, it is strange to see the name of someone familiar and close to you in that black frame, in that fatal place in the newspaper, printed so solemnly, in large type . . . Well, I did try to mourn. But, old chap, wasn't she the same who . . . But—

"From indifferent lips I heard the news
  of death
 And indifferently I hearkened . . .

"Even grief was lacking. There was only some sort of weak pity . . . Yet was she not the same whom 'my soul suddenly remembered'? Was she not my first, and such an intense love of many years? I became acquainted with her at the time of her greatest loveliness, innocence and that almost adolescent trustfulness and timidity which agitates a male heart unspeakably, because perhaps there must be in all femininity this trusting helplessness, something childlike, the token that the girl, the woman, always keeps hidden within her the as yet unborn babe. And there it was, to me first, in a sort of divine bliss and terror, she truly yielded everything God gave her. Truly a million times, in such rapture as I had not known before or since, I kissed her maiden body, the most beautiful thing on earth. And was it not for her that literally night and day for years I nearly went out of my mind? It was for her that I wept, tore my hair, tried suicide, drank, vented my spite, fiercely destroyed what was probably my most precious labour . . . Well, twenty years pass by—and I stupidly gaze at her name in the mourning frame, stupidly I imagine her in her grave . . . I imagine something unpleasant, nothing more. I assure you, that is the truth. What about yourself—I'm referring to the present—do you feel anything?"

"I? I can't say I do, what's the good of hiding the fact? To be sure, scarcely a thing . . ."

The steamer continued its way; with a hissing sound there rose ahead of us wave upon wave, approaching with a clamour and dashing against the ship's side; monotonously dinned and seethed the pale-snow-white path stretching behind the stern. A soft breeze blew, the starry design remained motionless in the heights, above the black funnel, above the rigging, above the slender point of the fore-mast . . .

"Do you know what?" suddenly said the first passenger, as if suddenly awakened. "Do you know, what the main thing is? It is, that I could not in any way connect her, the one who had died, with that other, about whom I have just spoken to you. Not in any way. Absolutely in no way. She, the other, was quite separate. And to say that I felt nothing at all toward her, the other, would be an absolute lie. So I have not spoken the truth. It's not at all like that."

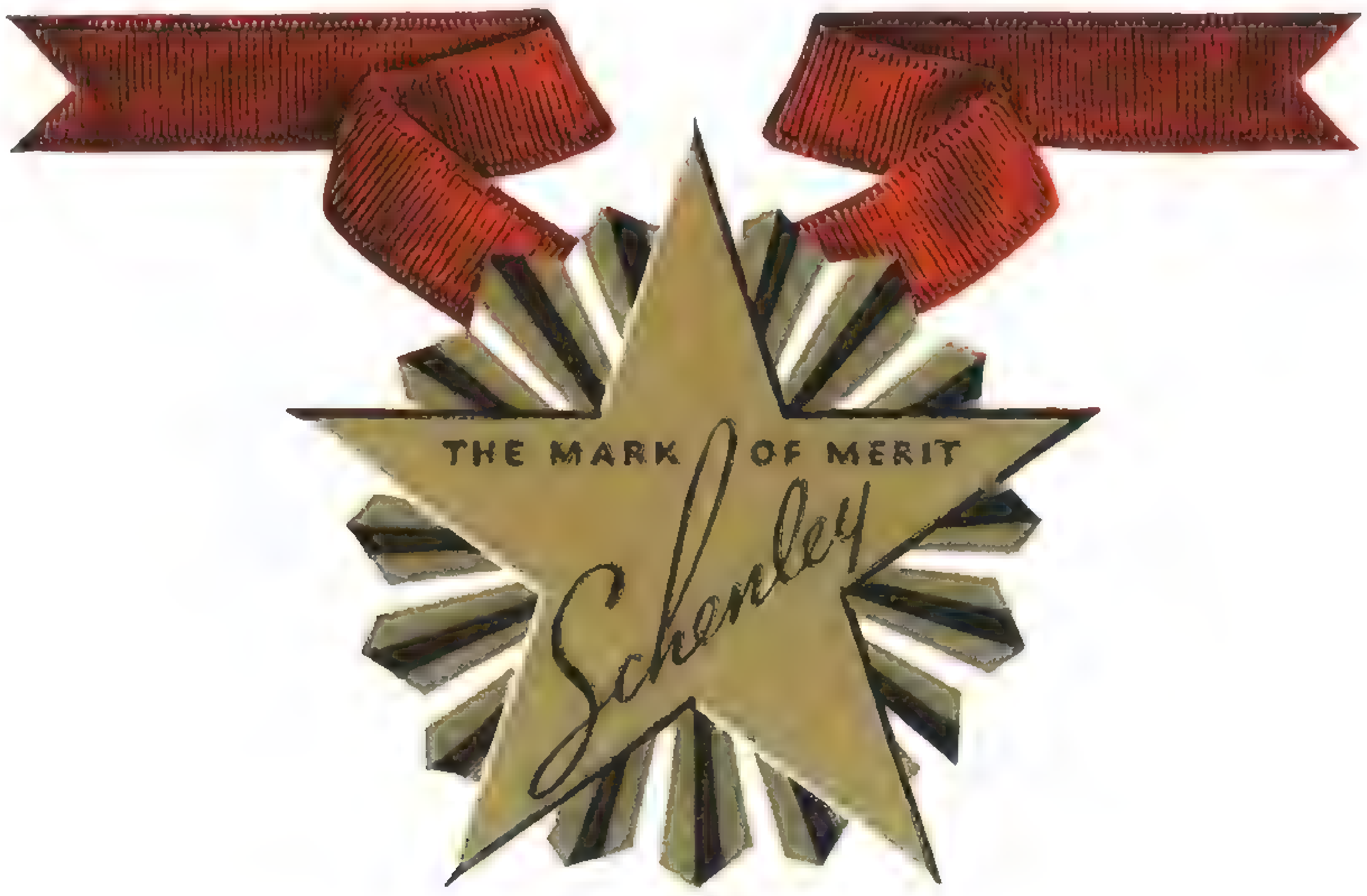
The other reflected.

"Well, and what then?"

"Simply this, that most of our conversation has been without point."

Continued on page 162

SO THAT YOU MAY KNOW



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Competition for Cup Players

Continued from page 47

will he crosscourt without losing the point because Crawford knew just what he was doing when he made this play, and just what Shields could do with that particular ball.

It is this kind of play that the United States will have to prepare for. We are of the opinion that our Davis Cup team can be prepared to play each individual player of the opposition exactly as that individual should be played. No general plan will do. Crawford, Austin, Perry, in fact every player must be played differently. It is absurd to think that we can defeat any high ranking player by doing this or that. Everything must be done ahead of time. The opponents scouted, a tabulation of the errors kept. From this we find out their strength and their weakness. Figures do not lie and from them we get our plan. The errors give us the clue to every player's weakness. The play will go there by accuracy.

In top-notch tennis today one weakness is enough to lose the championship. What can Shields do with his weak and faulty backhand? Can he conceal it from the players who beat him last year by playing this weakness? No doubt he plans to use his speed of forehand in order to keep the play away from his weak side but accuracy will find it out as it did at Forest Hills in 1933.

Wood has trouble with the deep ball on his backhand when the bounce is high. Can he fix this up? Allison showed Wood up in 1932 at Forest Hills, so did Crawford in 1933. It wasn't speed that beat Wood in both matches, it was accuracy.

Lott lost a National Championship in singles because of a weak backhand on low balls. Lott runs around this ball admitting his weakness. In his doubles play his fast

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Aristocrats of the Brook

Continued from page 23

reel so that the fly can be presented to the trout as delicately and as naturally as possible. It is merely a matter of practice and a bit of study.

One of the finest wet-flies I know of is the Silver Doctor. When the trout are not feeding off the surface this particular fly usually brings home the bacon inasmuch as its silvery body possesses a minnow-like quality of unusual attractiveness to all trout. In fact, I believe any tinsel-bodied fly, whether wet or dry, is the most attractive for all around fishing. The tinsel may be gold or silver, it matters little, for the fish are attracted by the tiny rays shot out from the body of the fly when the light surrounds it.

My stream experience has proved several things regarding the use of certain colored flies during the different periods of the day. For instance, during the wee hours of morning the flies of medium or dark colors proved best. If the day was overcast, however, the light colored flies were the most successful. During the daytime I discovered that almost any pattern was good on rough water, but the dark fly was the best where waters were calm, sky clear or a slight riffle on the surface. In the event the sky was dark, the lighter colors were found the most effective. For evening fishing the dark or tinsel-bodied flies were best, and, incidentally, the flies of the larger sizes.

The main point of my findings lies in the fact that the sky forms the background against which the trout observes the fly. If the sky is overcast and dark, the light colored fly naturally shows up better. However, I have also observed that a black fly is effective during late afternoon and evening, so perhaps the optical vision of a trout differs from what we might think.

During April and May the darker patterns usually bring the best results. During June, when the weather is warmer, the vivid colored flies, such as Grizzly King, Yellow May, Professor, Green Drake, Royal Coachman and Parmachene Belle are very good. July and August are the months for the light colored flies. Good patterns for midsummer are, White Miller, Montreal, Spinners, Coachman, Brown Stone, Rube Wood, Quaker, Cowdung, Brown and Grey Hackles, Grizzly King, Silver, Doctor or McGinty.

The Red Hackle is favored by many anglers when the waters are a bit roily from rain. I have also found the Black Gnat and Coachman very effective in slightly colored streams after prolonged rains. Some streams, however, are next to impossible for trouting after a heavy rainfall. Any stream which flows over a clay bottom becomes a brick red and the only successful method of making a good catch is by resorting to the spinner and chub tail,

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or, if you prefer, a nice gob of angle worms or a juicy grub worm.

Every trout fisherman should possess some knowledge of entomology. By knowing when certain insects appear over the surface or when certain aquatic bugs are in the larvae state and when they hatch, the angler can fish scientifically and the correct pattern of fly will be attached to his gut leader. Fly fishing for trout undoubtedly requires more actual stream study and observation than is required when bait casting for other species of game fishes.

Trout are shy and cautious, hence to capture them successfully on the artificial fly it is necessary to present the lure in a natural manner. The entire day's sport is a matter of matching your angling skill against the ability of the trout to out-smart you—and don't labor under the delusion that trout don't possess brains, for if you so believe your troubles along the stream will be many.

Why a fisherman will keep changing flies all day long is a matter of conjecture for the most part, but the purist-angler must fish scientifically and to do so he must fish with whatever pattern fly matches the colorations of the insects seen flitting above the stream. However, the early spring angler need pay little attention to the insects seen above the waters, for if he is to fish according to Hoyle he must attach flies to his leader which represent such tidbits as the nymph of the stonefly, mayfly, dragonflies and damselflies, alderfly, dobson and other aquatic insects and water-beetles.

I like a brown or olive colored fly for early spring, such as the Olive Dun, Cahill, Brown Hackle, Palmer, etc., but later in the season my choice runs largely to such flies as the Royal Coachman, Professor, Parmachene Belle, White Miller, McGinty, Black Gnat, King-of-the-Waters, spinner flies, etc. However, one must remember that all streams do not produce trout with the same run of fly patterns. It is always well to contact local fly-fishermen before fishing a strange stream, for it's dollars to minnows they know which flies are the best for all-around use in their native streams.

Many experienced trout fishermen claim that the most important phase of fly-fishing lies in the angler's personal knowledge of where to cast his fly, and when. How to present the fly attractively and at the correct time of day, weather and water conditions taken into consideration, really constitutes the major fundamental, but it is a difficult task to make the "purist-angler" agree, for to him the pattern of the fly is the most important and he will spend much time tying flies on the banks of the stream to match the hatch of insects seen flitting above the waters before he will deviate from the straight and narrow and fish out the day with a fly unlike the natural insect. Call it science if you will—but I have proved time and again to myself that the pattern of the fly is incidental if the angler knows something of piscatorial life and the correct methods of presenting the fly to the fish.

Waters below a falls are usually good for speckled trout, hence I waded back to the spot where I hooked the rainbow. This time, however, I tied a Queen-of-the-Waters to my gut leader. Inasmuch as opening day trout are willing strikers, it was not long before I hooked into a fair-sized brook trout almost in the center of the bubbling waters of Thunder Falls. Unlike the rainbow I had previously caught, the fish bored deep into the waters and attempted to nose his way up under the apron of the waterfalls. This is a common habit of the wily brookie. On other occasions they will dart for the gravel bottoms and attempt to escape from the hook by rubbing their noses against the rocks.

The fish, being only about ten inches in length, was not difficult to lead back into the turmoil of the falls and around the rapids to the more quiet waters at the side of the eddy. As I lifted the trout from the waters with my landing net, the morning sunlight flashed across its colorful body. The bright red spots on each side showed prominently as the fish quivered and trembled. "Number two," said I, as I slipped the trout through the creel door to lie beside my beautiful rainbow.

Three more "brookies" fell for the artificial flies before I departed from the waterfalls to wade on down the stream. No doubt there were more trout around the pool, but in the event there were they knew enough to leave my flies alone. I have watched these aristocrats of the brook from my hiding place in the bushes beside the stream. How my heart has fluttered at the sight of a big rainbow lying almost motionless in the pool, with the caudal fin gracefully "fanning" the current. Then the thrill of seeing him suddenly dash upward and nip a grasshopper off the surface where I had delicately tossed him. But the climax of the experience found me wide-eyed and trembling, for I had crept carefully below where the big trout lay and cautiously cast my dry-fly over him. Up he came with a rush, but all he did was to turn sharply, give the fly a slap with his tail, and then disappeared somewhere in the depths of the pool where he could watch developments. The more I fish, the more I realize that there is such a thing as an educated trout.

The Girl who was Easy

Continued from page 38

smiling the most innocently glad smile.

He waited for her outside and she came up to him wearing a thin blue cloth coat that looked rather shabby, even though she held it wrapped tight around her to give it some style. As soon as he saw her and saw the eager expression on her face he wished that there had been a little fur on the collar of her coat. "Can I walk home with you, Betty?" he said. "It would be a very great pleasure," and he took off his hat. "I'd like you to," she said rather sedately. She seemed to be pronouncing her words very carefully. "Isn't it funny the way we seem to have known each other a long time?" she said.

He guided her across the road, holding her arm as if she were fragile and precious, feeling gradually full of tremendous confidence in himself. His gentleness and respect for her seemed to delight her and once she patted his hand very lightly. They talked about the first time they had seen each other and what they had both thought.

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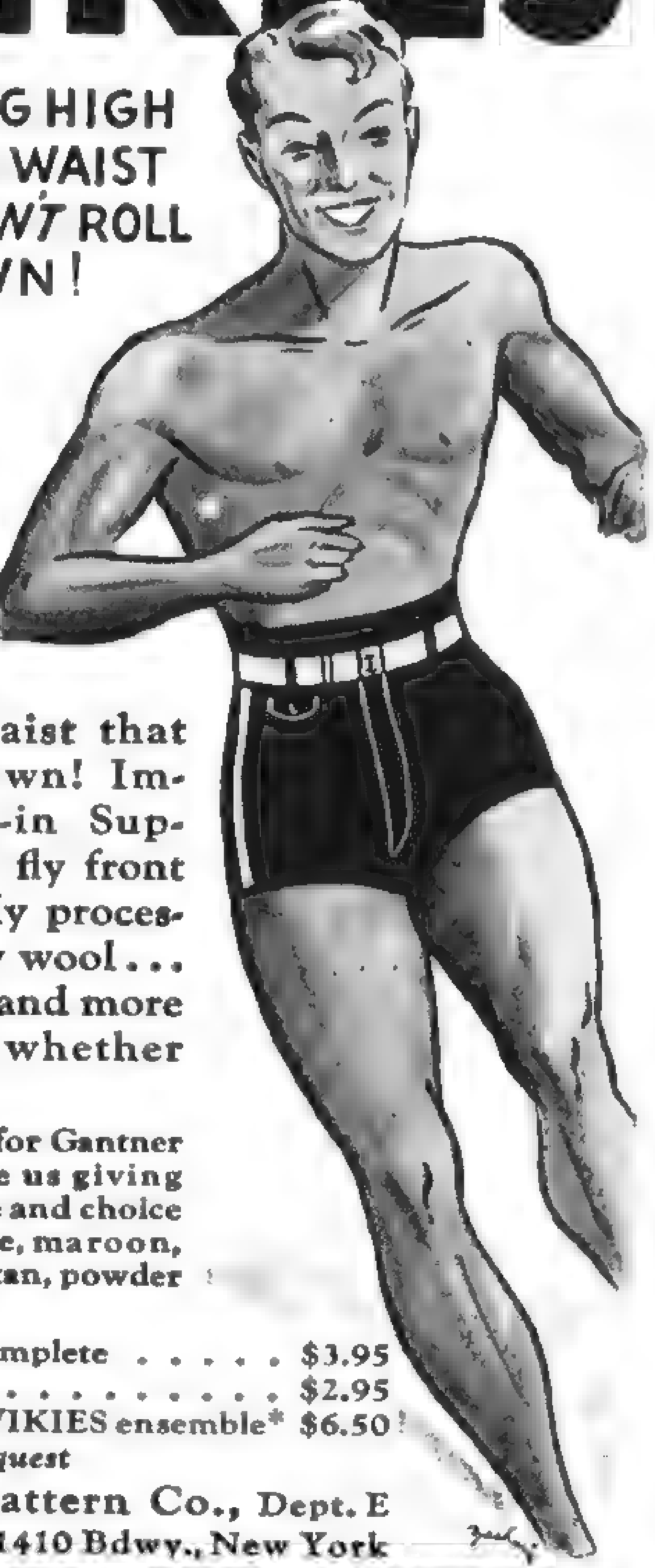

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The Girl who was Easy

Continued from page 159

At the corner of her street she wanted to leave him, for her rooming house looked old and mean and she did not want him to see it, but he insisted upon going along with her and when they were at the stoop he said, "Couldn't I go in with you a moment, Betty?"

You could see that she wanted him to do what he was accustomed to doing, as if it were up to her to follow him, but she was not sure of herself when she said, "Do you really want to come in for a few minutes? Maybe twenty minutes wouldn't hurt, but you can't stay."

Her room which was extraordinarily small was bright and clean. As she took off her coat she explained that she could have had a bigger room if she had roomed with someone but she had wanted a room of her own. For a few moments they sat opposite each other on the two chairs on the piece of old green carpet, and then she said awkwardly, "Well, Bernie?" Feeling sure of himself, he smiled, coaxing, as he put out his hand and took her hand with the short fingers and the tips roughened from work. His own smooth fingers rubbed over her rough little ones, but when he went to put his arm around her she resisted and shook her head. Her round brown eyes were regarding him with a dreadful seriousness as if she were afraid of making a mistake about him. She trembled because she was not sure of him. "Tell me what you think of me?" she asked anxiously.

"Why you're a lovely child," he said, and before she could stop him he kissed her quickly. But she was still agitated, still shaking her head, "Are you sure you don't think I'm no good?" she said.

"Why should I think that?"

"I shouldn't let you kiss me like that, and besides . . ."

"Besides what?"

"There's a fellow who really wants me to marry him."

"Who is he?"

"Maybe you've noticed him. A big fair fellow that sits at the counter."

"That guy," Bernie said, and he smiled slowly in such a way that it appeared they were sharing the same joke. She didn't want to smile, but she felt obliged to, and when he saw how easy it was going to be, he said in a grave, judicial tone, wrinkling his forehead, "If you like him . . . Listen, Betty, you don't look like that guy's girl. I mean when I look at you I'd never think of him at all."

"I don't know. Ed's a fine enough fellow," she said.

"He'd never make you dream about him, would he, Betty?"

"There are lots worse than Ed. The only thing is he kind of spoils things always talking about it being necessary to save our money. The other day I bought a new hat and he looked sore as if I ought to have put the money in the bank." Her round face was full of deep childish resentment. Then she looked up wistfully, hoping he would agree with her. "When you came around, easy-going and awfully eager . . ." She smiled warmly. "Don't you remember, Bernie?"

"Sure I do."

"I knew you would. It's nice thinking about it, isn't it? But I said you couldn't stay."

Continued on page 162

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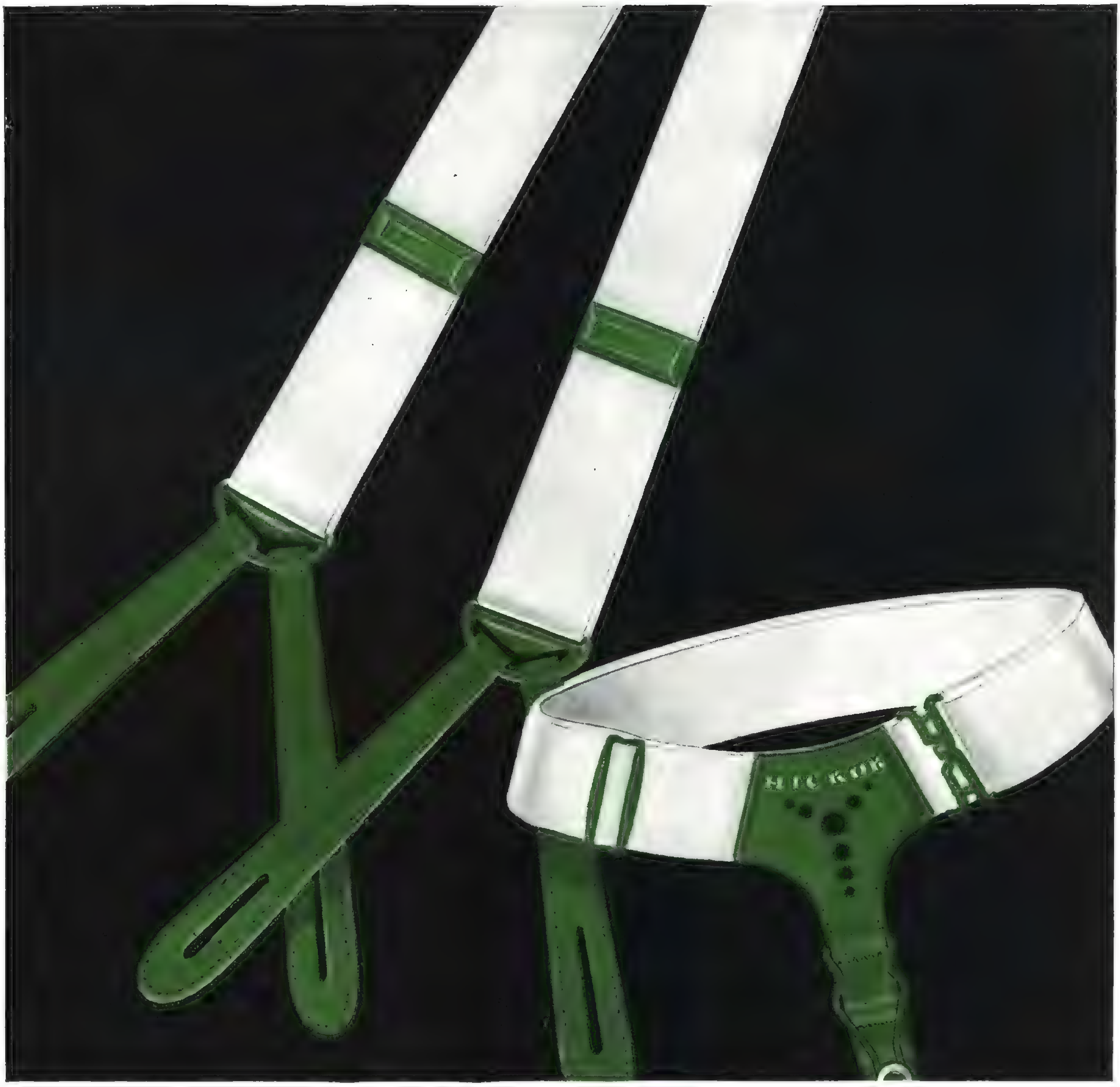

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The Girl who was Easy

Continued from page 160

"I've been sitting here waiting to kiss you."

"Have you really? Oh, Bernie, I seem to have known you such a long time," she said. She got up slowly and when he stood up, too, she suddenly startled him by throwing her arms around him and kissing him hard twice. Then she took a deep breath and stood back looking awfully glad. His eyes were full of surprise. She was so simple and tender he felt cheap and he no longer had any confidence. The uneven way he was breathing seemed to make his heart beat slower and louder. "You make me feel like a fool, Betty," he said jerkily. Then a feeling he didn't think could rise in him so quickly made him blurt out, "You're lovely, Betty, you're a lovely kid," and he stared at her as if she had become the loveliest woman he had ever seen.

"You must go now, dear," she said softly.

"I don't want to go now," he said, clumsy and humble.

"I know," she said, serenely enjoying her happiness. "You've got to, though."

"Can't I come again?"

"If you want to, Bernie."

Half timid, he leaned forward, wanting her very much. Before he could touch her she kissed him swiftly and pushed him out the door.

When he was outside it was hard to remember what he had planned to do. He just felt glad. On the way to meet Olsen he thought once of the troubled eyes of the worried Swede, and he felt even more confused till the warmth of his own eagerness surged strong in him again.

At the lunch counter he saw Olsen sitting alone reading a tabloid and drinking a cup of coffee. His hat was far back on his head and his face looked ruddy.

As they went out to the street together Olsen said with a mild, dispassionate interest, "How did you do with her, kid? Did she take you in? Is the door wide open?"

"Yes, she took me in. She's nice."

Olsen stopped to light a cigaret and the flaring match showed on his face the good humored, self satisfied delight that came from knowing. "Wasn't I right?" he said. "Can't I pick them with my eyes closed?"

"No, you can't," Bernie said resentfully. "It's different with her."

"It's different with them all. What did I say the first time I saw her? Wasn't it easy like picking grapes off a vine?"

"It wasn't like that at all," Bernie said, He wanted to say again, "This was different," but he couldn't stand to hear Olsen laughing. "Did I tell you she was easy or didn't I?" Olsen was saying. "All right, you were right. Now why don't you shut up? What do you want, a medal?" Barney said, feeling dreadfully disappointed.

As they walked along together with their footsteps falling steadily he began to hate Olsen for being so right. He hated him for being wise and having had such experience.

He was hoping he would never get to be like Olsen when he heard him ask mildly, "When are you going to knock her off? No need to waste much time on that one." Bernie was so full of hatred he shouted, "Shut up, I tell you," and he was aching to smash Olsen on the mouth.

A Night at Sea

Continued from page 156

"Oh, without point?" said the passenger with the erect shoulders. "She, the other, as you express yourself, is simply you, your imagination, your feelings—in short, something your own. And that means, you've moved and tormented yourself wholly with yourself. Consider that well."

"Do you think so?—I don't know. Maybe . . . Yes, it's possible . . ."

"Yes, and did you long torment yourself with yourself? Ten minutes. Well, let's say a half hour. Even a whole day."

"Yes, yes. It's terrible, but you may be right. And where is she now? There perhaps, in this lovely sky?"

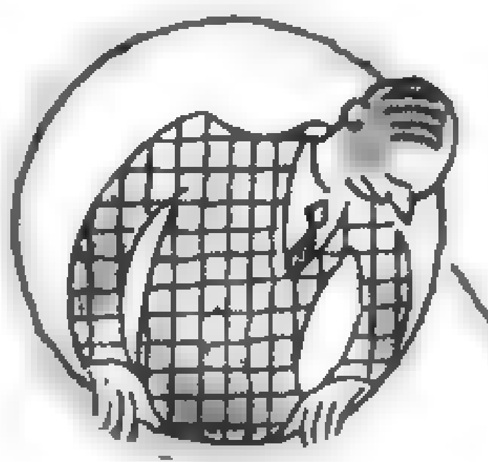
"Allah alone knows, my friend. Most likely, nowhere."

"Do you think so? Yes, yes . . . most likely, it is so. . . "

The open flat sea in an almost black circle lay under the luminous cupola of the nocturnal sky. And lost in this round darkening plain the tiny steamer stolidly and unswervingly pursued its path. And endlessly there stretched behind it the drowsily seething pale-milken way—there, into the distance, where the sky merged with the sea, where the horizon, in contrast to this milkiness, appeared dark and sorrowful. And the log-line went on revolving and revolving and mysteriously something at moments ticked off, gave vent to a slender ringing sound.

After a silence, the two men, in low voices, said simply to each other: "Good night."

DIEM



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"Tarpon Time"—blue sunlit waters, tropic shores—and giant leaping fish. Imagine a seven foot tarpon strike rocketing into the air, shaking its head madly, plunging heavily. Terrific kick on the end of that thin line—maybe you'll get him—maybe you won't; but the thrill is yours and there's nothing like it.

At Useppa as spring advances the Tarpon run in larger numbers and to greater size. Many other varieties are always abundant.

Useppa Island lies in sheltered waters in the heart of the world famous Tarpon waters on Florida's West Coast. The entire Island is devoted to the guests of Useppa Inn and Cottages. The Inn is thoroughly modern, cuisine is of special excellence. Own golf course, tennis, bathing and boating. Open until June 1st. Fair rates still prevail. For booklet, further information or reservations address the Manager, Mr. J. F. Vallely, Useppa Island, Lee County, Florida.

USEPPA INN
and
COTTAGES

The Island Winter Resort

Competition for Cup Players

Continued from page 158

footwork gets him the ball on his forehand, but then he need only cover half the court in doubles. Van Ryn takes care of the other half. Yet it is this weakness, well known to everyone, that will be pounded even in the doubles this year.

Van Ryn does not get the depth off his forehand from baseline play when the necessity arises nor does he return the service accurately enough when he is moved out of the court. He too, will find these weaknesses worked on by the opposition.

Every effort must be made to correct these known weaknesses before we can feel that the United States has a chance for victory.

We cannot say that Allison will be given a chance to make the team. Strictly speaking he had an off year in 1933. He played too little hard tennis last Spring. His footwork has fallen off and it is this that made it impossible for him to get the depth and pace that made him such a good player in 1932. He may adopt the plan of going to the net more. He will find that this will aid him against the weaker players but he will not reach his number two position through this plan for it will take too much out of him in a hard match against any good opponent.

Lester Stoeffen, the six foot blond giant, who with Lott won the United States Men's Doubles, may be worked with Lott against trial combinations but we do not believe that he will be on the team in the final selection, as Lott's partner. Stoeffen also, must correct certain faults. One, his inability to hit fast balls hit right to him on the baseline. Another, a weak backhand caused by a poor stroke make-up and due to improper footwork. When he corrects these two major weaknesses he should beat them all.

Bitzy Grant asks that he as a baseline player, be given a chance against the net rushers and hard hitters, meaning Shields, Stoeffen, Wood, etc. . . Grant argues that he can beat them all with defensive baseline play and we know that he would come pretty close to doing it. But we also know that there must be an attack at the right time and it is in this that Grant loses out. He does not grasp the opportunities given to him to score. Grant defeated Vines at Forest Hills when Vines refused to vary a losing game. Vines made very little change during the match and Grant was played exactly the way he likes to be played; a baseline duel with speed vs. defense. Vines with his speed took all the chances and made all the errors.

We are strongly in favor of Spring tryouts in which the players earn their positions on the team. It has not been the best policy in the past to select the Davis Cup team by the players' showing the year previous.

A Davis Cup squad should be picked and a team match held before each Davis Cup Tie to determine the two best men for singles and the best team for doubles. In this way the competitive spirit is kept humming throughout the season, and with the best men at that particular time in their respective positions, making up the team.

We know the players would not be in favor of this system. They will say that the uncertainty of whether they will play or not, is too much of a mental strain and will affect their game. They like to be told weeks ahead of their appointment so that they can

Continued on page 164

George,
PRINCE REGENT

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George, Prince of Wales, later Prince Regent, and finally George IV, King of England, social arbiter of the Regency, and leader of bons vivants.

"BEAU" BRUMMELL, "Blue Hanger", Charles James Fox, the Duc D'Orleans, even the Prince Regent himself, were distinguished patrons of a famous wine and liquor establishment—BERRY'S, of St. James's Street. Today, in its third century, the cellars of this venerable House still boast noble wines and choice spirits, and their account books still boast the names of epicures and connoisseurs.

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Competition for Cup Players

Continued from page 163

hie themselves to the woods or mountains and dodge any and all American players who might beat them in the interim.

Our own tournaments in this country have been productive of some very fine tennis throughout the season. We watched Shields win one tournament after another, week in and week out. How is it that Shields and the other tournament players could go right through the season playing good tennis, improving as the tournaments got tougher and the going rougher?

They like these tournaments. They thrive on competition and they are keen and keyed up to the pitch where they can produce their best tennis in competitive play.

The high ranking players fear the unknown or youthful comers and yet it is good for their game. It is quite a kidding matter, one player to another, to be put out of a tournament by a player not ranked in the first ten. Take the old feud of George Lott and Frank Parker. It dates back to the time Lott took plenty of joshing when he was sitting up on the number two position a few years ago. He lost to Parker, an unseeded and unranked men's player. They told Lott, "It must be tough playing in the Junior Division." "George, you must be slipping." And since then many a good player has taken an unexpected beating from Lott in his desire to get another crack at Parker in a semi-final or final match of many tournaments. It is this sort of thing the high ranking player must guard against. He must beat the field not only once but many times during the season.

We are in favor of team try-outs for the players' own good. Once they get it understood that they have to play top-notch tennis, say from May right through July, they will do so.

It would be all right to start out with a picked team based on last season's ranking, and work from there. Put down three names: Shields, Allison and Stoeffen. Call them number one, two and three singles. Say to them, "You are the starting team of the Davis Cup Squad." Give them fair notice that other American players, Sutter, Mangin, Wood, Grant, etc., will be brought to play them and should any one of them lose, he loses his place on the team. However, he has the chance of winning it back before the next Davis Cup Tie.

What are the players eligible for the Davis Cup team doing now? First, they are scheming how they can be assured of a position on the team and secondly, perhaps, planning some improvement in their game. Some of them we know are definitely engaged in correcting their weaknesses. We have Lester Stoeffen with us, hard at work on his backhand and speeding up his footwork. Here is one player who ranks three, now let us suppose he improves over the winter and beats Shields, not once, but several times this Spring. Wouldn't that prove that he is the better man? Is a world series pitcher named weeks ahead? Does a football coach name his starting line-up days ahead? Did the French name their Davis Cup team ahead of the schedule? We think not!

We think our own Davis Cup team should be made up of the best players available at sailing time and who have earned their positions on the team.

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The Minute Between

Continued from page 35

every first-class city in the U.S. Only first-class places for us. We belong here . . . What was our last job? Now, how should I know that the cashier had an electric button he could press with his foot? Charlie knew it, but he forgot to put me wise. When I found it out we were already bumped off. They opened up hot. Hey, Charlie! Wake up and tell the inspector that I never said a word to you about that damn electric bell after they plugged us. Wake up! He don't want to let us in because he says it is 'brotherly love' or something . . . I can't wake him up, chief. He told me he was feeling lousy. But you can see for yourself we are the real article and you must have our record in the book. Have a heart, man. Look at all we gone through. We suffered hard on some of these jobs . . . Much obliged, chief. I'll do the same for you some day. All right, Charlie, let's go. I don't blame them for being particular who they let in. But he's a good guy and we got our tickets . . . Come on, I'll carry you. You're pretty heavy. Oh boy! They must have plugged forty pounds of lead into you. And I feel heavy, too. It's been a big day for us . . . But here we are, and as soon as we find a place to park we'll be in clover. But isn't it funny? I can't get that damn library out of my head. And I wish I could find my hat. Can you hear me, Charlie? We are still on the pier and we are coming through the gate. I got the tickets in my head. There's a couple of swell-looking girls ahead of us giving their tickets to the gate-man. They are laughing at us. Maybe there is something doing. Wake up! Hey, wake up, Charlie? See where we are! A whole big city. Here, let's sit down on the curb and look it over. You sure are heavy. No, sit up and don't keel over. Here, I'll lean you up against the letter box . . .

"It's a big city. The same . . . just like all of them. They got letter-carriers. We could have mailed our letters right here. I wish I had one to send somebody. Gee, it's a big place!

"Wake up! I hear the fire engines coming down the street. The wagons are all gold like the ceiling in that bank and they go like a blue streak . . . The driver has a flower in his hat. He's a devil. Wake up, Charlie! For the love of Mike, wake up! There's something wrong! The letter-carriers are all detectives and the place is full of cops. They're giving us the once-over. We're back in the old town. It sure is hell. Come quick. Let's move. They know us. Wake up, Charlie! Wake up! I hear an ambulance. He has the same kind of a bell like that damn alarm in the bank. All right, let her clang! Clang! Clang until you bust an artery or something.

"There must have been an accident, but they can't find out where it is. Everybody is running. We know where it is, don't we? But we won't tell them. Why should we butt in? It's none of our business. Hurry, Charlie! Hurry! I can't carry you now. We're pals and I'll drag you. Oh boy, you sure are heavy. It gets dark quick. I can't see a damn thing. It sure is hell."

The ambulance doctor hurried into the bank. He did not bother opening his black bag. He knelt beside the men on the floor.

"This one," he said, "died almost instantly. This one here seemed to be talking in his sleep, but only for a moment."

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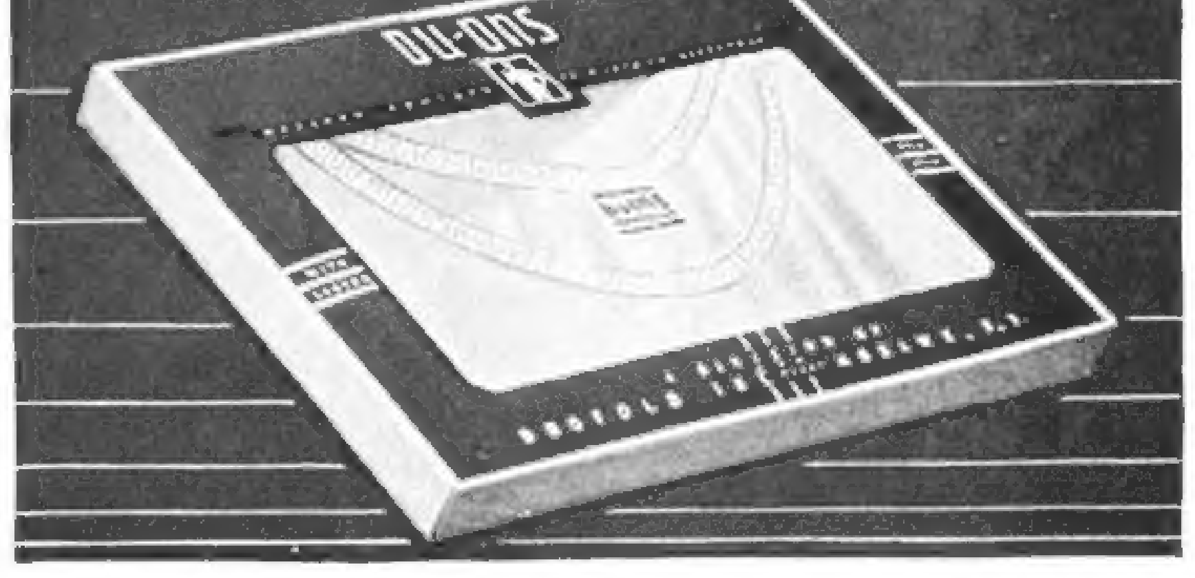

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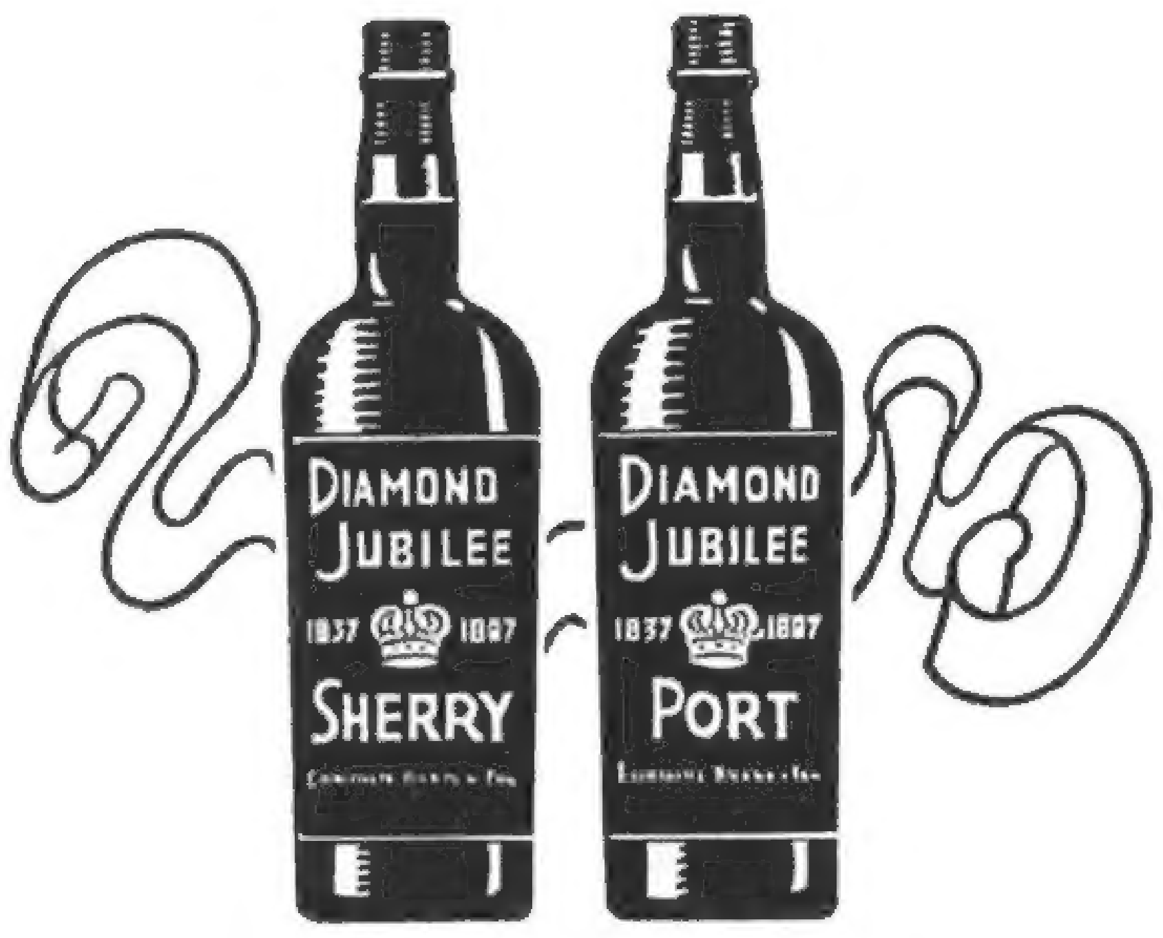
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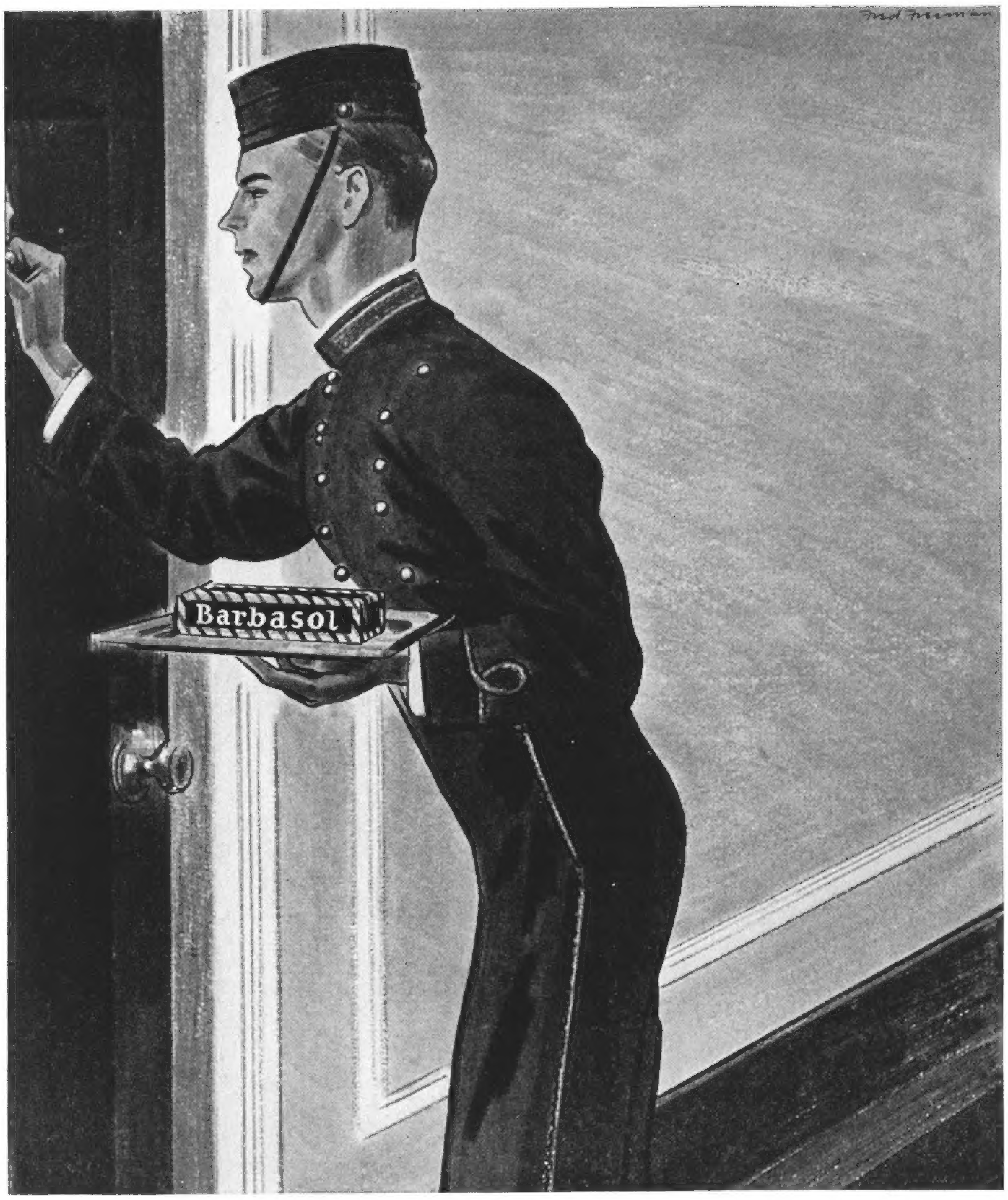

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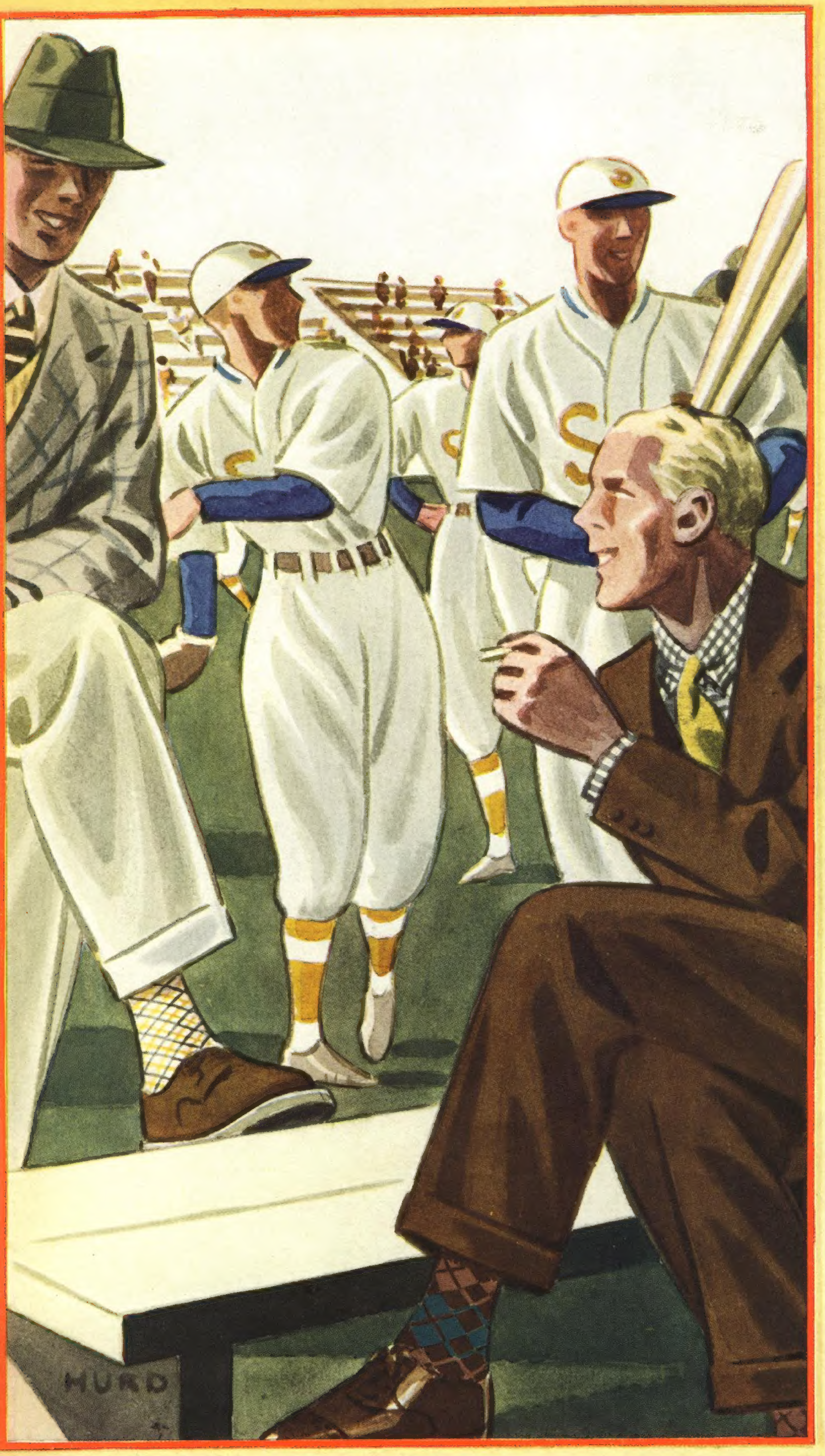

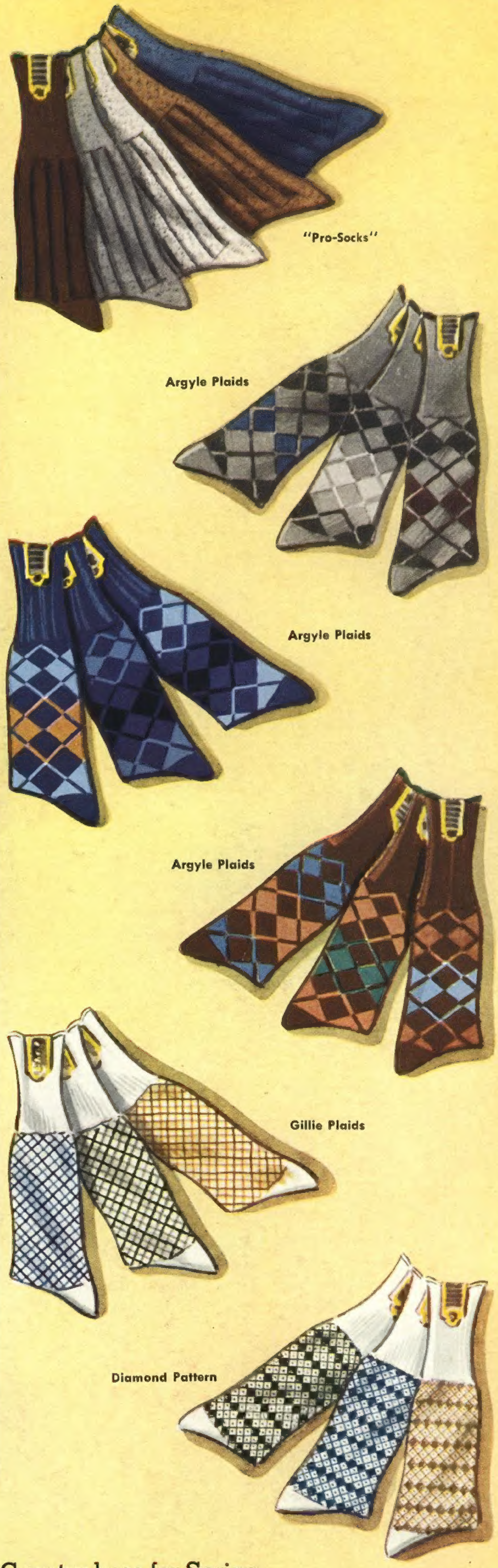
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Only the Center Leaves—these are the Mildest Leaves

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NOT the bottom leaves—*they're inferior in quality—coarse and sandy!*